THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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April'86

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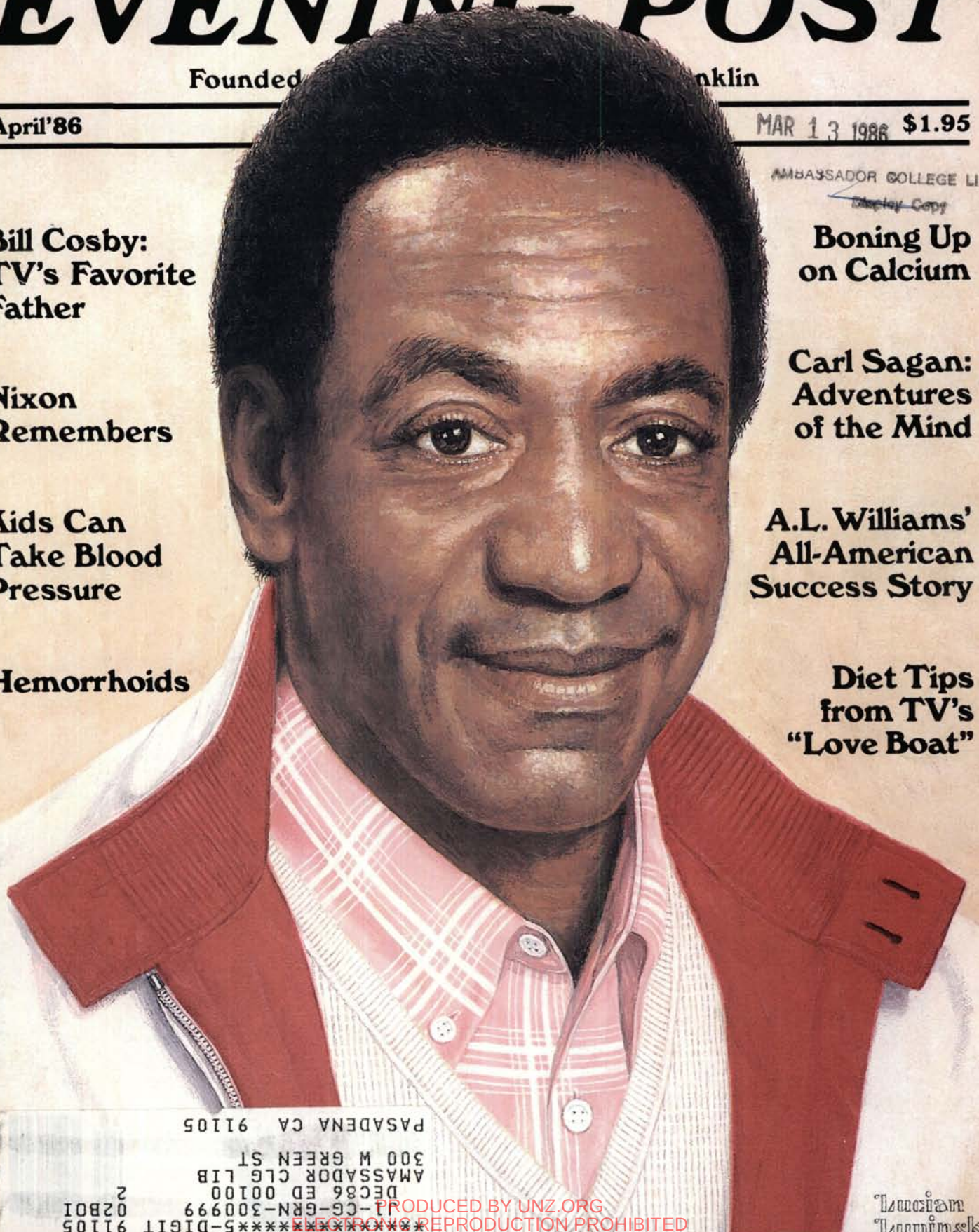

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The Great Fighter Planes of World War II

Curtiss Warhawk (U.S.A.)
Shown actual size

Supermarine Spitfire (Great Britain)
Shown actual size.

Each replica is handcrafted and authentic in every detail.

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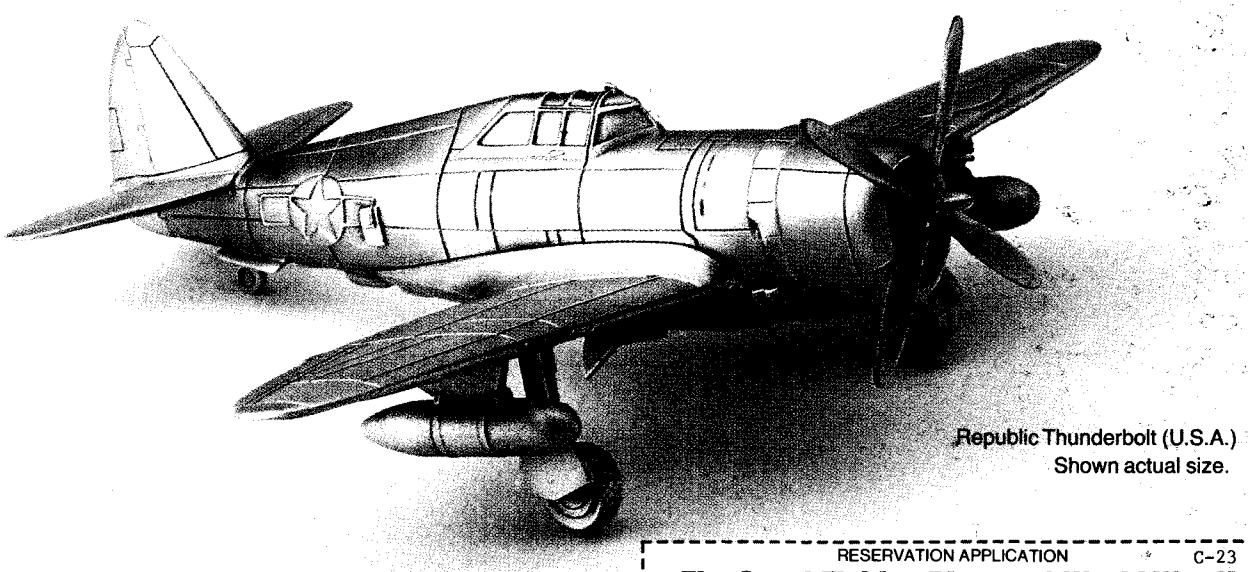

Republic Thunderbolt (U.S.A.)
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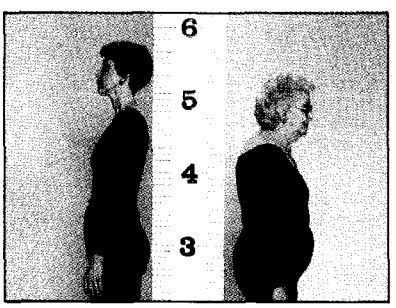

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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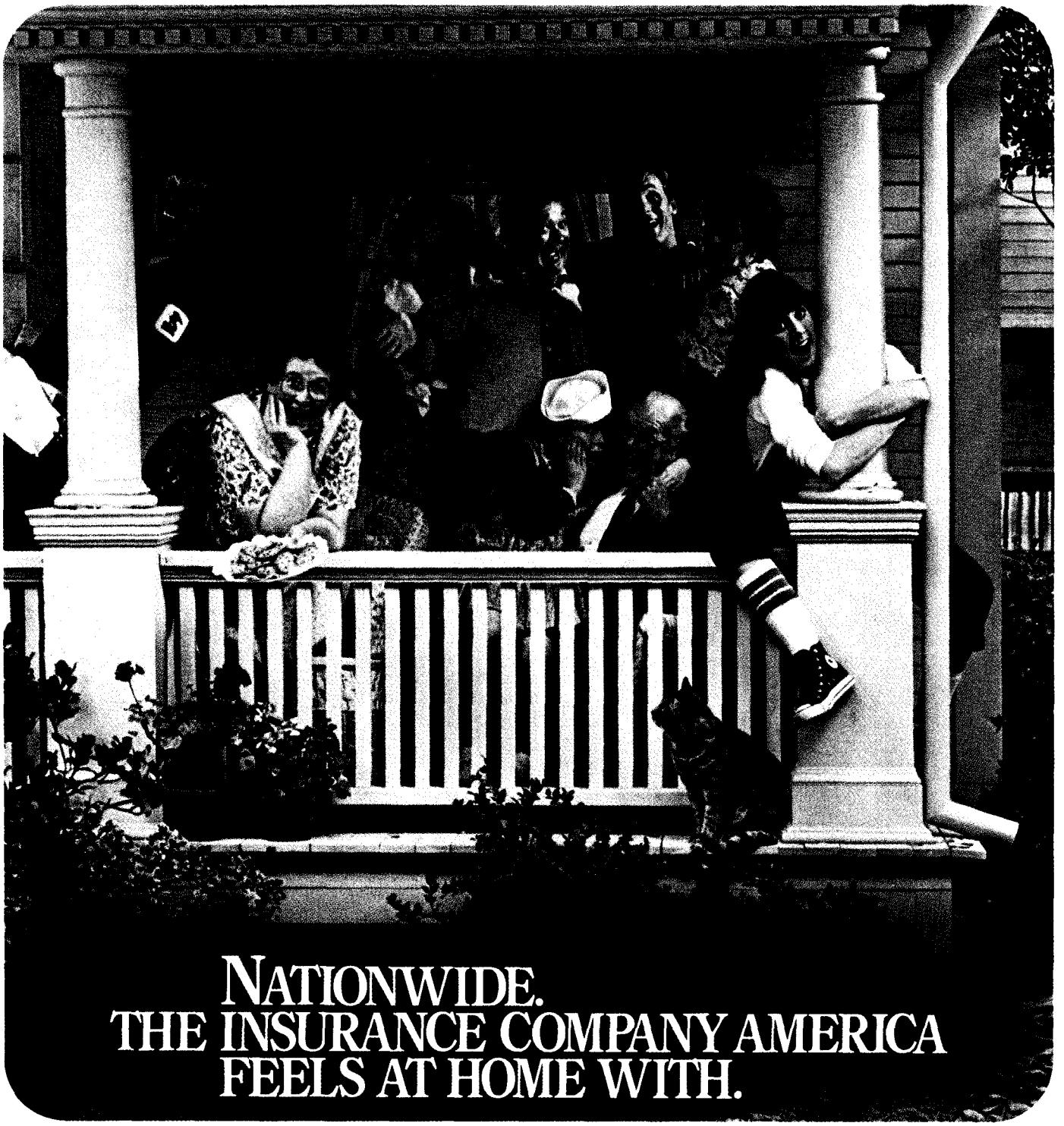

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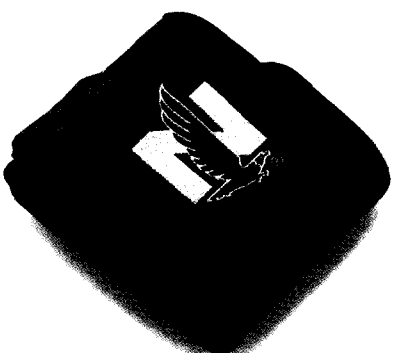

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All-American Success Story—Traditional family value, healthy lifestyle, and term insurance are A.L. Williams' best policies. **62**

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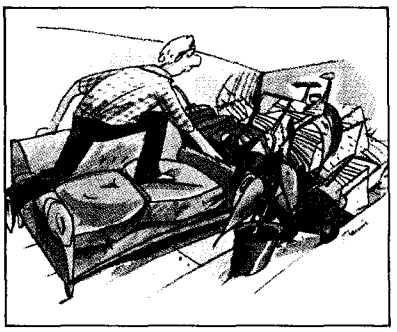

Spring Cleaning—at the Stoddard home leaves hubby spaced out. **56**

Carl Sagan and Ann Druyan—fathom the mysteries of the comets. **38**

Hemorrhoids—Gays have them more often; high fiber helps prevent them. **109**

Letters

But Addict Children?

Why do so many people want to blame the tobacco companies for their own habits?

It's the person's right to choose to use that product or not, whether it is tobacco or some other product. And it's been known for a long time that smoking or chewing is bad for your health.

Sure, they are making big bucks from these products, but still it is our own responsibility to break the habit, whatever the habit may be. And I'm a nonsmoker.

Edith Kreisel
Eveleth, Minnesota

Reproduction Rights?

Encouraging hemophiliacs to transmit their disease to future generations is as irresponsible as would be encouraging AIDS victims to do the same. Instead of advising hemophiliacs how to reproduce, Dr. SerVaas should have told them they have a moral obligation not to perpetuate their affliction.

Alan D. Buck
Bushnell, Florida

Straight Talk about "Deviant"

Your good work in your "Medical Mailbox" is noted, especially the section on preventing AIDS (Jan./Feb. '86). However, I must take objection to an assumption that is made: Dr. SerVaas states, "Naturally you won't indulge in promiscuous or deviant sexual practices." What may come as a great shock to your readers, and probably to your staff as well, is that *The Saturday Evening Post* has a gay readership as well as a mainstream audience.

To suggest that people refrain from promiscuous behavior is good advice; to suggest that some practices are "deviant" is judgmental.

Physicians are educating the homosexual community about the practice of "safe sex" to deter the spread of AIDS; they are not suggesting that the entire homosexual population should consider itself "deviant." Surely, this negative concept would not contribute to the cessation of the spread of AIDS.

Whether you are willing to deal

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EDITORIAL

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with this or not, what is "deviant" to some is perfectly normal to others.

Susan L. Thomas
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dr. Woodrow Myers, a former critical-care physician at San Francisco General Hospital Medical Center, discusses the unhealthy results of anal sex: Anal sex is not safe, he reports. *See page 106.*

Mobilizing the Mammobile

As someone connected with radiology for over 25 years with a particular interest in developing good mammography programs, I read your article, "Prevent Breast Cancer Deaths," in the March 1986 *Saturday Evening Post* with great interest. I believe that well-written articles in lay publications that help educate the public as to what constitutes good medicine, or in this particular case, good mammography, are very important.

Of particular interest to me was your discussion with Dr. Thomas Burcham regarding his plan to equip a van with a mobile mammography unit and to go around to some of the smaller hospitals in his state and offer quality mammography. Because our group is interested in developing such a program to serve some of the smaller northern communities in our state, I would like to contact Dr. Burcham to seek his assistance in developing a mobile mammography program. Therefore, I would appreciate it if you would be able to provide me with Dr. Burchum's address, or if you could forward this letter on to him.

I thank you for whatever assistance you can offer in this matter.

Richard E. Cousino, Administrator
Eastpointe Radiologists, P.C.
Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan

We're forwarding your letter to Dr. Burcham in Des Moines. He has agreed to give you all the information about the mobile unit they are buying.

We think the mammobile is an idea whose time has come. We parked our van in front of the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., recently when we held a press conference to announce a Celebrity Mammobile media blitz, which will attempt to make mammograms as routinely sought after as Pap smears.

Snuff out Snuff Ads

I should have written you after reading your September '85 article "Snuff Out Snuff," because previously I had seen an ad for snuff on TV during the videocast of the Little League finals.

I was angry at this presentation—surely witnessed by thousands of youngsters—and wrote a "what can you be thinking about?" letter to the Little League.

The president responded, saying the Little League had no say in what commercials were aired. I wish I could find the letter, for at no place does he agree with me that it was a ghastly mistake—or even inappropriate.

And more astonishing, in articles covering the game no one else mentioned this ad, nor have I seen mention of it in magazine pieces similar to yours in the *SEP* September '85 issue.

Why should Little League be sponsored by—I think it was—Red Baron?

Please put your crew to work on this before the commercial sponsors are signed up for their next year's telecast.

Jean Borst Brown
Niles, Michigan

Triticale with a Twist

I would like to thank you and your research departments for the work you have done on the development and uses of grains, especially triticale. I've told many of my health-conscious friends about *The Saturday Evening Post*, and our local health food store now stocks many of Arrowhead Mills' fine products.

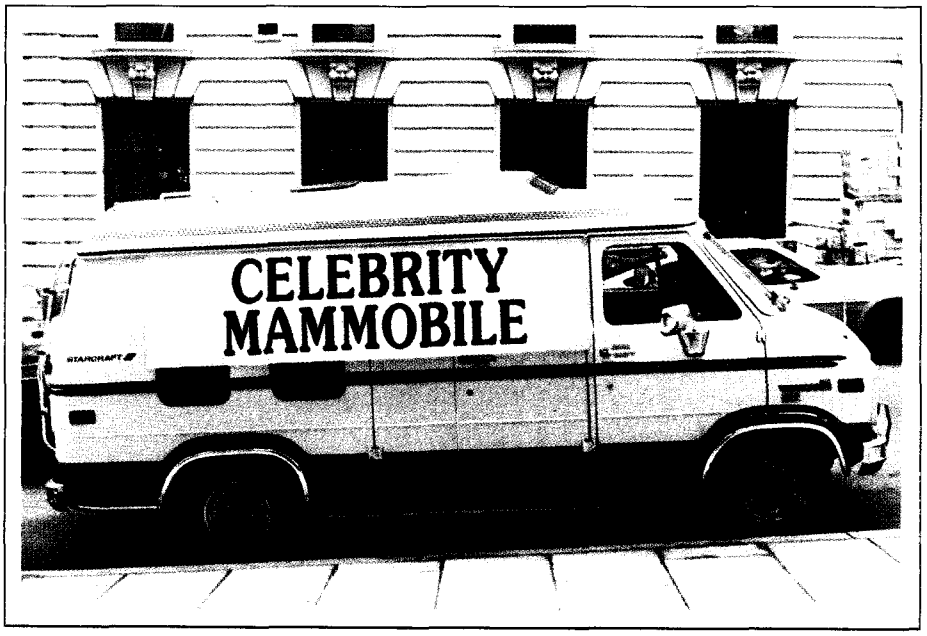
I have an allergy to oats, so I was very anxious to try triticale flakes when I saw them on the shelf. Before I developed the problem I made wonderful oatmeal bread, so I tried triticale flakes in place of oatmeal bread, and I think it is even better. I don't believe you have ever published a recipe using the flakes, so I will enclose the bread recipe, in case you would care to try it.

Cinnamon Twist Bread

2 packages or 2 cakes compressed of dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
1½ cups scalded skim milk
1 cup honey
2 teaspoons salt substitute
⅓ cup shortening
5½ to 6 cups sifted whole-wheat flour
2 egg whites, beaten
1½ cups triticale flakes or rolled oats
1 cup dried currants

Cinnamon-sugar filling:
2 teaspoons cinnamon
¼ cup sugar

Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Pour milk over honey, salt substitute, and shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Beat in half of flour and beaten eggs. Stir softened yeast, currants, and



The celebrity mammobile is coming! We hope to announce a major sponsor for the celebrity mammobile effort soon.

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8 new selections

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from The Saturday Evening Post

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NR170 *Pardon Me*

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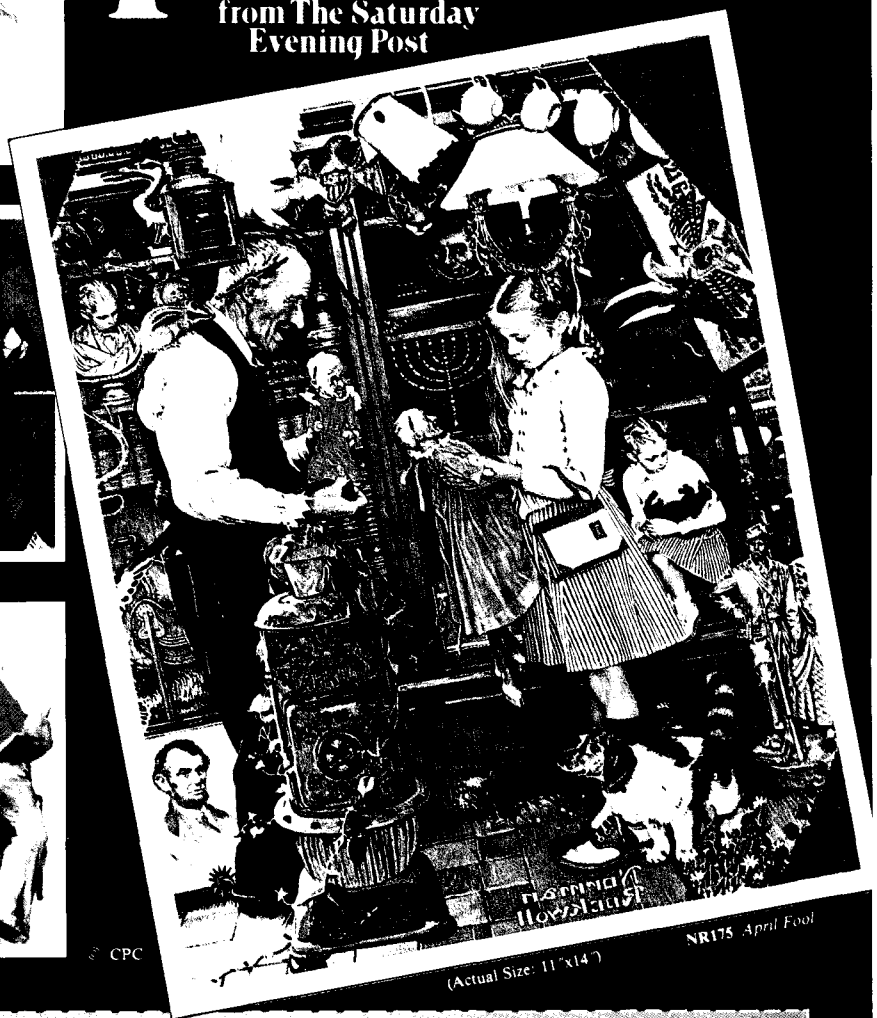
NR176 *Cramming*



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rolled oats in next. Add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead until smooth and satiny, about 10 minutes. Round dough into a ball; place in greased bowl; cover and let rise until almost double in bulk, about one hour.

Divide dough into two parts; round each part into a ball; cover and let rest 10 minutes. Roll each part to form a rectangle about 8″ by 15″. Sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar mixture.

Roll each to form a loaf; place seam underneath on lightly greased bread pan (one-pound size). Brush lightly with melted shortening; cover and let rise until almost double in bulk, about 45 minutes. Bake in a hot 400° F. oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375° F., bake 35-45 minutes more.

Doris Aufderhide
Jackson, Wisconsin

Arthritis-Colitis Connection

Your item in the March '86 *Saturday Evening Post*, "Colitis-Arthritis Connection," interested me very much.

I do not have colitis, but I am constantly constipated if I don't take a laxative. I do have osteoarthritis. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me your research questionnaire and diet.

Bertha L. Hansen
Lakewood, California

Dear Mrs. Hansen:

Many of our respondents have reported having arthritis along with their irritable bowel disease. We have been surprised at the number who have also reported coexisting psoriasis and wheat intolerance. Some members are improved by avoiding Sorbitol-containing products.

We informally tallied the first 20 questionnaires returned to the Colitis Club. Nineteen reported improvement after following the diet.

For information about joining, write to the Colitis Club, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Reading about the irritable bowel/arthritis correlation in *The Saturday Evening Post* certainly strikes a familiar chord. I am 67 years old and have had bowel irritation for 35 years. For the past 16 years I have had arthritis attacks one after the other. Cortisone shots in my right shoulder, right heel, and right knee have resulted in some relief. Presently, with arthritis in my right hand it is extremely difficult to even open a can of pop, and my left knee is so stiff that walking is almost agony. I would try most anything that suggests relief.

Jack Quinn
Fort Wayne, Indiana

You may have a point. I have osteoarthritis and mild irritable bowel syndrome. Besides arthritis, other family members have psoriasis, gout, kidney stones, ileitis, Crohn's disease, and celiac-sprue. It's traceable from great-grandparents to great-grandkids.

Please send your research questionnaire and diet. Thank you.

Donna M. Alber
Bremerton, Washington

I read the article, "The Colitis-Arthritis Connection," in the March '86 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Would you please send me a copy of the research diet for irritable bowel condition? I have noticed over the years that when I am on a nutritious, high-fiber diet, cutting back on fats and almost totally eliminating sweets, both my irritable bowel and my stiff, aching joints clear up. I have been diagnosed as having irritable bowel, but not arthritis, although the symptoms are similar to arthritis. I strongly believe that we are what we eat (a great deal of the time). Thank you.

At the time I started the high-fiber diet, I didn't believe it would work—but it did. I appreciate the research being done on this. So much of it is common sense.

Judy Whitley
Temple, Texas

"Sorry, Mr. Heinsohn. I make it a practice never to hire anyone I'd be afraid to fire."

Cholera Bombshells!

I always admire Berton Roueché's writing, and in "The Watermelon Mystery" (Part One) in your December '85 issue he makes like a whodunit. Consequently, when I came to the end, I found myself wondering whether the culprit would really be a watermelon, and if so, whether or not it would explain a longtime mystery to me: Why did Indiana pioneers call watermelons "cholera bombshells"?

(See, among many records, *The Wabash: Or Adventures of an English Gentleman's Family in the Interior of America*, by Richard Beste,

continued on following page

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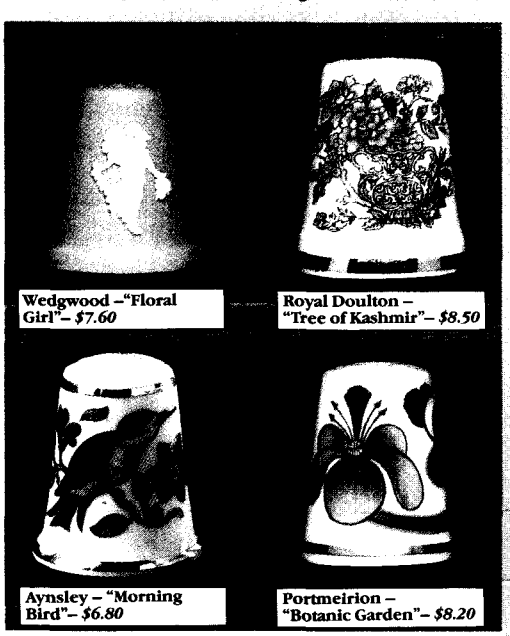

This lovely glass-domed display stand and other unusually fine display pieces are offered by the Club to members.

All thimbles shown actual size. (Princess Diana thimble shown larger than actual size.)

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The finest thimbles are produced in limited quantities, with limited distribution. Supplies are scarce. This is why The Thimble Collectors Club was founded. We guarantee members a new thimble every month – created by one of the world's great porcelain houses and crafted to perfection.

Our representatives are in contact with porcelain houses all around the world. They select only the very best thimbles. Many of the monthly selections are created exclusively for the Club's members.

The thimbles in your collection will bear the names and identifying marks of the great houses that created them. They will reflect the different artistic visions of the various nations and porcelain makers. Thus, the individual thimbles will have infinite variety...yet together they will form a harmonious collection.

A card will accompany each thimble describing the motif on it and the porcelain house which made it.

Special Offers of Beautiful Displays – Exclusive to Members

As a member of The Thimble Collectors Club you will be entitled to purchase many fine displays for your collection.

Modest Cost

One of the nice things about collecting thimbles is that besides being beautiful, they don't cost a lot. The Club's regular monthly selections typically cost about $7.50 to $9.50. If you are not delighted with any month's thimble selection, you may simply return it within ten days for a full refund, and you may cancel your membership at any time.

Send No Money Now

To join The Thimble Collectors Club, just send your application to Thimble Collectors Club, 47 Richards Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06857. Enclose no money now. You will be billed for your first monthly thimble selection.

Free! For Joining Now.... Princess Diana 25th Birthday Thimble

The English porcelain house of Royal Grafton has created a marvelous tribute to Princess Diana to celebrate her 25th birthday. This thimble is available in the United States exclusively to members of The Thimble Collectors Club. And it's available to you free, as our gift for joining now.

Membership Application

Thimble Collectors Club 100

Thimble Collectors Club
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5707
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No Payment Required. Simply Mail this Application.

Please enroll me in The Thimble Collectors Club. Each month I will receive a thimble selected as being one of the very best from the world's great porcelain houses. I am under no obligation. I understand that I may return any thimble within ten days for a full refund, and that either party may cancel this membership agreement at any time. As a new member, I will receive a Princess Diana thimble as a free gift.

Payment Options (check one):

☐ Please bill me, just before shipment, for my first thimble, the Kaiser Country Scene Thimble, priced at $6.80*.

☐ As a convenience, please charge my first thimble (priced as above), and each subsequent thimble, at the time of shipment, to my credit card: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

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*Plus $1.50 for shipping and handling. (Conn. residents pay $8.92 to include tax.)

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Allow 6-8 weeks for your first shipment.

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who describes a stay in "The Prairie House" in Terre Haute in the 1850s in as lively a manner as Roueché describes the ordeal in Upton, Massachusetts, in the 1950s.)

William E. Wilson
Bloomington, Indiana

Sweet on Sugarless Muffins

I've enclosed a recipe that I've developed. It makes about four dozen muffins. Every time we use the last few, my husband reminds me to make more so that we don't run out. One apiece is our morning ritual. These were first made for a friend who has diabetes, and they can be made without sugar. I've always liked bran muffins but disliked hard, dry ones. My aim was for a cakelike consistency.

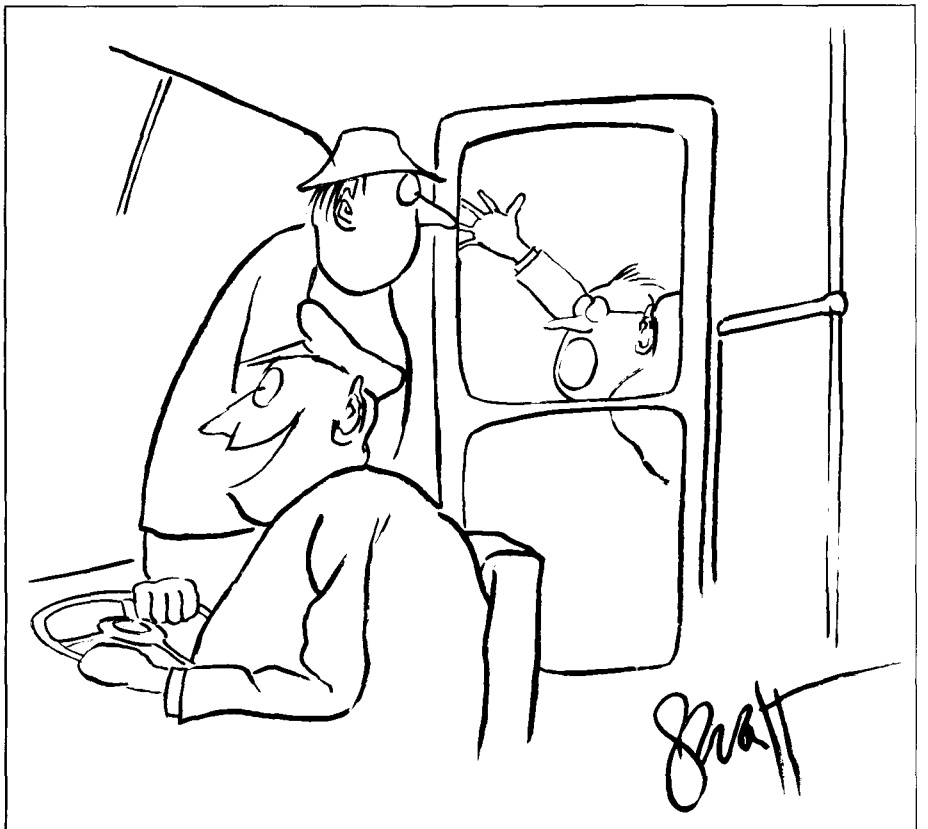
Best Bran Muffins

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran cereal
1¼ cups All-Bran cereal
¼ cup Grape-Nuts cereal
2 cups chopped dates
4 cups white grape juice
⅔ cup cooking oil
½ cup date crystals
1 egg
3 egg whites
4 bananas, very ripe
½ teaspoon orange flavoring
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
5 cups freshly ground triticale flour
½ cup powdered skim milk
4 teaspoons baking soda
¾ teaspoon salt substitute
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup oat bran
2 cups chopped pecans

Soak 1 cup 100% Bran, ¼ cup All-Bran, ¼ cup Grape-Nuts cereals, and dates in boiling grape juice. Cream cooking oil, date crystals, egg, egg whites, bananas, orange flavoring, and orange rind. Sift together flour, skim milk, baking soda, salt substitute, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Stir in 1 cup All-Bran cereal, 1 cup oat bran, and pecans. Prepare muffin pans with spray preparation. Bake at 375° F. 22-25 minutes. Freeze well. Heat in microwave one at a time at full power for 35 seconds.

Louise Defrenza
Gardnerville, Nevada

P.S. I bake at approximately 4,800 feet.



"I always let him run a bit every morning! He needs the exercise."

Opinions and Maynard Don't Mix

I used to enjoy reading *The Saturday Evening Post* as a kid in the '50s. I just recently decided to start reading it again. So far, I have been getting it at the newsstand. I had decided I might get a subscription. However, you made the final decision for me with the Jan./Feb. '86 issue. I definitely will not. In fact, I will not be stopping at the newsstand any more, either.

Was the story "Women and Gasoline Don't Mix" by Maynard Good Stoddard supposed to be funny? In a heretofore good, quality publication I was sorely disappointed to find you had decided to lower that quality. Just for the record, I know more about cars than a lot of men I know. Quite a few women these days do. That story might have been cute 30 years ago, but in the '80s you're playing a losing game with that kind of "humor."

Roberta Wright
Sidney, Nebraska

On January 7, 1986, I was out of sorts, for no particular reason. Then I started to read "Women and Gasoline Don't Mix" by Maynard Good Stoddard. At first my body experienced tiny giggles, but before I finished the story, I was laughing and crying so hard that one library patron gave me some Kleenex and another came to inform me that it was hard for her to read.

Judy Kay Dixon
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

High on Hope

I've always been a fan of Bob Hope, and your article, "Tee Time with the Presidents," by Bob Hope (Jan./Feb. '86) was one of the funniest things I've read in a long time. I spent a full evening reading it and rereading it, sharing it with my family. As long as the *Post* keeps up its fine humor articles, I'll keep subscribing.

Rick Morris
Greenwood, Indiana

Editor's note: Much of the credit for "Tee Time with the Presidents" should go to Dwayne Netland, the coauthor of the book, Bob Hope's Confessions of a Hooker: My Lifelong Love Affair with Golf, *from which the* Post*'s article was excerpted. We highly recommend this very funny book, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

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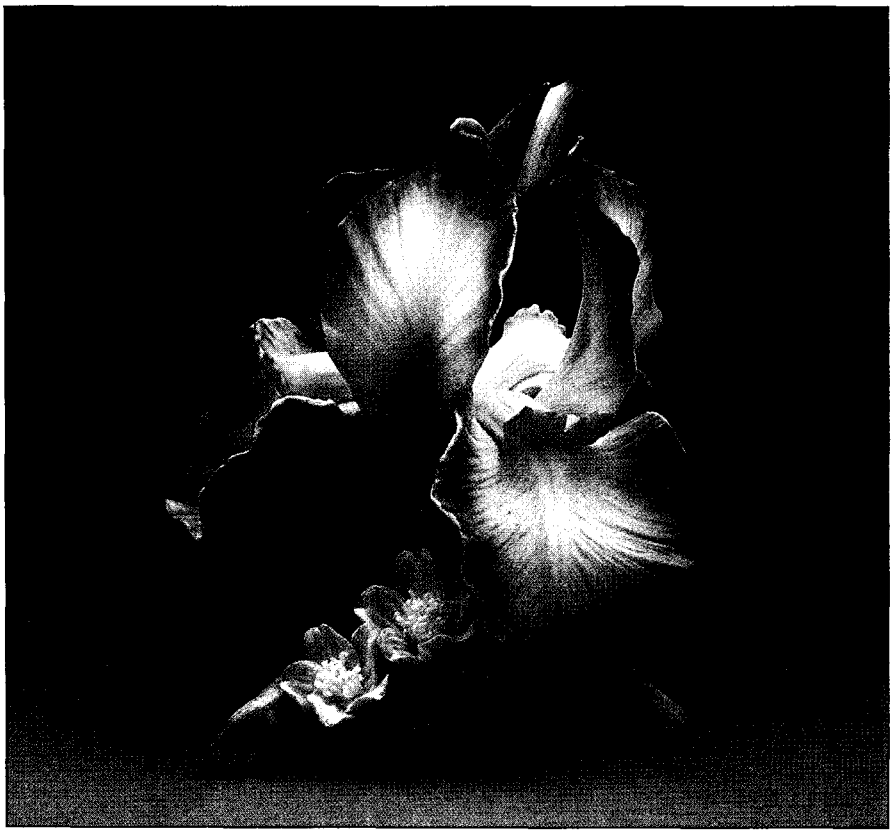
- *Portraying all the beauty of one of the world's most legendary flowers in hand-painted porcelain.*



Shown actual size

All over the world, nature lovers consider the graceful Iris among the loveliest flower varieties. Each spring they wait anxiously for these lush, purple-blue blooms to appear—so they can admire them in the garden and in their homes before they fade.

Now the stunning beauty of the Iris bloom can grace your home year-round—in a hand-painted, porcelain masterwork that will endure for years to come.

A Flower Rich in Heritage

The Iris has always been a favorite of royalty: poets call it the "fleur de Louis" or *fleur-de-lis* after French King Louis VII. Edward VII added this Iris-like image to the English coat of arms. In the Orient, art masterworks from every dynasty pay tribute to the Iris flower—a traditional symbol of shyness and modesty.

Because of its rich, historical legacy and its exquisite beauty, The Hamilton Collection chose the "Iris" as the premiere offering in an important, new collection of limited edition sculptures created to honor legendary flowers.

The original sculpture for "Iris" represents the work of The Maruri Studio, which boasts a centuries-old heritage of excellent craftsmanship. This outstanding studio earned the coveted commission for "Iris" because of its artisans' demonstrated skill in naturalist art.

To create a limited edition which is totally faithful to nature, Maruri crafted 12 separate molds for the "Iris" sculpture. After casting, each piece was fired and then carefully hand-painted in eight separate colors. The resulting "Iris" sculpture bears a descriptive bottomstamp and will be accompanied by a numbered Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to its status as part of the limited edition of 15,000.

"Iris" premieres a collection of hand-painted figurines that includes the "Lily," "Orchid," "Lotus," "Poppy," "Cherry Blossom," "Wisteria," and "Chinese Peony." Subscribers to "Iris" will receive the succeeding seven issues in the collection at intervals of approximately two months.

Furthermore, the guaranteed issue price for each sculpture is just $55.00—which is about half the $100 that such masterworks would likely cost in retail stores. This price is payable in two convenient installments, with the first due prior to shipment, and an invoice for the second installment accompanying shipment.

Better yet, you may order "Iris" and each succeeding sculpture **at no risk** under the terms of The Hamilton Collection 100% Buy-Back Guarantee. Enjoy each for up to 30 days before deciding whether to keep it. If you should return one, you will receive a full refund of all you have paid for it, releasing your series rights for availability to another collector.

Because of the elegance of this original "Iris" art masterwork, the superb reputation of Maruri and the figurine's exceedingly affordable price, a sell-out for this first issue could occur relatively quickly. Therefore, we cannot guarantee this offer after the date shown in the Reservation Form. To avoid disappointment, *order today.*

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Iris

Respond By:

April 30, 1986

Limit: One collection per subscriber

Please enter my subscription reservation for the *Legendary Flowers* Figurine Collection, beginning with "Iris," and comprising eight hand-painted, porcelain figurines—each strictly limited to 15,000 worldwide. The original issue price for each is $55.00 (plus $2.14 postage and handling) payable in two equal installments. Sculptures will become available for shipment every two months.

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*Florida residents add $1.43 sales tax. Illinois residents add $2.00 state and local tax.

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The Hamilton Collection

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Post People

The *Post* interviewed ***Han Xu***, the new ambassador to the United States from the People's Republic of China, and his delightful wife, Mme. Ge Qiyun. We asked him why China permits the U.S. tobacco industry to bring its expertise in manufacturing, advertising, and selling to the peasants of his country, when it doesn't have hospital facilities to care for those who will suffer from emphysema, heart disease, and cancer.

He waffled. "Yes," he said. Then, "No, we won't require health-warning labels on cigarette packages. We hope to warn people through education. See, my family here tonight doesn't smoke."

Does this mean the welfare of those in the communes will take a back seat to excise taxes for the Communist party?

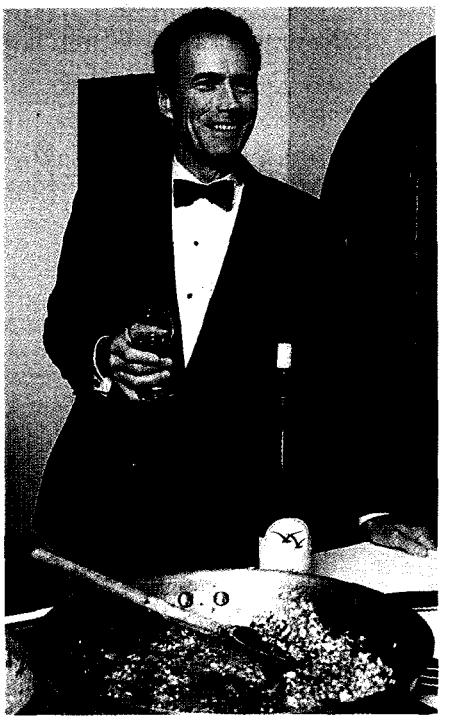
The occasion was the first public viewing of the Lannan Museum in Palm Beach. Greeting guests were Californians ***Patrick Lannan, Jr.,*** president of the Lannan Foundation, and his wife, ***Ann***. She wears a splendid antique cross from Ecuador—a gift from her late father-in-law, in whose home the museum is currently located.

The wonderful works of art and sculpture from the museum and the lawn will soon be moved to a new location in Lake Worth, six miles south of Palm Beach.

Having recently celebrated ten years as cohost of the "Today" show, ***Jane Pauley*** says, "Ten more years doesn't seem ridiculous." Before she became

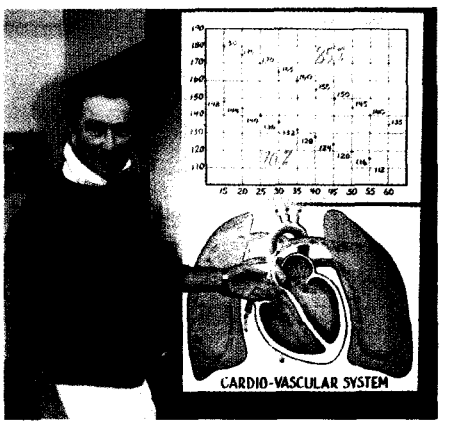
the mother of twins, Ross and Rachel, she thought that the popular morning program was the end of the world—that the sun not only rose but also set on it. (Actually, she beats the sunrise by several hours, getting up at 3 a.m. and going to work at 4.) "But when you have kids," says the Indiana-born New York sophisticate, "you tend to treat it for what it is: television, not brain surgery."

What does ***Clint Eastwood*** do when he's not making movies or delivering such precedent-setting lines as "Go ahead—make my day"? If you were at the March of Dimes charity benefit at the Monterey Sheraton, Monterey, California, early this year, you could have seen him taking care not to splatter anything on his suit while demonstrating his favorite spaghetti recipe. The reticent actor has also



developed a taste for local politics, having entered the race for mayor of nearby Carmel, California.

M.J. "Murf" Klauber, a Buffalo orthodonist, gave up the practice of straightening teeth to straighten tennis games. He began with the Colony Beach Resort at Longboat Key, Flori-



da. Soon he was operating the Colony Tennis Academy, and today he is straightening up the whole person at his Fitness and Aerobic Center at Longboat Key. Already known for the best food on Florida's west coast, he now serves health food too.

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APRIL ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

April 4
A Heavy Problem
Meet a doctor who lost 200 pounds. Learn how to prevent this health hazard, which has been termed "the biggest health problem of the poor in the U.S."

April 11
Finding Sulfites
Although the salad bar may look appealing, it may also give allergic and asthmatic reactions. We'll tell you about new test strips that enable you to test the food right at the restaurant or at home.

April 18
Copper Arrests Arthritis?
Hear about new research being done at Purdue University that shows copper is an important food supplement to help arthritis.

April 25
What's Your Dentist Hiding From?
Why is your dentist wearing a mask, gloves, and perhaps a gown? You'll learn that it's because viruses, including AIDS and hepatitis, can be spread by blood.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listings for time and station

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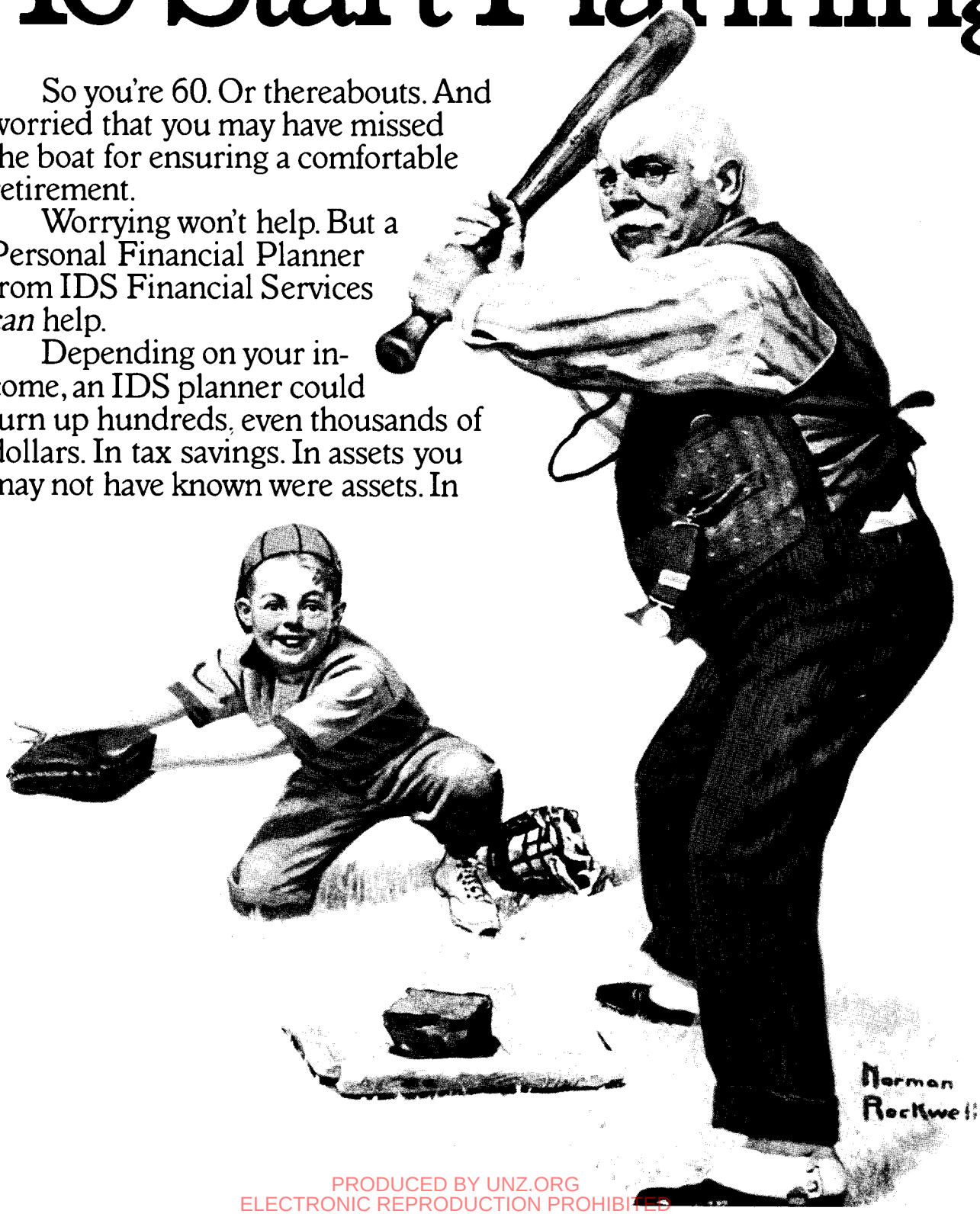

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MONEY TALK

WHEN MEDICARE NO LONGER CARES

How to take the pain out of the "medigap" that lies between federal assistance and actual costs of health care.

by Michael Allen

Unlike taxes, your personal Medicare coverage may very well come to an end before you do. And although this Federal health-insurance program for people 65 and over has gone a long way toward absorbing some costs of health care for the elderly, a major portion of those costs—close to 60 percent—is still borne by the patients themselves. These costs must be paid out-of-pocket or through extra insurance purchased privately.

Before getting to the question of which insurance best fills this "medigap," let's look at just what Medicare pays—and doesn't pay. Medicare, a two-part plan, is available to persons aged 65 and over (and certain disabled persons) eligible for Social Security or Railroad Retirement benefits.

In Part A, basically a hospitalization policy, the patient pays the first $492 in hospital charges. After that, Medicare picks up the tab for the full remaining cost of the patient's first 60 days in a semiprivate room. This coverage includes lab work, operating rooms, drugs, X-rays, rehabilitation, and other services. From days 61 through 90, the patient contributes a copayment of $123 a day. From the 91st to the 150th day this payment rises to $246 a day.

Part B—optional—picks up where "A" leaves off. It covers treatment by physicians, diagnostic tests, physical therapy, blood transfusions, and expenses of that type. To acquire the security of its protection, a participant pays $15.50 a month, at present. Although Plan B has a $75.00 deductible for the year, A.A.R.P. (the American Association of Retired Persons) calls the plan one of the best bargains to be found.

Plan B does not provide for such items as care in a nursing home, prescription drugs, and routine physical exams. Too often it does not pay even half the doctor's bill. Medicare covers 80 percent of the "Medicare approved" amount of the doctor's tab (except for home health-care services). This coverage might leave one to believe that a patient need come up with only the other 20 percent. Sadly, this too often is not the case, because some physicians have charged *twice as much* as Medicare has approved.

Say a doctor charges $1,650.00 for cataract surgery, and Medicare's approved fee for that operation is only $1,112.50. Medicare would pay 80 percent (or $890.00) of its approved amount, and most "medigap" policies would cover no more than the other 20 percent—$222.50. Thus, unless an additional policy pays more of the doctor's fee, the last $537.50 of the total doctor's fee must come from the patient's pocket.

And Medicare pays nothing for eyeglasses (except for cataracts) or hearing aids; for private-duty nurses or most immunizations; for dental work (except for jaw surgery or bone fractures) or, very often, foot care; for many eye and hearing exams; or for medical care in a foreign country.

Consequently, a serious illness or injury without broad supplementary coverage or a prepaid health-care plan could leave a patient with such devastating bills that he might almost wish he hadn't recovered. But there are ways to ward off such financial blows—or at least to soften them somewhat.

- The "medigap" between the Medicare payment and the doctor's charge can be bridged by a "participating" doctor—one who agrees to charge no more than the Medicare-approved amount. Directories of these participating physicians are available for $2 from Medicare carriers and Social Security offices. The bad news is, only 30 percent or so of the nation's physicians have agreed to participate.
- Another way to beat the rap of the medigap is by Medicare-supplement insurance. A caution: Although many of these policies deal adequately with gaps in Part A, they are less effective with Part B, particularly covering doctors' bills.

John Dorfman, the executive editor of *Consumer Reports* magazine, recommends buying the most comprehensive policy you can afford. "Look for one that addresses the problem of physicians charging more than the Medicare-approved amount, and one that does something in the realm of drugs," he suggests.

One of the best starting points in the search for a medigap policy is the nonprofit Blue Cross and Blue Shield companies. They offer 84 plans across the country. True, these plans can vary in their coverage, but at least they constitute a yardstick to interpret

continued on page 92

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FOOD

SAY CHEESE!

If you've had problems making the most of cheese in your microwave, the following tips will bring a smile to your face.

by Jacquelyn Nyenhuis

If you think of cheese as more earthy than epicurean, the following recipes will come as a delightful surprise. With a little imagination cheeses can be transformed from simple beginnings as curd into uncommon delicacies. Artichokes stuffed with a cheesy crab filling and spinach in a smooth cheese soup attest to the creative possibilities cheese offers.

The gourmet quality of these dishes does not mean extra hours of work in the kitchen, for the microwave ensures that each cheese entrée takes less than 15 minutes of preparation. For entertaining, the recipes can be made ahead and heated just before serving.

Cheesy and easy to make in the microwave oven, Provolone-stuffed Zucchini with olives is a delicious, low-cal dish that calorie counters can count on.

Cheese, a delicate, heat-sensitive ingredient that needs careful handling, should be baked at a lower setting to prevent overcooking. The key to melting the cheese is to avoid heating it to the point that it becomes tough and stringy. For ovens that have only one power setting, cheese dishes should be allowed standing time, a period during which the oven is turned off and the food continues to cook from within. A brief standing time during microwaving at full power slows the cooking in the same manner as a lower setting. The following recipes include directions for preparation on full power.

For Roseti Potatoes, full power is acceptable for a short time to melt the cheese topping. In Austrian Cream Soup, the cheese is added last and heated until the soup is steaming hot but not boiling. Like other dairy products, cheese will curdle if allowed to boil.

Cheese, an excellent source of calcium and protein, is best in low-calorie varieties such as Neufchâtel, which is similar to cream cheese but lower in cholesterol and fat. Yogurt is added to some of the following dishes for a rich, creamy consistency without extra calories.

Editor's note: Farmer cheese, or hoop cheese, is a good low-fat choice. Mozzarella is also low in fat.

Provolone-stuffed Zucchini

(Makes 4 servings)

2 large zucchini, halved lengthwise
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon margarine
½ teaspoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon Weight Watchers® Mayonnaise
¾ cup (3 oz.) shredded provolone cheese
½ cup drained and sliced Lindsay® Small Pitted Ripe Olives
½ cup shredded carrot
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
½ teaspoon crushed dried basil

continued on following page

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Cut off ends of zucchini. Microwave zucchini, covered, in boiling water 4 minutes; drain. Scoop out and reserve pulp; leave a ¼" shell.

Microwave onion in margarine 1 minute. Combine cornstarch and mayonnaise; stir in provolone cheese, olives, carrot, Parmesan cheese, basil, reserved pulp, and cooked onion. Spoon into zucchini shells; arrange in 12"x7½"x2" baking dish. Microwave, uncovered, at High (100 percent) 2 minutes or until heated through.

Austrian Cream Soup
(Makes 4 servings)

3 leeks (chop white part only)
2 stalks celery, chopped
3 tablespoons margarine
3 tablespoons flour
4 cups chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt substitute
1 package (8 oz.) Neufchâtel cheese
1 cup plain yogurt
1 egg, beaten
4 cups fresh, chopped spinach

Combine leeks, celery, and margarine in 2½-quart casserole dish. Microwave at High until tender (4-5 minutes). Stir in flour and gradually add chicken stock. Add salt substitute. Microwave at High until boiling and thickened (8-9 minutes); stir once or twice. Mix together Neufchâtel, yogurt, and egg until smooth. Gradually add to soup mixture. Microwave at High until steaming hot (4-5 minutes).

Place spinach in 1-quart casserole. Rinse with water and cover with casserole lid. Microwave at High until tender (2-3 minutes). Drain well and add ¼ of spinach to each serving.

Microwave tip: To prepare chicken stock, place 1 pound chicken parts, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 inner stalk of celery, 1 bay leaf, 1 sprig of parsley, and 5 peppercorns in large microwave casserole. Add about 5 cups water or enough to cover chicken parts. Microwave at High until vegetables are tender (15-20 minutes). Reserve liquid for recipe and discard remaining ingredients. Green onions or scallions can be substituted for leeks.

"It's my lawyer's idea. . .makes an insanity defense easier if I'm caught."

Roseti Potatoes
(Makes 4 servings)

10 medium new potatoes
¼ cup water
1 cup yogurt
3 tablespoons low-fat mayonnaise
½ teaspoon salt substitute
¼ teaspoon white pepper
½ cup sliced green-onion tops
1 cup (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese

Scrub potatoes and thinly slice; do not remove peelings. Place in 1-quart casserole. Add water; cover with casserole lid. Microwave at High until potatoes are tender (6-8 minutes). Stir in yogurt, mayonnaise, salt substitute, white pepper, and green-onion tops. Sprinkle cheese over potato mixture. Microwave at High until cheese is melted (2-3 minutes). Serve hot.

Stuffed Artichokes
(Makes 4 servings)

1 can (3 oz.) marinated artichoke hearts
½ cup Parmesan cheese
½ cup yogurt
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard (optional)
1 cup (4 oz.) grated mozzarella cheese
4 ounces lump crab meat, thawed
Parsley
4 small artichokes
Lemon juice

Drain artichoke hearts well and finely chop. Combine in small mixing bowl with Parmesan cheese, yogurt, mustard, cheese, and crab meat. Stir in parsley; set aside.

Cut off 1 inch across top of artichokes. Trim bottom stem; remove tough leaves around bottom. Snip off thorny part of each outer leaf with kitchen shears. Rub leaves with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Remove the choke or prickly area in center of artichoke. (A grapefruit spoon or other serrated spoon works best.) Place artichokes in 8-inch-square baking dish. Add ¼ cup water. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at High until artichokes are tender and bottom is easily pierced with a fork (10-12 minutes). Let stand, covered, while microwaving filling.

Microwave the cheese filling at Medium (50 percent) until cheese is melted (3-4 minutes); stir twice. Fill artichokes with cheese filling and

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place on serving platter. To eat, dip each leaf in filling and pull leaf through your teeth. If filling is difficult to dip, microwave at High until cheese is melted (1-2 minutes).

Microwave tip: For full power, decrease time in last microwave step to 2-3 minutes; stir twice during cooking.

Chicken Bundles
(Makes 4 servings)

2 whole chicken breasts (about 2 pounds)
4 leaves raw spinach
4 pieces mozzarella cheese (about 1"x½" each)
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1½ cups crushed herb-seasoned bread stuffing
¼ cup Parmesan cheese
½ teaspoon paprika

Bone and split chicken breasts. Place one piece at a time between plastic wrap and pound with flat side of meat mallet or rolling pin until ¼" thick. Roll 1 leaf spinach around 1 piece of cheese; place in center of each chicken breast. Roll up chicken breast; encase spinach and cheese. Secure with toothpicks.

Beat egg and milk together; set aside. Combine crushed stuffing, Parmesan cheese, and paprika. Dip chicken rolls into egg mixture; roll in crumbs. Place chicken rolls in 1-quart casserole; cover with paper towel. Microwave at High until chicken is tender (5-7 minutes); rearrange chicken rolls once during cooking. Remove toothpick before serving.

Caraway Cheese Braid
(Makes 1 braided loaf)

1 cup water
1 cup rye flour
¼ cup molasses
2 tablespoons margarine
1 teaspoon salt substitute
1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
1½-2 cups unbleached flour
1 cup whole-wheat flour
2 cups shredded Swiss cheese with caraway seeds

Microwave water at High in 1-cup glass measure 2-2½ minutes or until boiling. Combine rye flour, molasses, margarine, and salt substitute in large mixing bowl; stir in boiling water; cool to lukewarm. Combine yeast with ¼ cup warm water. Let stand until yeast is softened. Add yeast to flour mixture and beat in 1 cup unbleached flour and cheese. Gradually stir in remaining flour to form a stiff dough. Turn dough onto floured surface. Knead 5-10 minutes or until smooth; add additional flour if need-

continued on page 93

The *Post*'s food writer, Jacquelyn Nyenhuis, specializes in microwave cooking.

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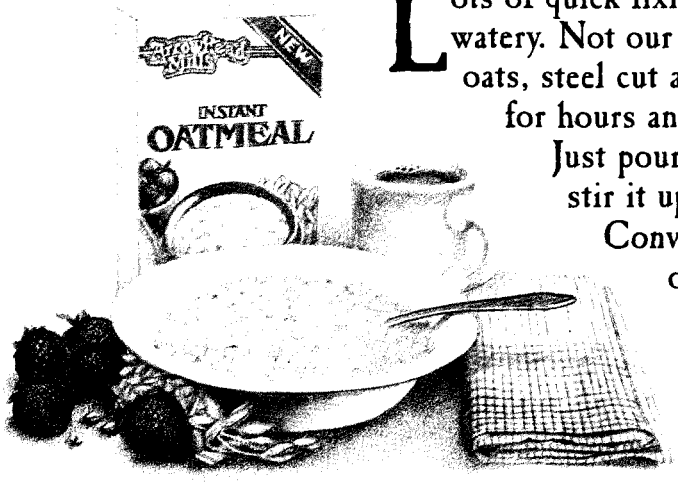

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THE BUTT STOPS HERE

Ian M. Rolland receives the prestigious Benjamin Franklin Award for his courageous stand in banning all smoking at the 3,000-employee home office of Lincoln National Corporation.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

"The butt stops here," proclaims Ian M. Rolland, the president of Lincoln National Corporation, an insurance holding company in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Mr. Holland isn't paraphrasing President Harry Truman's famous desk-top line just for the pun of it. Because of his genuine concern for the health of his 3,000 employees, he has banned all smoking at the home office.

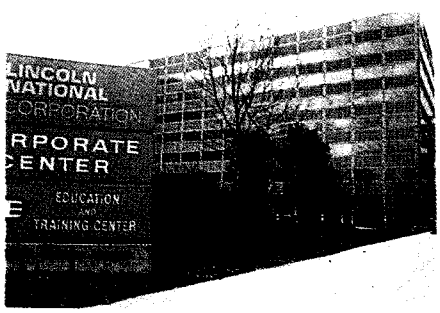
Although Ian Rolland's ban on smoking was a business decision, he admits he also couldn't watch his employees "commit suicide by inches."

Now, Rolland says, the corporation he heads can take a breath of fresh air at last—it has gone "cold turkey." To reverse an old army chestnut ("If you've got 'em, smoke 'em")—if Lincoln National employees have 'em, they can keep 'em. . .at least until they get inside the building: Smoking on the job at the home office is absolutely forbidden!

Rolland based his decision on the solid facts insurance people are acutely aware of. "Anything that kills 350,000 Americans each year deserves decisive action," he says. "And all the brawny cowpokes and tawny-haired sirens cannot blow enough smoke to obscure the fact that one out of seven deaths in this country is linked to smoking."

Rolland further points out that the costs related to smoking are sapping our economy. "One recent report estimated that smokers utilize the health-care system at least 50 percent more than nonsmokers," he says. "And they waste 30 minutes each workday, fumbling with matches and lighters, sucking seductive poisons. If time is to be wasted, I'd much rather it be frittered away on daydreams and chatter than flicked into a valley of ashes."

The courageous company president acknowledges that a ban on butts from the entire office can create serious personnel problems. "Since 25 percent of our employees smoke," he says, "we are offering them on-the-job smoking-cessation classes and counseling. Our medical office provides Nicorette, a sugarless chewing gum formulated to ease the physical withdrawal from nicotine. Most of our 3,000 home-office employees support our new policy—smokers and nonsmokers alike," he says. "But there is a querulous minority that asks why we are 'discriminating against smokers.' We're not," he states emphatically. "Our policy affects all employees. Smokers are not a protected class. No matter what their race, color, religion, sex, or national origin, they cannot smoke at work."



Smokers are no longer a protected class at Lincoln National's headquarters.

In answer to the charge that smokers are being subjected to the "systematic maltreatment suffered by blacks and women," Rolland says: "We are not trying to dictate personal lifestyles. We encourage our employees to stop smoking altogether, but they cannot smoke on the job. We simply cannot afford their habit."

He refers to a Congressional study showing that smokers cost the economy $65 billion annually in increased medical bills, premature death, and time lost from work.

"As a major participant in the field of health-care financing," he says, "we have an obligation to prove that, if properly conceived, a smoke-free environment is obtainable. This isn't a crusade. This is a business decision."

For his resolute stand in making the butt stop at Lincoln National Corporation, the Saturday Evening Post Society salutes Mr. Ian M. Rolland and takes pleasure in naming him the recipient of this month's distinguished Benjamin Franklin Award.

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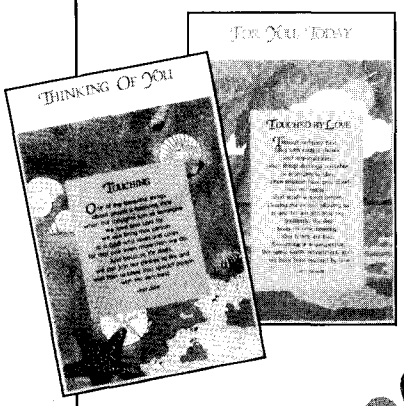

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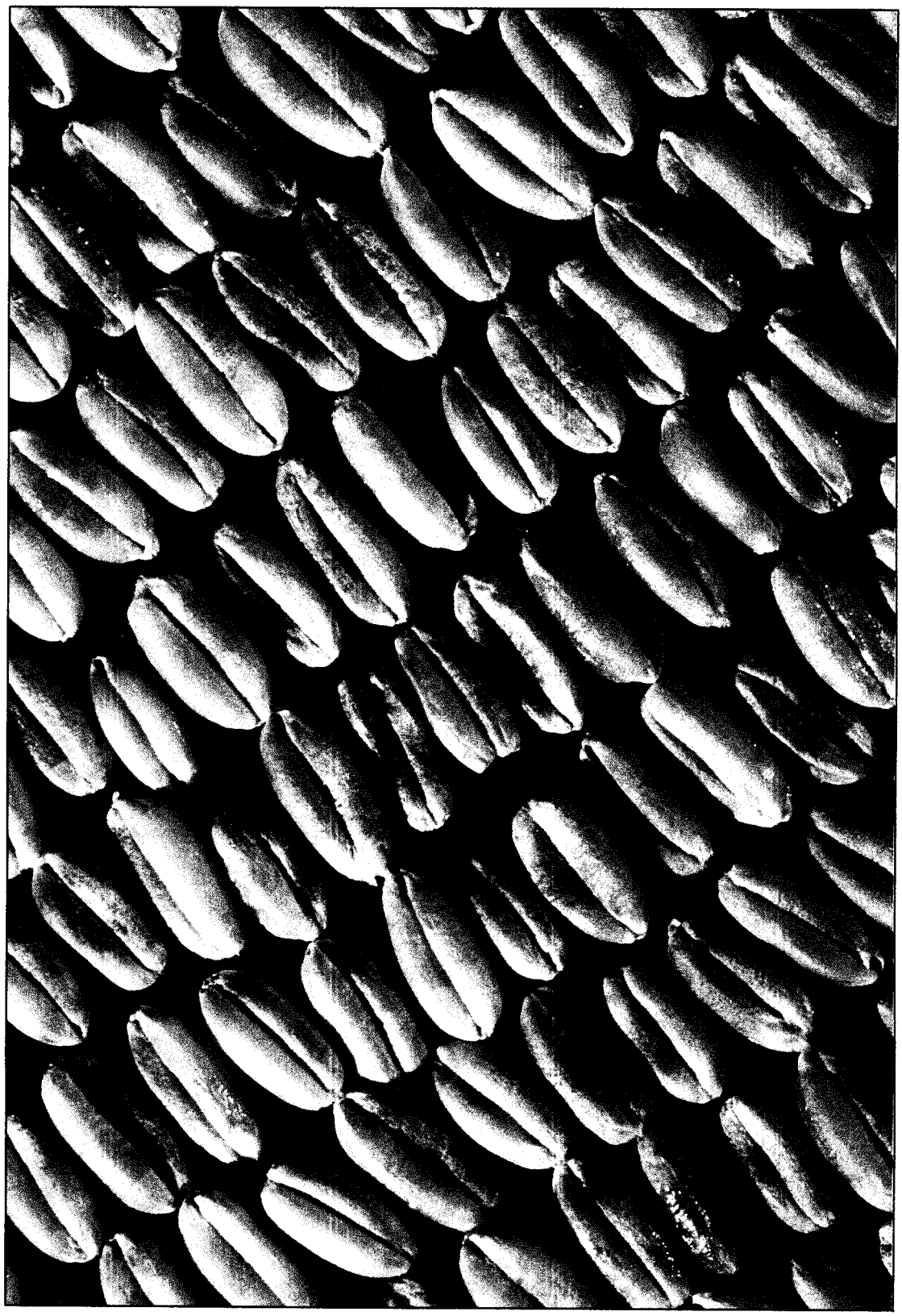

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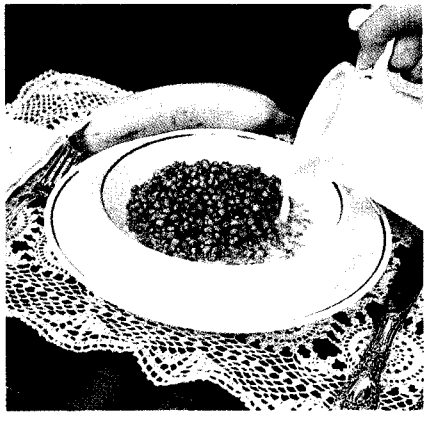

breakfast cereal. Just boil for 10 minutes, and you'll have a chewy-textured cereal that goes well with skim milk and fruit. Use the wheat for soup the way you would dried beans or hulless barley. Recipes will come with your gift bag.

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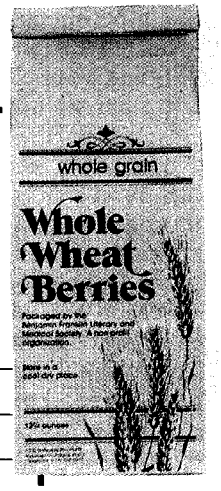

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VETS ON PETS

KEEPING YOUR BIRD IN FINE FEATHER

From two-inch finches to three-foot macaws, exotic birds can be ideal pets if cared for properly.

by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

I was once the doctor to a parakeet named Tweety that belonged to a chronically ill child. Tweety was a delightful, very vocal bird. He could repeat his owner's name and say hello, good-by, and many phrases. In fact, he was just the right companion for a little girl who often stayed home from school ill.

Birds have long been popular as pets, and in recent years the demand for exotic species has been rising. Veterinarians are even having to brush up on their bird care to meet the new demand.

Parakeets, or budgies, are still the most popular and the least expensive of the parrot clan, followed by colorful lovebirds, cockatoos, and cockateels. The Amazon parrot, large and green, with a stout body and a square tail, is a favorite in pet shops, and so is the African grey, an excellent talker. Some people even find room in their homes for macaws, the largest of all parrots. Other commonly kept birds include the half-moon conure, the myna bird, the toucan, singing canaries, and various kinds of finches.

Not every parakeet can be taught to speak, but with adequate patience, the sweet talk you give to your feathered friend may eventually evoke a reply.

The unique ability of some birds to mimic speech has endeared them to human beings. Cockateels, Amazons, African greys, macaws, and mynas are the most facile talkers. The little parakeet can become an accomplished talker too, but I have known only a few with large vocabularies.

Talking birds do not really understand what they say. If their words seem to fit their actions (or yours), it is merely the result of conditioning. A bird is more likely to talk if removed early (at about six weeks) from other birds and raised solely in the presence of humans. In a relaxed environment, the young bird may attempt to imitate your repeated words or phrases. Of course, like the embarrassed parents of a toddler who repeats four-letter words, you may be creating your own monster.

To flourish and become ideal pets, birds must have a pleasant environment. Here, common sense should prevail. You should not set the birdcage directly in front of the air conditioner or in a cold, drafty area. Nor should you place a bird for too long in direct sunlight. (Birds need some sunlight as a source of vitamin D_3, but too much exposure can cause heatstroke.) A moderate temperature and 40 to 50 percent humidity is appropriate for most birds. However, a healthy, well-nourished bird can tolerate greater environmental extremes than a distressed or an ill bird.

Dr. T.J. Lafeber, a world-renowned bird-care authority, says birds become accustomed to the "status quo" routine and to a very organized life. A variation in routine can cause frustration and stress. He recommends that a bird's cage be located in an area that provides the greatest socialization—in most homes, the recreation room or the breakfast nook.

Pet birds generally require the same duration of light and dark that occurs in a natural day. In summer, a bird should have about 8 hours of darkness, and in winter, about 12 hours. You can control the light with a heavy cage cover. And birds are affected by noise, too. A bird kept up to all hours by a teen-ager's hard-rock radio station or by the blast of the television will be cranky the next morning, and it will suffer stress similar to that of parents under those conditions.

A birdcage should be large enough for a bird to extend its wings without touching the sides, and perches should be arranged so the bird's tail will not hit the rear of the cage. Cage papers (newspaper is O.K.) should be changed daily.

Daily wear is needed to keep the bird's beak and its claws the proper length, so be sure to provide a salt block or a cuttle bone for the bird to chew on. An overgrown beak should not be ignored, but unless you have had training in beak trimming, a trip to the veterinarian is advisable. You can trim nails, but only a minute amount at a time until you learn the location of the nail quick.

One of the most important considerations in the care of caged birds is diet. Birds should be fed twice a day.

An all-seed diet is not adequate:

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Even if you have purchased a bird fed nothing but seeds, you should try to introduce it to other foods. In the morning offer the bird a buffet of foods but no seeds. In the evening, feed some seeds, but not all that the bird wants. Any seeds left at bedtime should be removed. A good seed mixture is 25 percent sunflower, 45 percent pigeon mix, 15 percent parakeet mix, and 15 percent safflower seed. Seeds should be no more than 30 to 50 percent of the total diet.

Spinach, leaf lettuce, sprouts, celery, and carrot tops may be offered in your buffet. Fruits can also be included daily, although too much citrus can cause diarrhea. (The cockateel is not a fruit eater.)

Monkey biscuits and high-protein dog chow may also be added as supplements to a bird's diet. They contain important minerals plus vitamins A and D_3. Feed one to six pieces daily, depending upon the size of the bird: For canaries and finches, crumble and mix it with seed. A protein source such as cheese, eggs, or even a small amount of cooked meat can also be added daily.

Vitamins should be supplied to your bird only during such high-stress times as molting or during illness. Sprinkle the vitamins over the bird's favorite food, not in the drinking water.

If a bird is gaining weight, restrict such high-energy foods as sunflower seeds, cheese, and eggs. During a molt, increase cheese, monkey biscuits, eggs, meat, legume sprouts, and vitamins.

A change in a bird's food or water consumption is often the first sign of illness. Other signs include listlessness or decreased activity; ruffled feathers or prolonged molting; such respiratory sounds as heavy breathing or wheezing; body enlargements that grow further; and smelly, watery droppings.

If you think your pet is ill, make an appointment with a veterinarian who routinely treats birds. Put the bird in its own cage for the trip to the doctor, and leave the cage as is—the veterinarian may want to inspect the recent droppings. Empty the water dish and replace it, cover the cage, and wrap it with a blanket. (You may put a hot-water bottle on top of the cage in cold weather.) If the bird has been injured, shows loss of equilibrium, or is very weak, lower the perches and remove the swing. If the bird is being treated with medication, bring it along. A day in the life of a sick bird can be compared to a week in the life of a sick person.

I now believe that birds are the most underrated pets. They offer entertainment, beauty, recreation, and companionship. In 1980, the Pet Industry Council estimated that pet birds in the United States number 30 to 40 million, a figure increased greatly during the past few years. Bird care is relatively easy, and often, a $15 parakeet offers as much enjoyment as a $1,000 parrot.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

I am thinking about buying a small bird such as a cockateel or a lovebird. Since I already have a cat and two active preschoolers, is this advisable?

Maureen Ward
Jackson, Mississippi

Dear Maureen:

I suggest a cockateel or other large bird, for it can better hold its own against your cat. Select an area of the house for the birdcage that will offer some security from being turned over by the children or from being stalked by the cat; however, select an area where the bird can have contact with family members. Encourage your children to talk to, whistle at, and sing to the bird. Be present with the children when they visit with the bird initially, to encourage gentleness during the introduction period.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have two cats, a dog, and a parakeet named Budgie. I'd like to know how to trim the feathers on Budgie and how to tell if he is a girl or a boy.

Sally Whitney
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Sally:

Usually the ten primary flight feathers—the long, pretty feathers at the end of the wings—are trimmed. Count ten feathers from the longest, outermost tip feather, and trim this row of feathers to the overlying row of feathers. Budgie's gender can be determined by the color of the cere, the colored area around the nostril, just above the beak. A male's cere is blue and the female's, tan or pink.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I am a real animal lover, and I take in all the stray cats, etc. We have just recently moved to the Gulf coast. My question concerns how to care for sea gulls that get covered by oil.

Larry Bunster
Long Beach, Mississippi

Dear Larry:

Often a bird contaminated by oil or petroleum by-products must be treated for shock, dehydration, and injuries. Clear the bird's nose and mouth of debris and oil, then rehydrate the area with an oral solution of water and Karo syrup. Apply a water-based ophthalmic ointment to the eyes and the inflamed areas of the skin. During the cleaning, handle the feathers gently. Dissolve heavy oils with light mineral oil first. Then, use a 15 percent concentration of Lux Liquid Amber in warm water. Clean the bird with multiple detergent washings. Rinse the bird with a hose and warm water. Towel dry, then blow-dry with a hair dryer.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

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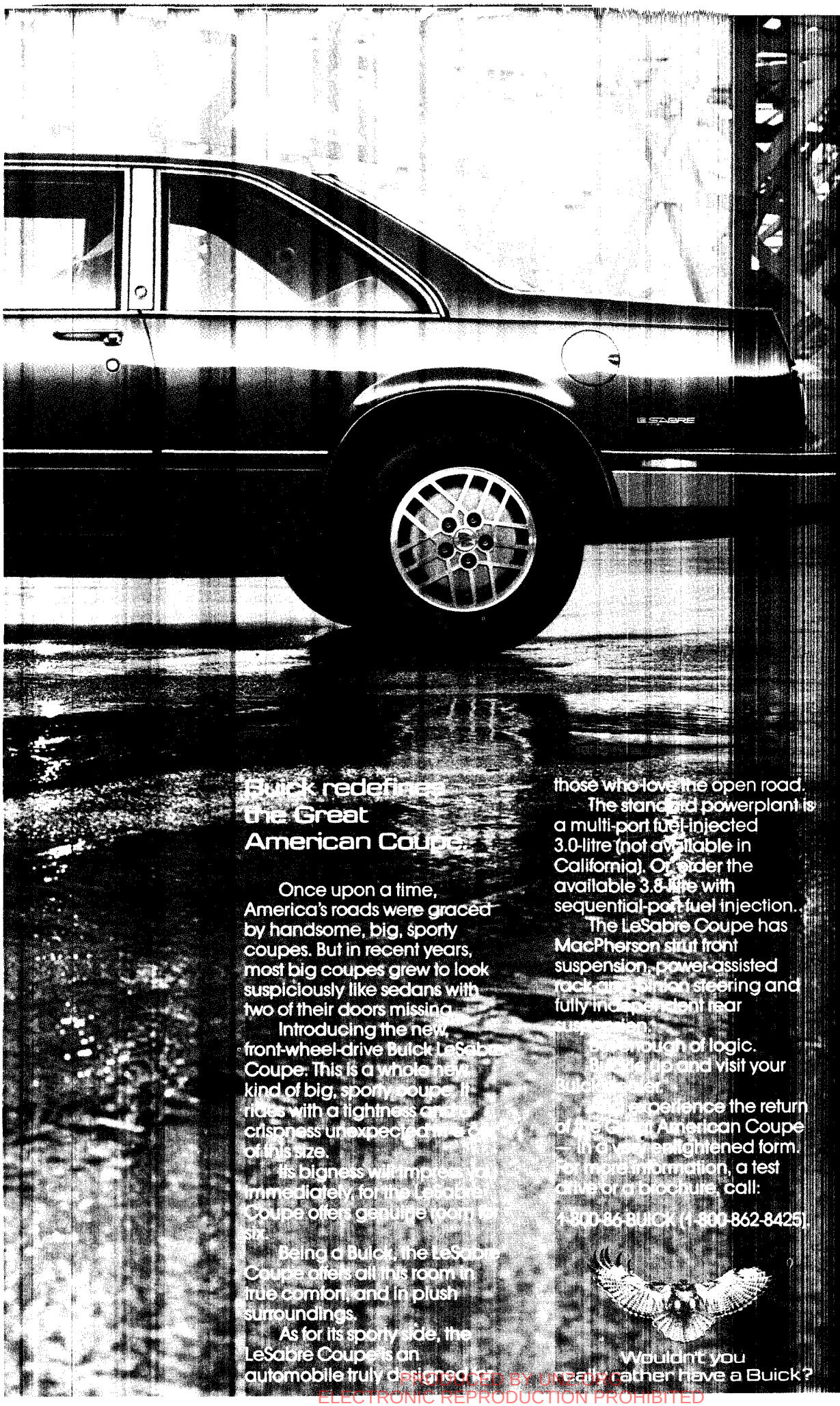

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GIVING PLAQUE THE BRUSH-OFF

It's no longer tooth decay that costs people their teeth, but a nearly invisible film beneath the gums that causes periodontal disease in later life.

The way some TV ads tell it, a cavity-free checkup is the passport to a rosy dental future. Yet nearly 70 percent of all adult teeth are lost not from decay but from periodontal disease—a disorder of the gums, the tissues, and the bones around the teeth. By age 13, four of five youngsters have early signs of the problem, and by age 40 real gum trouble afflicts four out of five Americans. The best defense is proper oral hygiene, but most of us need to brush up on good brushing techniques.

A sign of the times: Many dentists now put on masks and gloves while working on their patients to prevent the possible spread of AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) and hepatitis viral infections. Insurance-company policies in some states make it necessary for dentists and dental hygienists to use these precautions in order to maintain their insurability.

The culprit in periodontal disease is plaque, an accumulation under the gum line of a nearly invisible film produced by bacteria acting on protein in the saliva and on bits of trapped food. If plaque is not removed by brushing or by other means, it combines with mineral salts in saliva to form a hard deposit called calculus or tartar. As the battleground where bacterial toxins clash with the body's natural defenses, the gums take the brunt of the damage. They become irritated, then recede and pull away from the teeth. They open pockets that collect debris and form a breeding ground for more bacteria. Eventually, the supporting bone erodes; teeth loosen and are lost.

If you've picked up your brushing moves like an improvised golf swing, chances are you're missing plaque. No single stroke works best for everyone, but many dentists tell you to place the brush at a 45-degree angle against the gum line and the outside surfaces of the teeth. As you go around the teeth, move the brush back and forth gently in short strokes about half a tooth wide, as if you were making the brush shimmy. Do the same inside; then scrub the chewing surfaces.

And the toothbrush itself? Most dentists recommend one with soft or polished bristles rounded at the end to minimize gum damage. Under a voluntary program, toothbrush makers may use the American Dental Association's (ADA) seal of recognition if they satisfy its Council on Dental Materials, Instruments, and Equipment that a product is "safe and effective." Products currently recognized include brushes from the John O. Butler Co. and Colgate-Palmolive; Pepsodent brushes by Lever Brothers; Reach toothbrushes by Johnson & Johnson; and Oral-B toothbrushes by Coopercare. (Lack of ADA recognition doesn't rule out the adequacy of the brushes of makers who may not have sought formal recognition.)

Even with the best conventional brush, argues a Minneapolis dentist, George Collis, people seldom get the hang of brushing right. With a novel toothbrush he designed, much guesswork is removed. Two outer rows of soft bristles curve around a center row of short, stiffer ones to cover all surfaces of the teeth snugly. As the brush is moved back and forth horizontally, hugging the gums, the inner bristles clean the chewing surface, while the outer bristles curve around to clean the sides and the gum line. Don't, however, expect brushes or brushing to take the place of flossing, a procedure vital to plaque removal.

• • •

The newest weapons in the battle against gum disease are the antiplaque dentifrices that have recently come on the market. These toothpastes, gels, and mouthwashes contain chemical agents to reach gum areas that brushing and flossing may miss.

The American Dental Association has recently prepared guidelines to evaluate the effectiveness of these products. So far no manufacturers are claiming their toothpaste and gel will completely prevent plaque formation; however, many have clinical trial evidence that their products will help reduce plaque and possibly prevent periodontal disease.

The FDA has not approved use of some antiplaque agents now being marketed in Europe. However, leading American experts in dentistry are now agreeing for the first time that new antiplaque dentifrices meeting the ADA guidelines will have a "significant impact" in reducing early gum disease.

The universal use of fluoride toothpastes has reduced tooth decay to a rarity. Most dentists do much less drilling and filling than they did just ten years ago. With improved new preventive methods, dentists now hope to bring gum disease under control as well.

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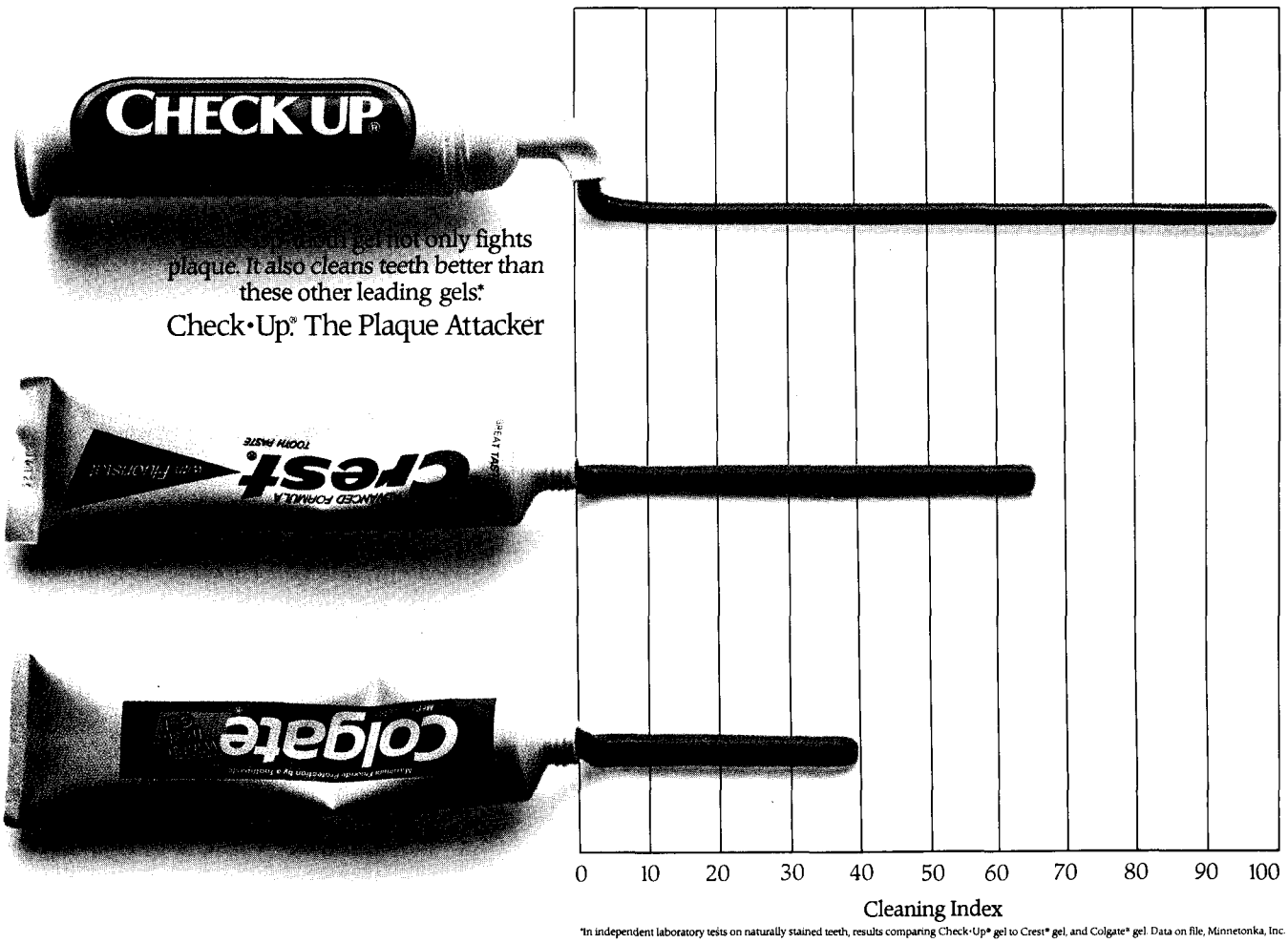
Check•Up® cleans up in laboratory tests.



*In independent laboratory tests on naturally stained teeth, results comparing Check•Up® gel to Crest® gel, and Colgate® gel. Data on file, Minnetonka, Inc.

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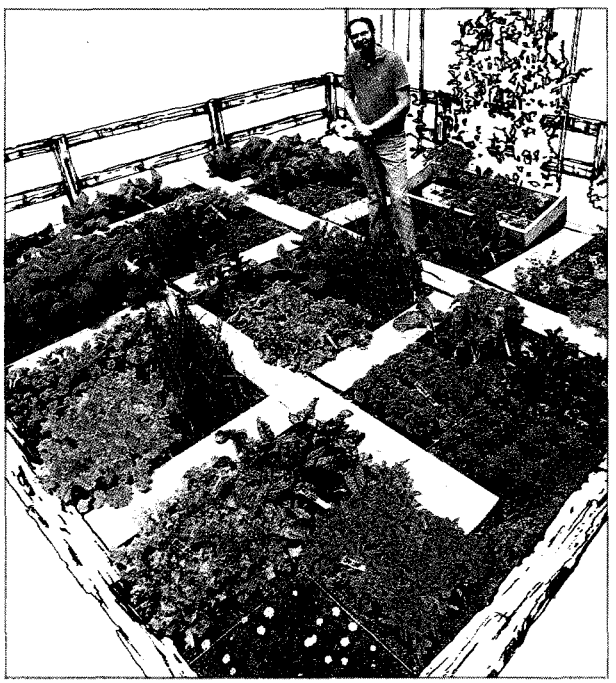
GARDENING BY THE SQUARE FOOT

For those who find the conventional garden a tough row to hoe, Mel Bartholomew has invented a better system.

by Charlene Faris

Mel Bartholomew of Old Field, New York, gardened all his adult life. But not until he retired from engineering and ran a community garden did he ask himself: Why do gardeners use antiquated farming methods that often lead to unwelcome results? He set out to devise a no-work, foolproof, small-space, continuous-harvest garden method that would work for beginners and experts alike.

Euclid would have loved Mel's solution—the Square Foot Garden, so-called because the garden is built in a series of squares. Each 12″x 12″ square holds a single species of vegetable, herb, or flower. The number of plants in each square depends on the particular variety, the size of the plants at maturity, and the distance they should be planted to develop properly. Follow the rules on the seed packets as though you were planting in rows. Peppers, for example, require 12 inches between plants; therefore, a pepper plant is placed in the center of a square.



Mel Bartholomew's well-organized garden yields as much as a conventional plot in only 20 percent of the space.

The one-foot squares are grouped in four blocks. Each block, planted with a different crop, contains 16 squares. The number of blocks planted depends on how many people you want to feed. Thus you control the number of blocks, what is planted in them, and when. You have a continuous harvest because you plant only what you can take care of and eat. Bartholomew calls this "controlled planting."

This continuous replanting procedure also makes it simple to plan what you will plant next. As you harvest a square, add humus and fertilizer and turn over the soil. Take a look around the garden to see which blocks will be ready for harvesting within a few weeks, then make a decision about the next crop to plant.

The Square Foot Garden yields the same harvest as a comparable single-row conventional garden—but in only 20 percent of the space. One block will produce enough salad vegetables for one person all season. To avoid overplanting in each block, Bartholomew suggests single-seed sowing rather than the old practice of sowing the entire seed packet. "The single-seed method produces a stronger crop that matures earlier," he says.

In his book *Square Foot Gardening* Bartholomew gives exact instructions for establishing the Square Foot Garden, including the special techniques of companion planting, crop rotation, succession planting, and interplanting. He recommends building firm walkways between the blocks and never walking on the soil.

Maintenance time is minimal with a Square Foot Garden. Bartholomew suggests spending an hour per week on each block. This includes weeding, watering, cultivating, and pest-control chores as well as time to plant new squares.

A Square Foot Garden can be beautiful. Bartholomew likes to mix flowers and herbs with the vegetables. "I do this for two reasons," he says. "One, they are pretty. Two, you will enjoy your garden more if you take a bouquet of flowers into the house, go to it more often, and take better care of it."

Perennials, bulbs, and annuals in the Square Foot Garden are planted in what he calls "double-deck and triple-deck gardening" methods. Begin with bulbs planted deep to come up in the spring, or with herbs, and follow these with a spring crop of vegetables. As they die out, plant a summer crop of flowers—then you'll have a continuous harvest of vegetables, herbs, and flowers.

Bartholomew's idea has worked well: Thousands of Americans have converted their conventional gardens to his system. "And most of the public gardens in the country have now converted part or all of their gardens to Square Foot Gardening," he says.

A small garden near the house, planted with flowers and vegetables, is ornamental as well as productive.

Coming in the next issue, "Computer Gardening," by Charlene Faris.

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We're looking for people to write children's books

By Alvin Tresselt,
Dean of Faculty

"Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing," says the author of 53 children's books. "Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's the straightest possible line between you and publication—if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers."

This old mansion deep in the Connecticut woods has been the home of this workshop for new writers since 1969.

IF you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life experience. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from any other kind of publisher I know.

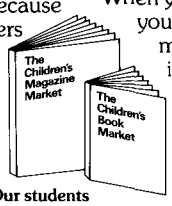
Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin—to break into print—to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching—and 53 books of my own—I can tell you this: You'll go a long way before you discover anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people "really like" is an experience you'll never have anywhere else.

A surprisingly big market

But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. As many as 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for up to half of them.



Our students learn where to sell their writing with our exclusive publishers' lists.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going! Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

"Am I really qualified?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: Our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into The Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

Learn one-to-one with your own instructor

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own books, I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for new writers that does one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors—all of whom are experienced writers or editors—work more or less the same way.

Learn at your own pace

When you're ready—at your own time and your own pace—you send your assignment to me and I read it and I reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it.

Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would—if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull with each assignment. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

"Now...I am a writer!"

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many students break into print even before they finish the Course. We receive hundreds of letters like these from students: "Before taking your Course, the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, OR. "My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course lesson. Then I sent another Course assignment to a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

"My instructor's advice was invaluable in plotting, character, motivation, and dialogue. I am most grateful for her personal interest. She helped me understand my own strengths and weaknesses and how to emphasize the first and remedy the second." Elizabeth Henley, New Cambria, MO.

Marilyn Day of Marissa, IL says, "Now I'm no longer a housewife, I am a *writer!*"

And Mary Carruth, Dublin, CA, writes, "I sent out my first article with a prayer and it was accepted. Your Course, with its structure and support, has been everything I hoped for."

"When I started, I did not really think I had the ability," writes Sister M. Laetitia Mudde, West Haven, CT. "But my instructor made me believe in myself."*

I have a file full of similar letters: People like yourself so full of pride they could easily convince you that it is a pity more people don't take up writing for children.

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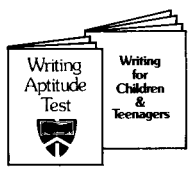

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Redding Ridge, Connecticut 06876

Dear Mr. Tresselt: I am interested in your program to help new writers get started. Please send your free Writing Aptitude Test and 28-page brochure. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and no salesman will visit.

Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss BP 8

Please circle one and print name clearly

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Approved by the Connecticut Commissioner of Education

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Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

*The testimonials in this ad were provided without remuneration and voluntarily by The Institute's students between 1982 and 1985.

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SPEAKING OUT

OUR GREATEST ENEMY

By all indications, we are losing the battle against the deadly invasion of drugs. We must launch an all-out assault.

by Bob Slosser

The horror stories are everywhere. We all know, often firsthand, of the ten-year-old city dweller hooked on heroin and now fighting desperately for his life. We know of the affluent, suburban teen-ager caught in the clutches of cocaine and slipping from a life of promise to hopeless combat with the cycles of addiction. We know of the heartbreakingly defective children born to drug-abusing parents. We know of the suicides, the coma deaths, the murders.

What are we going to do about America's drug problem—or the world's, for that matter? The Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration reports that cocaine has emerged as a major public health threat. Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald, the head of the federal agency, says that, for years, "people thought cocaine was harmless—a so-called 'recreational drug.' " But now, he says, "we know the truth: Cocaine can be a killer." It is one of the most powerfully addictive drugs known, he declares. And yet people, especially so many of our bright, sophisticated young adults, see cocaine use as something quite smart and fashionable.

And cocaine accounts for only a part of the problem. Americans spend $110 billion a year on drugs, more than they do on all religious, relief, and philanthropic activities combined. Four years ago, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, 40 percent of Americans aged 18 to 25 had experimented with at least one illicit substance. And the figure is certainly higher today. The rise is supported by a sad fact reported in a recent *U.S. News & World Report*: ". . .7 of 13 major drug-producing nations [have] boosted their output of marijuana, coca [cocaine] and opium-poppy crops. . . . This year, despite an American expenditure of $1.2 billion to combat the drug trade, marijuana and heroin imports are expected to jump 10 percent and cocaine 4 percent." The destruction of human beings is a booming business.

Not only the poor, the uneducated, the deprived, or the shadowy types are being destroyed. We're dealing with the privileged, the successful, the professional. A spokesman at the State of New York Division of Substance Abuse Services in New York City says: "It's not just the criminal element that's using drugs. We have doctors, lawyers, nurses, and so on coming into our offices for help. In the past, tests were geared toward social pathology, but that idea doesn't hold up."

When are we going to get the message? We have a national health crisis on our hands. If cocaine use alone produces such a national problem, just think what we have when we add heroin, LSD, amphetamines, and the multiple variations.

Of course, we're not alone. Britain reports drug use to be "the most serious peacetime threat to our national well-being." The French, the Italians, and the Canadians report similar concerns. And on top of all this, there's alcoholism in almost every nation.

• • •

If man had properly fulfilled his responsibilities to understand and master Creation, he would govern an ever thriving, flourishing, growing world. But, failing in his responsibilities, man lost control of his environment; he has fallen under its domination, including the domination of the vegetation that produces drugs. This principle of fulfilling responsibilities has been described by Pat Robertson, in his book *The Secret Kingdom*, as the "fundamental law for the growth and development—or the decline—of all organizations and societies. . . . Beginning with the cradle, it touches everything—child development, intellectual development, professional development, physical development, social development, and on and on."

Man's loss of control over his environment has made him afraid—of God, of himself, of other men, of Creation. That fear is probably the root cause of the world's drug crisis. It starts in the spirit and spreads quickly into the physical realm. And though this fear is an individual matter in the beginning, it takes on a collective force that exceeds the sum of the fears taken individually. The collective, intertwined fear in the world is monstrous.

One significant part of the result is isolation, alienation, separateness within the individual. And individ-

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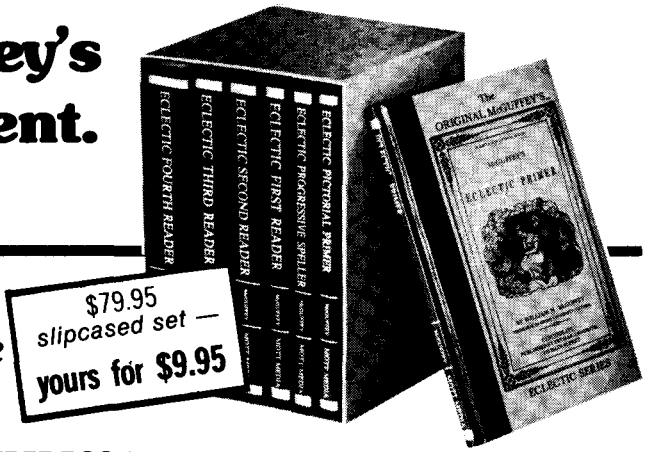
The original McGuffey's Readers were different. They were Christian



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FREE BOOK **Free with each set:** *McGuffey and His Readers: Piety, Morality and Education in 19th Century America* **by John H. Westerhoff III**

Rev. William McGuffey published his legendary Readers in the 1830s. Later editions, from 1857 on, were revised without his approval, and expurgated most references to religion. They were still excellent texts, but no longer Christian texts.

Now a Christian publisher, Mott Media, has reprinted the originals. We are offering them, with pride and admiration, for parents, godparents and grandparents who care enough to teach at home, or at least to *help*, the children they love.

The Original McGuffeys: 7 superb texts

Pictorial Eclectic Primer for Young Children. For kindergarten or pre-kindergarten: the alphabet, simple sentences and stories, charming original engravings.

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Mark Sullivan, in his 6-volume history, *Our Times*, ranks McGuffey up with Washington and Lincoln in influence. And a wonderful influence it was. Do your children deserve less?

Startling call from eminent professor of English

"Let's bring back McGuffey's Reader — **to College**" is how Carl Bode, University of Maryland, titled his article in **The Chronicle of Higher Education**. Wrote Bode: "I guarantee that regular doses of McGuffey will brighten their eyes and bring roses to their cheeks...teach them to concentrate on the printed page...give them some of the memorable poetry and prose of our Anglo-American inheritance...make them better men and women, not to mention better-spoken men and women."

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☐ I don't care to join the Club but I'm enclosing $79.95 for the McGuffey set plus the free book. I may return the set in 30 days for full refund if not delighted.

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POST SCRIPTS

Status Woe

Our marriage seems to be working
out O.K.
We have better communication. . .
But I wish he'd refer to me as his
wife,
Instead of as "the present administration"!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Witch Switch

"If I ever get married, I want a girl who's an economist in the kitchen, a lady in the living room, and a witch in the bedroom," Tom said to Jim one day.

The two didn't meet again for several months. When they did, Tom told Jim he had married shortly after their last meeting. His pal asked, "Did it turn out the way you had planned?"

"Well, I got what I wanted, but scrambled," Tom replied. "She's a witch in the living room, a lady in the kitchen, and an economist in the bedroom."

—B. W. Clifton

Front and Center

"Well," the tough old sergeant snarled to the private, "I suppose after you get discharged from the army, you'll just be waiting for me to die so you can come and spit on my grave."

"Not me, sarge," the GI assured him. "Once I get out of this army, I ain't never going to stand in line again!"

—K. W. Kenney

Hind Sight

My driving skill improves, I find. . .
When the police car is close behind.

—Raymond A. Schoeder

Modern-day Conquistador

As the golfer emerged from an almost impenetrably weedy and heavily overgrown rough, his partner asked sympathetically, "Pretty bad in there, isn't it?"

"Well," he replied, "since it was clearly no man's land, I put down a small flag and claimed it for the United States."

—Louis Hasley

Unfunny Disposition

A marriage counselor wished to discover something concerning a woman's disposition: "Did you wake up grumpy this morning?" he asked.

"No," the woman replied. "I let him sleep."

—Lane Olinghouse

One-upwomanship

"I'd be the happiest man in the world," the man said to his wife, "if you could bake bread the way my mother used to."

"And I'd be the happiest woman in the world," she replied, "if you could make dough the way my dad used to."

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

On-the-Spot News

A recently returned traveler, bragging about his African safari, led his audience to believe that everything he had done was remarkable. One morning as he left his tent, he mentioned as he left his tent that he had spotted a leopard.

A listener responded, "Oh, I thought they were born that way."

—Oliver E. Frazier

Professional Courtesy

A famed lawyer had just won an acquittal in a scandalous and well-publicized case involving one of the town's leading matrons. As he was leaving the courtroom, a highly indignant society woman approached him.

"Is there no case so despicable, so contemptible that you wouldn't take it?" she shouted.

The lawyer bowed low and asked with a smile, "Just what have you been up to, madam?"

—Kris Lee

Wish You Weren't Here

Don't worry about what other people think of you. Most of the time they're not.

—H. Duane Black

Taking Inventory

"There are a dozen reasons," one girl told another, "why I would never marry Jack."

"What are they?"

"Well, first of all, he has no

"That's what we call surprise-side economics!"

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money, and the other 11 require it."
—Harold Helfer

Don't Leave Home without It

The pessimist carries his credit cards, the optimist has his credit cards carry him, and the realist is flat broke.

—Rose Sands

Quip-witted

A boring speaker is one who doesn't know when to quip.

—Eric Shively

Tricks Are for Kids

Some folks are so busy learning the tricks, they never learn the trade.

—Rose Sands

Mowed Over

The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence—until you get close enough to smell the fertilizer!

—Aline K. Taylor

Sound Judgment

Judge: "It seems you have been coming up to me in this court for the past 20 years."

Prisoner: "Yes, judge, and you have been a big disappointment to me. I was sure you would be governor by now."

—B. Bader

I Opened It Instead

Just a line to say I'm living
That I'm not among the dead
Though I'm getting more forgetful
And am messed up in the head.
For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of the stairs
If I must go up for something
Or if I just came down from there.

So if it's my turn to write you
There's no need in getting sore.
I may think that I've written
And I don't want to be a bore.
So remember I do love you
And I wish that you were here.
But now it's nearly mail time
So I must say good-by, dear.

Then I stand beside the mailbox
With a face so very red.
Instead of mailing you my letter
I have opened it instead.

—Alton E. Smith

Hog Heaven

A new pastor was invited to join the local service club. The club secretary reminded him, however, that it was the club's custom to have only one member of each profession and that they already had one in the category of pastor. The only profession not represented at the moment was that of hog caller. Would the pastor mind?

"Well," he replied, "I'm generally known as the shepherd, but of course you know your group best."

—Kris Lee

Not Faring Well

These excerpts are from letters received by the Dayton (OH) Welfare Department:

"I am sending my marriage certificate and my six children. I have seven, but one died, who was baptized on a half sheet of paper."

"I am writing to say my baby was born two years ago. When do I get my money?"

"Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year, and has been visited by the clergy regularly."

"I can get no sick pay; I have six children. Can you tell me why?"

"I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

"Please, find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now can't eat or nothing until he finds out for sure."

"I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my three children—one of which was a mistake, as you will see."

"In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a baby boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"My husband got his project cut off two weeks ago, and I haven't had any relief since then."

"You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will that make any difference?"

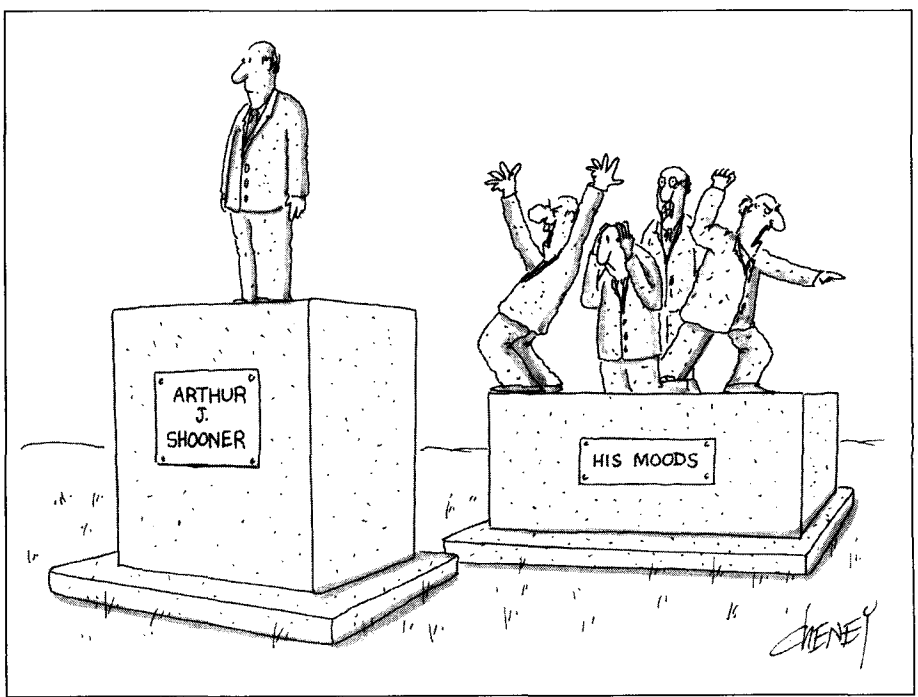
"Please send money at once, as I have fallen in error with my landlord."

"I have no children, yet my husband works as a bus driver day and night."

"In accordance with instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"I want my money as soon as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks, and he hasn't done me any good. If things don't get better or change, I will have to send for another doctor."

—Ella Y. Wood



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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

At the Heart of a Trillion Worlds

BY CARL SAGAN AND ANN DRUYAN

The ancients imagined the planets to be attached to invisible machinery—transparent crystal spheres, elegantly coupled and geared. We now know that the ancients were wrong. The planets orbit the Sun guided only by the invisible hand of Newtonian gravitation. Some worlds are rock, some gas, some ice, and nowhere, from Mercury to Pluto, is there anything like a crystal sphere. But imagine ourselves leaving the solar system at some impossible speed, until even the orbits of the outermost planets are too small for us to see, until even the Sun is only a point of light no brighter than the brightest stars seen from Earth. Then we do encounter something like a crystal sphere, but a shattered one—a cloud of a trillion shards and fragments of ice, little worlds each the size of a city, feebly illuminated in the great dark between the stars.

We live at the heart of a trillion worlds, all of them invisible. It sounds like the teaching of some New Age sect. And we are not talking of metaphorical worlds; rather a trillion places, every one of them as distinct a world as ours is, every one gravitationally bound to the Sun, every one with a surface and an interior and on occasion even an atmosphere.

If there is a ceiling above you, step outside. Cast your eye upward. Concentrate on the smallest piece of sky you can make out. Imagine it extending in a widening wedge far out into space, to the stars. In that little patch of sky are a hundred thousand worlds or more, worlds unseen, unnamed, but in some sense known. These distant cousins of the Earth are the cometary nuclei—cold, silent, inactive, slowly tumbling in the interstellar blackness. But when they are induced to fall into our part of the solar system, they creak and rumble, begin to evaporate and jet, and eventually produce the tails so admired by the inhabitants of Earth. How we know of this invisible multitude of icy worlds is one more scientific detective story, one of the many that begin with Edmond Halley.

After Halley made the first inventory of cometary

About the Authors

Carl Sagan is David Duncan Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences and the director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell University. His book *Cosmos,* which accompanied the television series of that name, is the best-selling science book ever published in the English language. A Pulitzer-prize winner, Dr. Sagan was recently honored by the American Physical Society for his contributions to the discovery of "nuclear winter." He is the husband of Ann Druyan. Ms. Druyan, novelist, television writer, and producer, was the creative director of the Voyager Interstellar Record. She was a co-writer of the "Cosmos" television series and of the treatment for *Contact*, the forthcoming feature film. The above article is excerpted from the best-seller *Comet* (Random House).
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Photograph by Tom Victor

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orbits, it was clear that many comets return infrequently, once every few centuries or even longer. At any given moment, he knew, there must be unseen long-period comets that have not lately visited the Sun. And if by chance we see comets with periods of years to centuries, perhaps there are others with periods measured in millennia or more. Halley was prepared to believe in a large population of undiscovered comets with very long periods and high eccentricities. But he did not envision truly immense numbers of comets. When an 18th-century astronomer, Thomas Wright of Durham, drew a rosette of orbits surrounding the Sun, he was not tempted to include more than the few known comets, although he did conclude, "the Comets. . .I judge to be by far the most numerous Part of the Creation."

The key to the discovery of the comet cloud is the orbits of the comets we see. We must bear in mind that this constitutes only a small sample of all cometary orbits. For all we know, our sample may not even be representative of the larger population. But it is our only starting point.

An elliptical cometary orbit has a certain size. Its near point to the Sun is called its perihelion and its far point, its aphelion. The line from perihelion to aphelion, running through the Sun, is the major axis of the ellipse, and half the major axis is called the semi-major axis. The semi-major axis of the Earth's orbit is one astronomical unit (A.U.). Comets with small semimajor axes never leave the planetary part of the solar system, and constitute the kingdom of short-period comets. Such comets are tightly bound to the Sun's gravity; it would take a very major influence to perturb their motion significantly. But comets with large semimajor axes spend most of their time far beyond the region of the planets, and less often than once a human lifetime they make a brief foray into the inner solar system. Such long-period comets, much more loosely bound to the Sun, are most easily perturbed. The convention is to call a comet with a period less than 200 years a short-period comet, and one with a period longer than 200 years a long-period comet. There is nothing magic about 200 years; it is chosen only because this is very roughly (now a little less than) the period of modern astronomical study of the comets. So a comet like Halley's (by this definition) is a short-period comet, while one like Comet Kohoutek, which passed by the Earth in 1973 and will not return for another 10 million years, is a long-period comet.

• • •

Jan Oort has been for several decades the dean of the distinguished modern school of Dutch astronomers. Among his many contributions to science are the first correct estimate of the distance of the Sun from the center of the Milky Way, the first use of radio astronomy to map the spiral structure of the Milky Way, and the discovery of episodic and titanic explosions at the hub of the Milky Way—which may indicate the presence of a massive black hole there. It was also Oort who, shortly after the end of World War II, proposed the existence of a distant cloud of comets, loosely bound to the Sun. Although some aspects of the theory were anticipated by an Estonian-Irish astronomer, Ernst Öpik, the full beauty of the idea was first glimpsed and developed by Oort.

Oort proposed that a vast cloud of unseen comets surrounds the Sun at immense distances and that all the comets we see are the deserters and refugees from that distant assemblage. Most of these comets are on fairly circular orbits, with modest eccentricity. They never enter the planetary part of the solar system, and we never see them. But occasionally a cometary nucleus leaves its fellows and plummets into the inner solar system, where it may come close enough to the Sun for us to designate it as a long-period comet; or else it might make a close pass by one or more of the major planets, and have its orbit progressively altered, so that eventually we describe it as a short-period comet.

But what induces this occasional comet, weakly held by the Sun's gravity, to enter the inner solar system? Oort calculated that the Sun, in its motion about the center of the Milky Way galaxy, would sometimes come close enough to other stars to make a kind of gravitational flurry in the comet cloud—spilling numbers of them in all directions, including to the vicinity of the Sun. A typical comet in the Oort Cloud is circuiting the Sun at the leisurely pace of about a hundred meters per second, around 220 miles an hour. The change in speed administered by the passing star is only a few tens of centimeters a second, near the top speed your fingers can manage to walk across a tabletop. It represents a very small change in the overall speed of the comet, but it's enough to send a few of them careening down among the planets. No single gravitational impulse from a passing star causes the comets to flutter about. Rather, the accumulation of a few dozen close stellar passages has produced a jittery population of faster-moving comets, and the latest stellar encounter provides the small increment needed to drive some of them down toward the Sun or out into the interstellar medium. It's the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Even if a star were to plow straight through the comet cloud, the consequences would not be spectacular. Öpik likened it to a bullet traversing a

"I kind of hate seeing the economy shape up; I really enjoyed those wage concessions."

continued on page 96

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STOP SMOKING IN ½ HOUR FLAT

Even Though You Really Don't Want To Quit!

That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up—that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they—did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

What's more, I know that you can honestly and truly stop smoking for keeps in half an hour flat—even if it's the last thing in the world you'd rather do. All for a ten dollar bill.

Simply send for my "Stop Smoking Secret" and read it. Yes, it's as easy as that. Just *read* it. I can't tell *how* it works. It just *does*. I guarantee it, with no strings attached.

Guaranteed to work— or your next pack's on me!

If you ever start smoking again after reading my secret—and I mean *ever*—you haven't lost any money. Merely return it for a full, every-penny-back refund plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes! *My treat!*

OK. I know exactly what's running through your mind. Even with my foolproof, risk-free, money-back plus guarantee, you're still looking for a way to get out of sending for my secret. You can't fool me. It's not the money. You'll pocket 100 times your investment in cigarette savings alone. The bottom line is this: You really don't want to quit—*and you'll do anything to avoid it.*

But just this once, listen to that little voice inside your head. Just this once give in to your common sense and give my secret a "look." Watch it automatically work for you in the only way that counts. Permanent no smoking! *Or your next pack's on me!*

Stop Smoking Co.
49 West 37th St., Dept. SS-112
New York, N.Y. 10018

OK—I'll take a risk-free look. Here's my $10. Rush the "Stop Smoking Secret." If I ever start smoking again, I can return it for $11 refund. (That's $10 back plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes—*GUARANTEED*!)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

© MCMLXXXIV Stop Smoking Co.,
49 West 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

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BILL COSBY: PRIME TIME'S FAVORITE FATHER

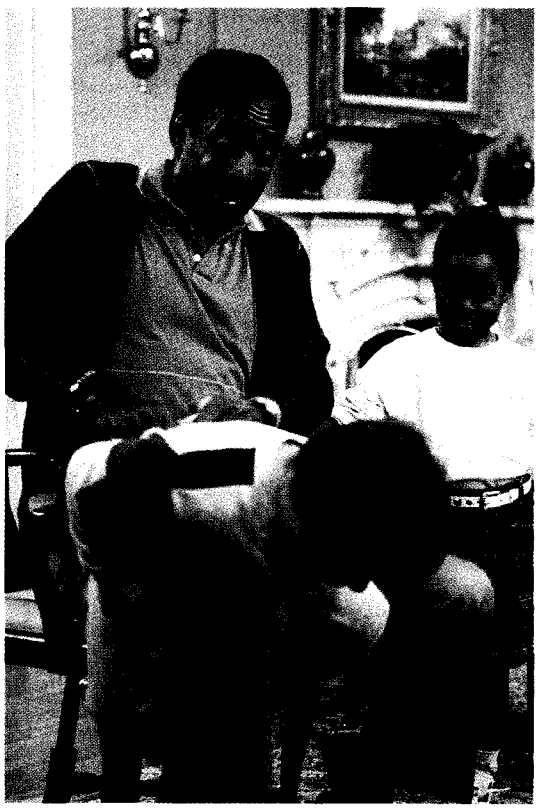
After a long dry spell, network television has found another father who knows best.

by Todd Klein

Just when television seemed bleaker than ever, he appeared on prime time with his unique talents: the mastery of stand-up comedy, the passion of a parent, the wisdom of Solomon. Just when industry executives were prophesying the death of the half-hour comedy, he revived it with the healing powers of a fairground evangelist. Just when it seemed that television had become a hopeless abyss of tasteless jokes, violence, and sex, he rescued the idea of family entertainment. Just when television seemed most unfunny, he turned a half-hour each week into 30 minutes of laughter.

He is Bill Cosby, 48, and he returned to television just in time. Three years ago, when Cosby got the idea for a weekly comedy series about a black American family living in a Manhattan brownstone, he was simply a superstar entertainer with a message to relay. The so-called experts told him no—as in "no way." It seemed absurd to them that he wanted to star in a show that mirrored reality, that avoided abusive or vulgar language. They couldn't picture a family show in which kids learn that parents can be very strict and yet full of love, or that parents can learn from their children. Two networks said it couldn't be done; a third, NBC, gave "The Cosby Show" the go-ahead. That was all Bill Cosby needed.

In only its second season, "The Cosby Show" has become America's highest rated weekly television series. For nearly 60 million people, this charming and insightful half-hour comedy is a Thursday-night ritual, a humorous excursion into the trenches of parenting, a world once described as a "domestic war zone."



Cosby has rescued TV's degenerating comedy situation by cleaning up the act and going back to the basics of love and laughter in family life.

And despite what the experts feared, says Cosby, riding a wave of success that's gone well beyond anyone's expectations, "it turns out there's a very large number of people who have settled into what we're doing and love it." Why? Probably because Cosby's vision of family life, a bittersweet existence of equal parts chaos and calm, strikes so close to so many homes.

On the air, Dr. Heathcliff Huxtable, a wise, affable obstetrician, is married to his beautiful lawyer wife, Clair, and father to their five high-spirited children. Offscreen, Dr. William Henry Cosby, a wise, affable comedian, is married to his beautiful wife, Camille, and father to their five high-spirited children. The similarity is purposeful. "My family life is the behavior I know best," says Cosby, who maintains that parents all share similar experiences. "For instance, one of the things I found out is that no matter how much money a parent has, you can't buy a kid who's going to do schoolwork."

It's clear through the program quality alone that "The Cosby Show" is a labor of love by one of this generation's master stand-up comedians, an entertainer who certainly didn't need the grind of a weekly television series. A multimillionaire long ago, Cosby, in more than 20 years of performing, has amassed a library of work that includes 20 comedy albums, 5 TV series, 10 movies, and a small Fort Knox of Grammy and Emmy awards, among others.

Though he didn't need the work, Cosby the philosopher was interested in exploring the behavior of parents toward children. "Regardless of race or social status, parents perceive themselves as people who work hard and have wisdom to hand down to their children," Cosby says. "And they all see their children as these brain-damaged people who repel wisdom."

What he delivers is a show about a husband and wife who love each other and love their children, people who care about imparting old-fashioned values simply because "they have read yesterday's newspaper," as Cosby is fond of saying. "That's really why people watch the

"The Cosby Show" is funny and fast paced, but the star is a serious fellow who expresses strong opinions.

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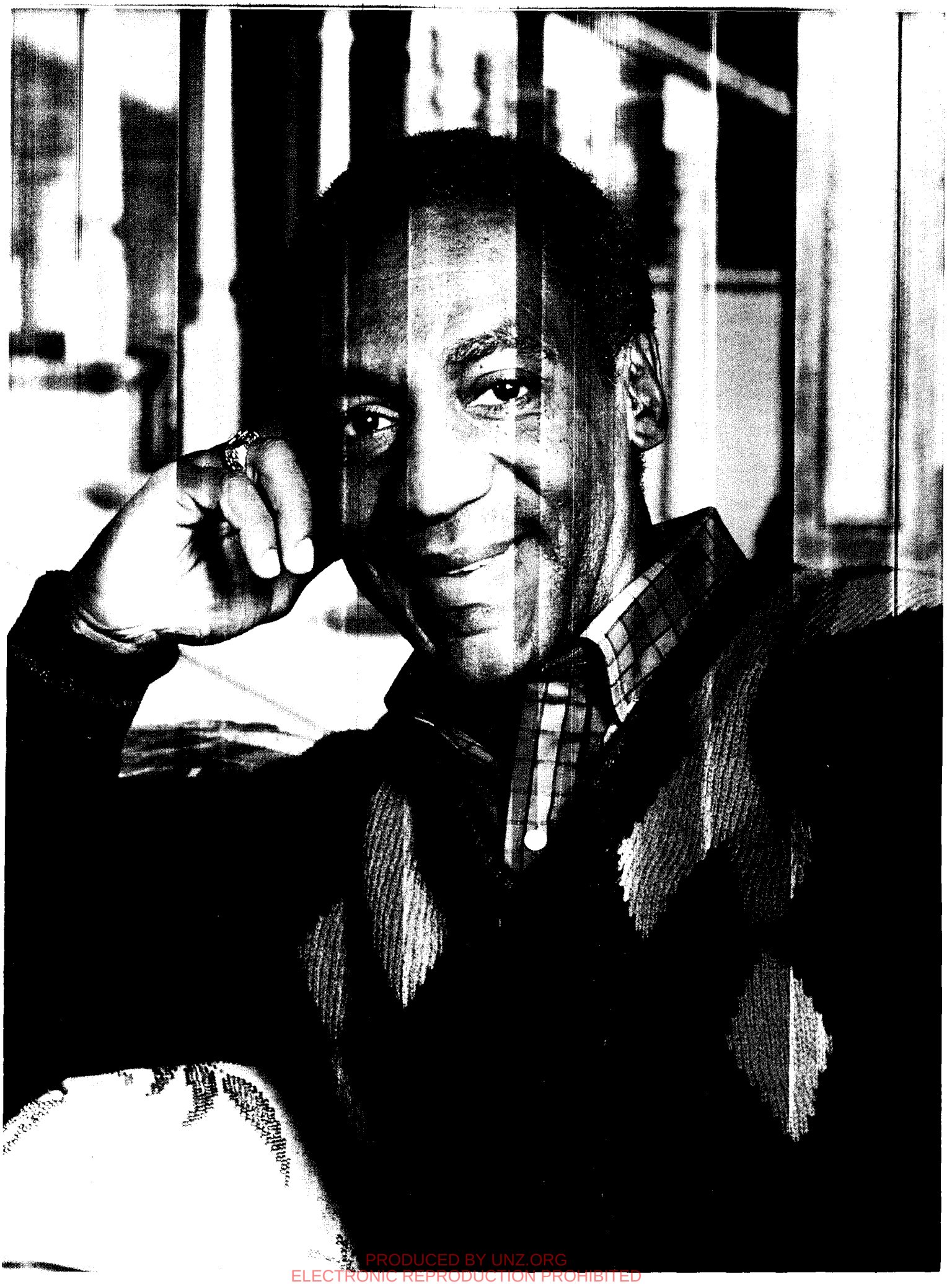

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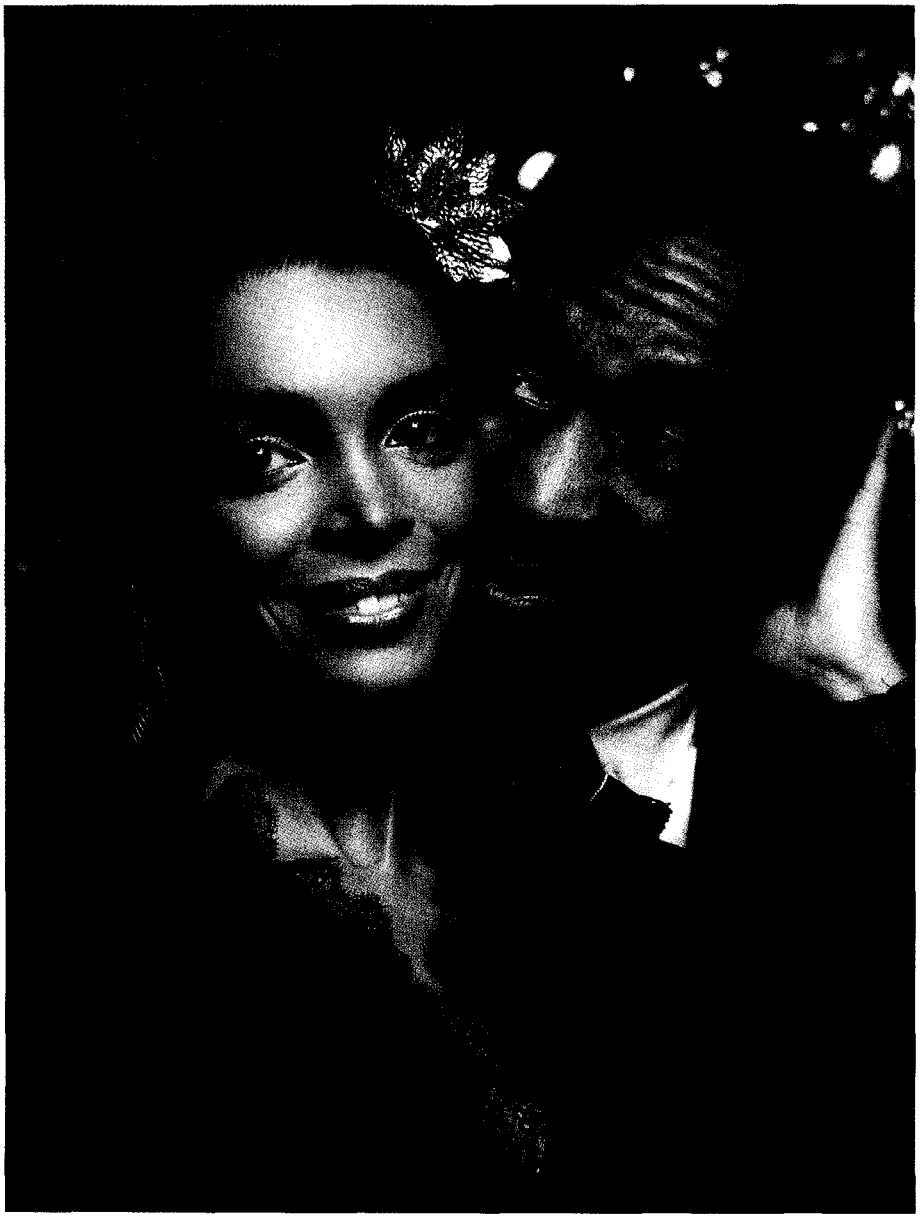
show—because of the family."

With razor-sharp comedic insight, Cosby dips into the mother lode of the parental condition, often with mixed emotions. Carefully moving through heaps of dirty clothing scattered in his son's room, Heathcliff asks, "Hard to find good help, isn't it?" When the kids are impudent, the father quickly snaps: "I am your father. . . . I brought you into this world and I'll take you out." Or, celebrating his parents' anniversary, dad tells his son not to take the piece of cake he wants—only to have his own father scold, "Cliff, you don't take food from a child." Heathcliff immediately retorts, "Why? He does it to me." The laughs are universal. Says Cosby: "The styles of cars and clothing change, but parents still deal with the same issues they did 30 or 40 years ago. A kid turns 16 and it's, 'Dad, can I have the car?' Nothing has really changed about human behavior."

It's not just because he holds an Ed.D. in education that Cosby is trying to educate viewers. It's that he learned the hard way. Born in Philadelphia on July 12, 1937, he was the eldest of three sons. The captain of the track and the football teams at Germantown High School, he was an excellent athlete but a miserable student. Dropping out after his sophomore year, Cosby joined the navy, earned a high-school diploma through correspondence courses, and then enrolled in Temple University on a track scholarship. Three years later, he quit school, this time to pursue a career in comedy. But later Cosby completed his degree at Temple and went on to receive a master's and a doctorate in education from the University of Massachusetts.



Cosby's wife, Camille, is said to be "the wind under Cosby's wings—a great wife and mother, and a very classy lady."

A jazz festival with the late Count Basie gave the Cosbys an opportunity to support one of their many causes.

Married for 22 years to the former Camille Hanks, whom he met on a blind date, Cosby has a philosophy about making marriage work. "If you can't stand each other, get out," he says. "But if you really love each other, then you can make up for your faults. I don't think anybody's perfect. And I think one of the realities after years of marriage is that whatever changes you had planned to make in that person are going to happen slowly or not happen at all. But the important thing is—do you really love that person?" And his own marriage is better than ever. "My wife, Camille, and I are enjoying each other more and more, mostly because in the past 8 or 9 years, I've given up all of myself to her," Cosby said in a recent interview. "And what happened was that I found myself falling deeper and deeper in love with her."

Although Cosby is now beloved as

Cosby, who entered Temple University on an athletic scholarship, became the second fastest man on the football team.

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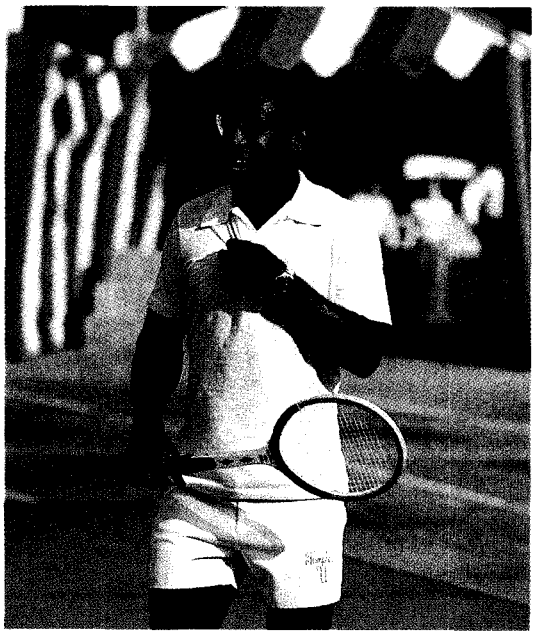
much for his paternal philosophizing as he was for the sweet childishness of his Fat Albert cartoon character, he refuses to rate himself as a parent. "The only thing I can say is: If I can maintain what I feel is fair, if I can show the children love, then they cannot argue," he explains. "You know, when I first became a parent," he continued in a recent interview, "I had certain ideas about how I was going to control the children, and they all boiled down to this: Children just need love.

"Well, some years later, you find yourself talking to your child, who is of high intelligence, and saying, 'No, you cannot drive the car until you get a learner's permit.' And then, ten minutes later, you see your car being driven down the street by the same child you just told not to drive it. When the child gets back and gets out of the car, you have the following conversation: 'Was that you driving the car?' 'Yes.' 'Why?' 'Well, I just wanted to see if I could do it.' 'But didn't I tell you not to drive it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if I told you not to drive the car, why were you driving it?' 'I don't know.' Well, to me, that's brain damage. All children have that kind of brain damage. Parents should prepare themselves to face that fact."



Being father to two five-member families allows Cosby little time to court his favorite hobby.

Anyone familiar with Cosby's work over the past decade realizes that his humorous homilies on family life are drawn from a vast reservoir of experience as a father. "That's what I know best," he often says. In their 19th-century Massachusetts farmhouse, Cosby and his wife attempt to raise their wily family (their daughters Erika, 20, Erin, 19, Ensa, 12, Evin, 9, and their son, Ennis, 16) in the sort of academic environment parents encourage and kids develop allergies to. That's why Cosby admits to occasionally raising his voice in frustration, like a football coach whose team is losing against one it's favored to beat handily.

Even though Cosby acknowledges that lecturing a child is sometimes no better than talking to a wall, he is presently writing a book about how to be a father, due out around Father's Day. Does he profess to being an expert dad? "Ask me anything, I've got the answer,"

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MEMO ON KATHY O'ROURKE

Hollywood's famous child star had been kidnapped!
It was a financial calamity to her studio and a grievous shock
to everyone else. . .except the little kidnapee.

by Jack Sher

Irv, the wife and kids are fine, and things are as usual again out here in lotus land. I'm happy to hear that Irving, Jr., had no ill effects from the measles. I know how it worried you, because I once went through the same thing with my two boys. A sick kid is terrifying. You feel so helpless. Sometimes, though, a child's sickness is not physical, and that's worse.

Irv, this is going to be the damnedest communiqué I've ever sent to anyone. As my best friend, you get it. After you've read it, destroy it. It concerns *l'affaire* Kathy O'Rourke, the business that had you guys in the New York office burning up the wires and had everyone out here nutty.

When you get this, Kathy and her aunt will be en route to New York. Take care of Kathy, Irv. Stay close to her. See that she gets to spend some time alone with you and normal people. She'll have a signal. She'll rub the end of her nose. When you see her do this, get her away from the characters, brush off the aunt. Take Kathy any place you like, but get her away from the razzle-dazzle.

Dear Lord! How I would like to write a book about Kathy O'Rourke. Harry Johnson's swan song. In a lifetime a man should do just one decent thing. If I do write that book, it will be the truth about this Machiavellian wonderland they call Hollywood and what it did to Kathy O'Rourke.

I was, as you know, assigned to the production unit of Kathy's picture to

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work up advance publicity. I had never met Kathy O'Rourke. I'd seen her a few times in the commissary, always surrounded by corpulent front-office oafs, screenwriters, producers, and the hatchet-faced aunt. She seemed, from my balcony seat with the hired help, too smart for her small pants, too rich for her seven years, too fussed over.

Kathy's picture was about a week under way when I shuffled on the set and grabbed a stool in the back to watch the antics. They were shooting a night-club scene. The character at the bar was supposed to be a Hollywood publicity man. He was handsome, wore a $200 suit, talked loud and fast, and waved a cigar.

He was just like me, Irv. Except that I haven't been to a night club in over a year, my hair is getting gray, my suits are shiny at the elbows—this movie-version flack didn't have two kids to support—and, even after 15 years as a publicity man, I'm still shy around people. Alas, maybe I ought to throw my tripewriter away and hang out in Ciro's, drinking the rich man's mouthwash. The scene depressed me.

Bee, the director, was in his usual great form, snarling, sarcastic, sadistic. You remember how he loved to beat some poor ham to death with words in order to satisfy his slimy cruelty and build that ego of his.

Toward the O'Rourke kid, however, he was a regular Vine Street Santa Claus. Each day he became sweeter, more solicitous. He'd stroke her pigtails and purr at her like a great cat.

This was not endearing Kathy to the other members of the cast, but it was giving Bee a large and wicked whip. He would torment the others with paeans of praise for the kid's artistry and demand why grownups couldn't do what a child of seven could. Remember how Joanie, his script girl, used to say, after one of his pictures clicked, "Well, it couldn't have happened to a nastier man"?

"Mr. Bee is so important. I hate him so much. I hate it when he touches me. I hate to have to go everywhere with him and all the other people."

Joanie, incidentally, was through after the first O'Rourke picture. Later I found out why. It had to do with a weak stomach.

Visitors on the set thought Bee was a wonderful man. "How he loves that dear little girl!" some Sadie Blurt would gurgle. Bee would then steer Kathy over to whoever had uttered this type of observation, and while the visitor pawed the kid, Bee would stand by, beaming and gracious.

Vying with Bee for the title of No. 1 ghoul was Kathy's aunt, that fugitive from a psychiatrist's dream. No sun

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ever shone on that warped face in the summers of her youth. The reflected glory of being guardian of a million-dollar-child property is all the world ever gave that emaciated spinster. Irv, you know the garbage we release on how this good, generous woman took the child after the death of its parents and devoted her whole life to its care.

On the tenth day of production, I was on my stool in the corner reserved for moles. Kathy was in her chintz-hung mausoleum of a dressing room in the good, hypnotic company of her aunt. Auntie Harriet came out of the cage and crossed the set to talk to a pair of reporters who had been waiting to quiz the kid.

Then the door opened and Kathy sneaked out, unnoticed by anyone but me. The kid pussyfooted out of the range of people and lights. She seemed to be headed for no place in particular. She got a couple of feet from my stool before she noticed me. She looked startled, like something helpless in a Disney film. I didn't say a word. I didn't even smile.

"How do you do?" she said. "I'm Kathy O'Rourke."

You know that grown-up way she has of talking. It's an act.

"I know," I said. "I'm Harry Johnson."

"Are you one of the reporters?" she asked.

I said I wasn't. A look of relief came over her face, and those large, sad, blue eyes of hers seemed to relax.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you like reporters?"

She looked at me steadily. She really gave this old phiz of mine a going-over. I felt as though she were wondering whether she could trust me or had better go on being an actress.

"No," she said finally, "I don't like them."

This, I thought, *is an extremely spoiled brat*. She just stood there and we looked at each other. For some reason, I couldn't keep a small amount of antagonism out of my eyes. There was something so unhappy, unwholesome, and neurotic in that grown-up little face that it made me feel that way.

"Mr. Johnson," she said suddenly, "you don't like me very well, do you?"

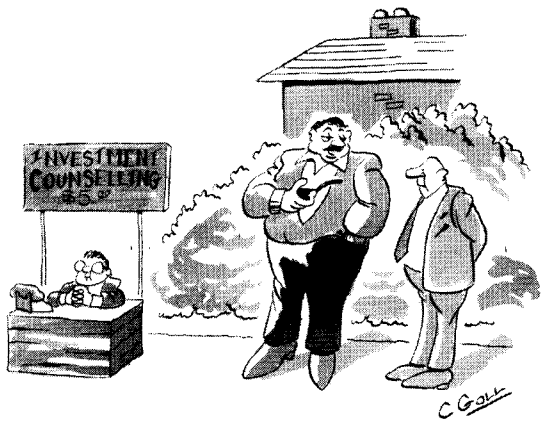
That stopped me. I didn't know what to say. Then I remembered what Helen always says about being truthful with our kids, how you should always give them a straight answer.

"Kathy," I said, "I don't know you very well. Maybe it isn't you I don't like, but the way you are."

After I said it, I realized what a chump I was. If she repeated this, it might cause a hell of a row or worse.

"I don't like the way I am, either," she said. Then she said something that must have been stirring in that little body for a long time: "I don't like anybody."

"All right," I said. "Let's sit in the corner here and not like people."



"At first his mother and I objected, but he bought us the Porsche and we soon came around."

"You're making fun of me," she said.

"I guess I was," I said. "That's a fault of grownups."

"I like it here, though," she said. "Can I stay here?"

"Sure."

So she climbed up on a stool beside me and we sat. We sat for about five minutes, neither of us saying anything.

"Mr. Johnson," she finally said, "are you an important person?"

I remembered the wife's instructions. "No," I said. "I'm not important around here at all. Just another guy knocking out publicity. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes!" she said fiercely. "I hate it!"

"So do I," I said, "but keep that a secret, will you?"

She tilted up her face, looking very serious. "I'll keep it a secret," she said.

We sat quietly for a few moments. Then she said, "I like to tell you things. I have secrets too. I'm glad you're not important. I guess I'm very sick of everybody who is so very important." Her face was working very hard. "Mr. Bee is so important. I hate him so much. I hate it when he touches me. I hate to have to go everywhere with him and all the other people."

The kid began telling me how life was with her. Parties at the Bee manse, gatherings at the producer's beach house, special shindigs the aunt tosses, tea and cocktail affairs, previews and premieres in the company of stars. Bee, the aunt. The kid was covering more social ground than any adult. All this came spilling out of her in a voice that was close to hysteria.

Suddenly Aunt Harriet came swooping down on us like a great bat. From 30 paces away, I could see that we were in for a couple of yards of remonstrative gab. The aunt grabbed the cornered child and turned on me.

"Why didn't you take her back to her dressing room?" she rattled shrilly. "Don't you know she shouldn't be out here? I'll see that you are reported for this!"

The chewing lasted several minutes. Bee also bustled up and tossed me some of his snarling billingsgate. I had to take it. The kid hung her head, then she was tugged away.

Irv, they might have given me the bounce all the way to Sunset Boulevard, but they didn't. We were behind the shooting schedule, and in the hectic rush to catch up, nobody bothered this old, tired head. I sat in my abysmal corner, day after day, and watched Bee working the cast, including Kathy, down to the socks.

The kid never came back to my corner again. But several times a day she would look back at me in the shadows and smile wistfully. I felt sort of like a helpless ghost, but I always smiled back.

It was Bee who brought Kathy and me together again. I was dozing in my corner when I heard him yell, "Pub-

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licity! Get over here!" I got. He was standing in front of Kathy's little canvas-backed chair with her name on it. He explained that it would be fine publicity to get a shot of Kathy sitting in his chair and him trying to sit in hers.

I sent for Bill Hurn, our still man, then hung around in back of his camera, trying to look useful. After Hurn had taken the last shot, Kathy suddenly jumped up and came over to me. She held out her hand, and I could tell she wanted me to take it. We shook hands, and when mine was returned to me, there was a piece of paper in it. Nobody saw what happened. The aunt whisked her back to the dressing room before we could exchange more than a quick hello.

I strolled casually back to my corner, unrolled the note surreptitiously, and read, "Please, please. I want to see you alone. Oh, please."

It wasn't signed. That was deucedly clever, as Rathbone would say. I thought it over and decided to see Kathy. But how? Finally, I gave up, dumping the problem in her lap. I wrote a note saying, "O.K. How can we do it?" I didn't sign mine, either, thinking of the aunt and Bee.

When the set broke for lunch, I followed Kathy and her aunt off the sound stage. I shadowed them like a Perry Mason-Philo Vance-Sam Spade character, very nonchalant, whistling off-key. At the commissary door, I distracted auntie's attention, using a $50 smile and opening the door for her. At the same time my note went into Kathy's hand.

I watched Kathy sitting at a table across that glittering room. I was afraid she'd open the note and get caught. She played smart. She didn't. All of a sudden I got a silly feeling that this was a ridiculous game I was playing, making like an espionage agent with a seven-year-old.

That afternoon the aunt sent for me. Kathy's huge, ever present, red-faced nurse opened the dressing-room door. The aunt's face loomed up beside that of the nurse.

"Kathy would like to know when the pictures you took this morning will be ready," she said, giving me a frigid, reserved-for-menials smile.

I mumbled something about "tomorrow," and then Kathy popped out from behind the nurse' skirt.

"Here's that autograph I promised you," she said, thrusting a piece of paper past Miss White-gown. I took it, almost losing my hand in the door as the medical-type lady closed it.

After reading the "autograph," I went outside. The sound stage seemed to be getting smaller. Kathy's large, scrawly words had given me the chills. "Please," they said, "meet me at the corner of Wilshur and Labraya at 9 p.m."

The sun didn't warm me, and two turns around the sound stage still left me jittery in the brain and icy in the heart. It began to get me. Maybe I was biting off a chunk of something that was going to choke me in the end.

"Several hundred dollars of taxpayers' money for your thoughts."

I had four cups of coffee in the commissary and decided to call it off. I wrote another note, then went back to the set. Miss O'Rourke had gone home. One of the electricians told me she had complained of a headache! Irv, I'd have traded my head for an overripe avocado.

Helen knew something was wrong with me at dinner that night. I explained it as office trouble. The kids were whooping it up around the house. You know how two males aged 9 and 11 can sound. By eight o'clock I was strictly strait-jacket material.

Helen kept eyeing me solicitously, and at 8:30 p.m. she suggested that, while she put the kids to bed, I should take a drive to calm my nerves. I got the car out of the garage and started driving. It doesn't take much guessing where I finally stopped. At 9 p.m., as per Kathy's instructions, my tired hack was at the corner of Wilshire and LaBrea. I stood beside it and felt as though the world were watching me.

Ten minutes crept by, and I started to get into the car. Then around the corner she came. Irv, I don't know what this younger generation is coming to; their ingenuity frightens me. Very few people would have recognized her. She was wearing a little coat, but no hat. The familiar pigtails were covered by a blonde wig—the wig she wears in this picture. Only those working on the picture would have been able to spot her. Her face was drawn and tired.

I helped her into the car and we drove off. In silence, I drove out toward my neighborhood and parked the car in a parking space that's vacant at night, a place behind our grocery store. Then I smiled at her. It must have been a weak smile.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson," she said, her lower lip trembling.

"Now, now," I said, "take it easy, Kathy."

"Oh, Mr. Johnson," she said. "I'm so miserable. I'll never go back. Never."

There wasn't any determination in the statement, just a sort of childish, hopeful prayer. I could see that she was holding herself together.

"You go ahead and tell me what's the matter," I said.

"I don't know what's the matter," she said. "I feel awful. Everybody's always telling me I have everything, Mr. Johnson, everything in the world." She sat very quietly, looking straight ahead. "But. . .I don't know. . . ." Her words trailed off. Then, in a small, uncertain voice, "I'm so lonesome."

Irv, you don't know what those small words did to me. And then she started to cry. Did you ever listen to a

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THE FISHING LESSON

Teaching a new fisherman old tricks is not easy when he has formed bad habits such as punctuality and neatness.

by Patrick F. McManus

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Over the years, I've introduced several dozen people to the pleasures of outdoor sports. So what that some of them didn't want to be introduced! They might otherwise have ended up as criminals or drug addicts or golfers. I like to think I've had some small part in saving them from such dismal fates.

My neighbor Al Finley, the city councilperson, is a good example of what can be accomplished if you put your mind to it. Up until a few years ago, Finley had never been fishing in his life. One day he happened to mention that fact to me, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

"Al," I said to him, "nobody's perfect. All of us have our faults. Want to talk about it?"

"Talk about what?" he said.

"Your degeneracy," I said.

Then he called me one of those nasty anatomical names so popular with guys who like to pretend they're tough.

"Listen, you dirty, no-good elbow," he said, "just because I don't fish doesn't mean I'm a degenerate!"

"Somebody call me?" said Retch Sweeney, who had just walked in.

I explained to Retch that Finley had never been fishing. Retch, as a way of expressing amazement, has the irritating quirk of repeating the same rhetorical question over and over.

"You never been fishing, Al?" he asked.

"No," Finley said, irritably.

"I'll be darned, you never been fishing, hunh?"

"No!"

"That's really something! You never been fishing?"

Finley's eyes looked as if they were going to pop out of his head.

"NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!" he screamed. "I HAVE NEVER BEEN FISHING, NOT ONCE IN MY WHOLE BLINKETY-BLANK LIFE, YOU FRACTURED KNEECAP!"

"Well, that's probably what makes you so irritable," Retch said.

After I had helped pry Finley's thumbs off Retch's windpipe and they had both calmed down, I suggested that the three of us take a little fishing trip together. Neither one of them was too happy with the idea at first, but I eventually brought them around.

"Hell, Finley," I said, "take a few days off from City Hall. The taxpayers can use the rest. Besides, learning to fish will open up a whole new way of life to you."

Once he sets his mind to do something, Finley goes all the way. He rushed out and bought himself rods, reels, lines, leaders, hooks, creel, waders, fishing vest, etc. He practically cleaned out the local sporting-goods stores. What made me mad wasn't that he put together a better fishing outfit than mine but that the city's rate for garbage collection went up in direct proportion to what he spent. If I had suggested an African safari to him, we wouldn't have been able to afford garbage any more.

The night before we were to leave on the fishing trip, Retch and I went over to Finley's place to make sure he was properly outfitted and to make last-minute arrangements. Finley was flitting about getting his stuff ready, and it was enough to make a petrified toad smile.

He had everything arranged in neat little piles according to function, size, color, etc. His tackle box alone was so neat and orderly it was pathetic.

Retch looked at it and grinned. "This will never do, Finley."

"Why not?" Finley growled.

"It just don't look right," Retch said. "It ain't got any character. What you need is a good snarl of leader in there with sinkers and hooks and maybe a dried worm still attached. And it ain't very efficient either. With my lures, I just keep them all dumped together down in the bottom of the box. Then all I got to do is grab one of them, and they all come out in a big clump. I just turn the big clump around till I find something that looks good and pluck it off. You gonna waste a lotta time pokin' around through all them compartments."

Finley was obviously embarrassed by his own ineptness in organizing a tackle box. Still, that was no reason for him to refer to Retch as an "ingrown toenail." Retch may not be the smartest guy, but he has feelings just like anyone else.

Retch and I did everything we could to help Finley get his stuff into some kind of respectable condition so we all wouldn't be embarrassed if we ran into other anglers on the river. But Finley said he liked for his stuff to look neat and clean and brand-new. He wouldn't even let me smear some salmon-egg clusters on his fishing vest or leak some dry-fly dressing on his shirt.

Finally, Retch could stand it no longer. He grabbed Finley's hat, threw it on the floor, and jumped up and down on it.

"Now, that looks more like a fishing hat," he said, holding it up for approval.

"I can see that, you shinbone," Finley said. "Too bad it isn't my *fishing* hat!" Turned out it was his politicking hat.

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. . .he ran right off into space and dropped like a shot into the river.

Retch and I had a good chuckle over the little misunderstanding, and even Finley was mildly amused by it, although not until several years later.

To make amends, Retch offered to let Finley stomp on *his* fishing hat. Finley said all right, but only if Retch would agree to leave his head in it.

I could see that Finley was becoming irritated, since he had acquired a rather severe twitch in his left eye and was pacing back and forth popping his knuckles. It was apparent that all those years without fishing had taken their toll on his nervous system. I tried to be as gentle as I could in giving him the last few bits of essential information about our fishing trip.

"I've got some bad news and some good news for you, Al," I said.

"What? Tell me. I can hardly wait."

"First, the bad news. The road into the Big Muddy, which is where we're going to fish, is pretty treacherous—steep, winding, narrow, washouts, logging trucks, that sort of thing."

"The good news?"

"We're taking your car, and you get to drive."

"What's so good about that?"

"Well, there are several high old wood bridges where Retch and I have to get out and walk across just to make sure they're safe for you to drive over. Then there's the stretch of road along the top of Bottomless Canyon, where we have to get out again and guide you along just to make sure your outside tires don't hang so far out in space they might slip off. Hell, all that walking would sap your energy, and we want you to save it for fishing."

"I see, I see," Finley said, twitching and popping.

The plan we worked out was for Finley to pick us up at three in the morning. Finley, not knowing anything about fishing, expressed some amazement at the early hour for getting started. We explained that it was necessary if we were to catch the first feed on the Big Muddy.

"And don't be late," Retch said. "The one sin I can't forgive is for a guy to be late for a fishing trip."

The resulting foul-up was probably my fault. I should have taken into account the fact that Finley knew absolutely nothing about fishing and its practitioners, and I should have explained the nuances more thoroughly to him. Right in the middle of the night, I was awakened from a deep sleep by a horn blaring in my driveway. I got up and staggered over to a window to look out.

"What is it?" my wife mumbled.

"I don't know," I said. "Some maniac is down in our driveway honking his fool horn off. What kind of a person honks his horn in front of your house at 3 a.m.?"

It was Finley, of course. As I stuffed my gear into the back of his station wagon, I tried to be as kind as possible.

"Al," I said, "when a fisherman says he is leaving on a fishing trip at exactly, absolutely, and positively 3 a.m., he means 5:30 at the earliest. If he's leaving at 3, he says midnight."

After we had honked Retch out of bed, he staggered to the car looking like something put together by an inept taxidermist.

"Wha-what is it?" he said. "The dam bust? We gonna be flooded?"

By four we were on the road and pumping hot coffee into our veins from the thermos Finley had had the good sense to bring along. In a little while, we felt good. There is nothing better than to be headed into the mountains on a clean, fresh day with the sun rising through the trees and good company and good talk and the sense of ease that comes from the knowledge that you are in somebody

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LESSONS OF THE HISS CASE

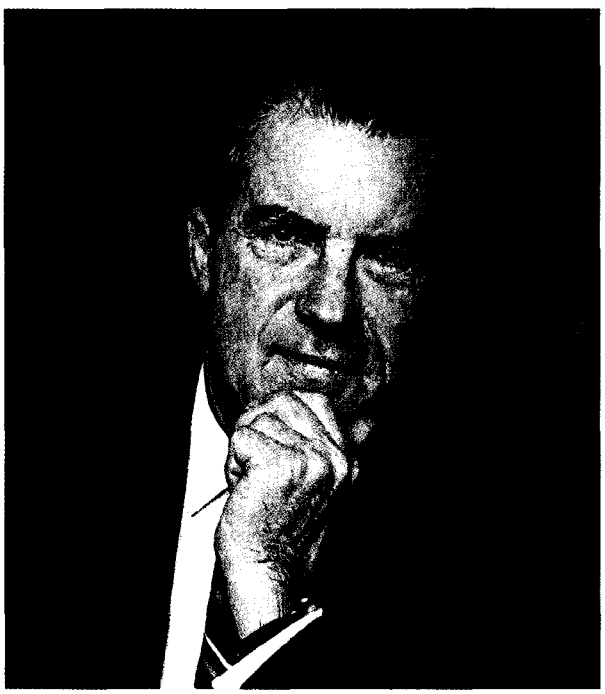
"What is most important is to recognize the breadth and depth of Soviet espionage activities in the United States."

by Richard M. Nixon

Editor's Note: Today's highly publicized spy cases, including John Walker and others, are the first large-scale, high-level espionage uncovered in the United States in more than a generation.

Richard M. Nixon first achieved fame in the late 1940s as a young congressman investigating one earlier bombshell, the celebrated Hiss-Chambers spy case. Alger Hiss—a graduate of Harvard Law, a one-time Supreme Court clerk for Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a prominent New Dealer—had been accused by Whittaker Chambers of secretly joining the Communist party in the 1930s and passing classified information along to the Soviets. Chambers, a senior editor for *Time* magazine (and later a contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*), revealed that both he and Hiss had been active members of a Communist "cell" in Washington, D.C., from 1936 to 1938.

Chambers' charges, made before the House Un-American Affairs Committee (HUAC) in August 1948, provoked a heated denial from Hiss, who maintained that he had never been a Communist and had never known anyone named Whittaker Chambers. It became the task of Richard Nixon, a junior member of the committee, to uncover who was lying and who was telling the truth, as the Hiss-Chambers case became a national *cause célèbre* in the supercharged atmosphere of cold-war Washington.



Former president Nixon recently reminisced about the Hiss case, in a speech to the Pumpkin Papers Irregulars.

I have often been asked what I thought was the single most important physical piece of evidence that broke the Alger Hiss case. Various books have emphasized the importance of the old Woodstock typewriter on which Mrs. Hiss typed the secret State Department documents; the 1929 Ford roadster with the "sassy little trunk on the back" Hiss claimed he had "given, loaned, or sold" to Chambers; the Bokhara rug—a gift from Colonel Bykov, the chief Soviet espionage agent in the United States—Chambers had delivered to Hiss; the prothonotary warbler, a rare and beautiful bird, that Hiss and Chambers—both ardent amateur ornithologists—referred to in their testimony. All these items played a role in convicting Hiss of perjury. But the indispensable physical piece of evidence that set in motion the chain of events leading to his conviction was none of these. It was Chambers' teeth.

It is necessary at this point to reconstruct briefly the events that led to Hiss' finally admitting he knew Chambers. On August 3, 1948, Chambers had testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that Hiss was a member of a Communist cell in Washington. On August 5, Hiss had categorically denied it. He went further and said he had "never met a man by the name of Whittaker Chambers." When shown a picture of Chambers, he observed that it was not an unusual face and that it "might look like you, Mr. Chairman," referring to Congressman Karl Mundt.

This was Hiss' first major mistake. We of the HUAC could not prove that Hiss was a Communist; it was one man's word against another. But I felt strongly that we could find out, through third-party evidence, whether Chambers knew Hiss. The way to do that was to examine Chambers intensively on what he knew about Hiss.

For almost three hours on August 7, I bombarded Chambers with questions covering everything I could think of that one man should know about another if they knew each other. The answers came back one after another unequivocally and in the most minute detail on such items as Hiss' hobbies, his pet cocker spaniel, the interiors and exteriors of the houses in which he had lived, his tastes in food, clothing, etc. When I asked whether Hiss had a car, Chambers' answer was particularly descriptive. He described a 1929 Ford roadster, black and dilapidated, with windshield wipers that had to be worked by hand.

On August 16, we went down the same list of questions with Hiss. With hardly any exceptions, we got the same answers. Word had leaked out about our questioning of Chambers, and Hiss defensively charged that the committee was trying to build a web around him—but after our intensive probing he finally testified that he had known a free-lance writer by the name of George Crosley who might have known the facts about him that Chambers had testified to.

We now had to find out whether

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Chambers and Crosley were the same man. We decided it was time to have the two confront each other and to get a positive identification if possible. This decision led to the most crucial hearing of the entire Hiss case. It occurred in a most unlikely place—Room 1400 of the Commodore Hotel in New York City. The room was nondescript except for—ironically enough—some Audubon prints on the walls.

Hiss arrived first. After about ten minutes of questioning on collateral issues, I asked one of our staff investigators, Lou Russell, to bring Chambers in. I then asked both Hiss and Chambers to stand and said, "Mr. Hiss, the man standing here is Whittaker Chambers. I ask you now if you have ever known this man before."

"May I ask him to speak?" asked Hiss. "Will you ask him to say something?" I asked Chambers to state his name and his business.

Chambers responded, "My name is Whittaker Chambers."

Hiss walked toward Chambers until he was no more than a foot away and peered down into his mouth. He said, "Would you mind opening your mouth wider?" Chambers repeated, "My name is Whittaker Chambers." Hiss, speaking more loudly, demanded again, "I said, will you open your mouth? You know what I am referring to, Mr. Nixon. Will you go on talking?" Chambers continued, "I am senior editor of *Time* magazine." Hiss then asked, "May I ask whether his voice when he testified before was comparable to this?"

"His voice?" I asked.

"Or did he talk a little more in a lower key?" Hiss continued. One of us observed that the voice was about the same now as we had heard before. Hiss, not yet satisfied, asked, "Would you ask him to talk a little more?" I handed the *Time* editor a copy of *Newsweek* that was on the table and asked him to read from it.

After Chambers had read a few paragraphs, Hiss interrupted: "The voice sounds a little less resonant than the voice that I recall of the man I knew as George Crosley. The teeth look to me that either they have been improved upon or that there has been considerable dental work done since I knew George Crosley, which was some years ago. I believe that I am not prepared without further checking to take an absolute oath that he must be George Crosley."

Testifying before a House committee, Whittaker Chambers accuses his former friend Alger Hiss of being a Communist spy.

I asked Chambers if he had had any work done on his teeth since 1934. He replied that he had had some extractions and bridgework done in the front of his mouth. Hiss then asked, "Could you ask him the name of the dentist who performed the work?"

By this time, I could hardly keep a straight face, but I decided to play the game out: "What is the name?" Chambers replied, "Dr. Hitchcock; Westminster, Maryland."

Hiss was still not satisfied. He said, "I would like to find out from Dr. Hitchcock if what he has just said is true, because I am relying partly—one of my main recollections of Crosley was the poor condition of his teeth."

By this time, we had had enough, and I said, "Before we leave the teeth, Mr. Hiss, do you feel that you would have to have the dentist tell you just what he did to the teeth before you could tell anything about this man?" Hiss realized that he had overplayed the hand, and after a long silence he changed the subject.

Our chief investigator, Bob Stripling, gave Hiss the *coup de grâce*. He said, "Now here is a person you knew for several months at least. You knew him so well that he was a guest in your home, that you gave him an old Ford car and permitted him to use it, you leased him your apartment—and the one thing that you have to check on is this denture. There is nothing else about this man's features which you could definitely say that this is the man I knew as George Crosley, that you have to rely entirely on this denture for your position?"

But Hiss still refused to take an oath that Chambers was Crosley. "He may have had his face lifted," he protested. After some more sparring, he finally threw in the towel and said that he was prepared to identify Chambers as George Crosley. Stripling observed,

The "pumpkin papers," stolen microfilms of State Department documents, may have enabled Russians to decode secret U.S. messages prior to World War II.

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"You are willing to waive the dentures?"

Then Hiss made his second big mistake. He walked over to Chambers, shook his fist at him, and said, "May I say for the record at this point that I would like to invite Mr. Chambers to make these statements out of the presence of this committee, without there being privileged for suit for libel. I challenge you to do it, and I hope you will do it damned quickly."

The critical factor in breaking the case, however, was the charade about Chambers' teeth. Before that, along with other members of the committee, I had a nagging doubt that Chambers might have made a study of Hiss' life and concocted the story about him because of some grudge, or as Hiss had implied, because he was either a pathological liar or mentally and emotionally unstable. But now, although we still were not sure that Chambers had told the truth about everything, and particularly about Hiss' being a member of the Communist party, we knew that Hiss had lied about not knowing Chambers. He had, in effect, been bitten by Chambers' teeth. It was a self-inflicted wound.

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After Hiss had admitted he knew Chambers after all, although under another name, he was damaged—but not fatally. No criminal charges had been leveled against him, and without further developments the case would have faded away. Three unlikely people were responsible for keeping the case alive: Hiss himself, the editor of the Washington *Post*, and Hiss' lawyer.

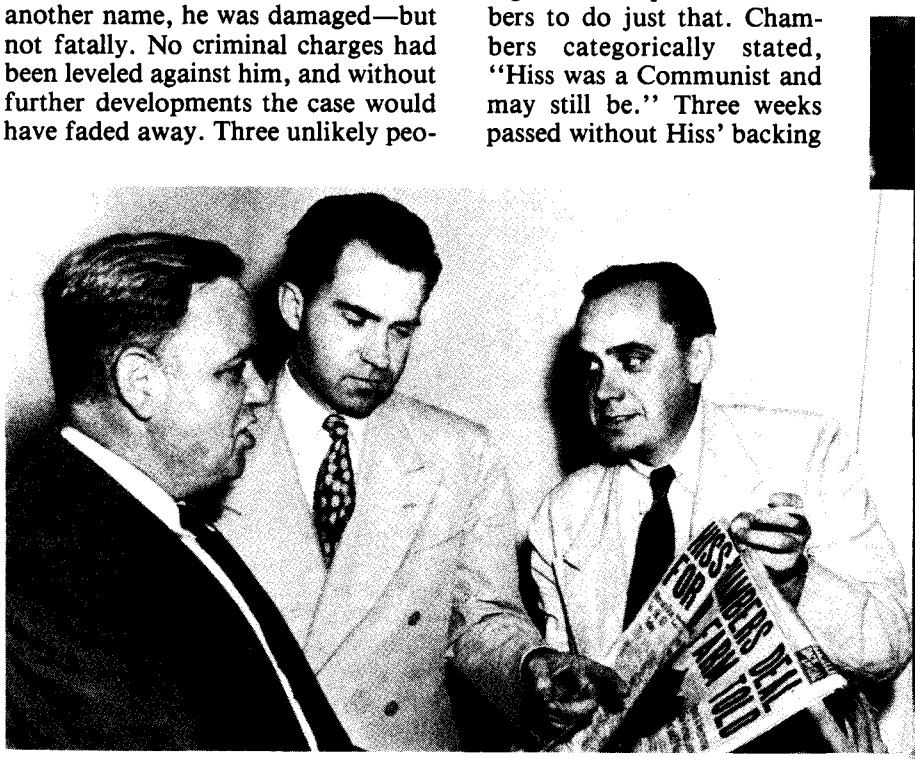
Hiss and his wife, whom Chambers called "the red-hot" of the two, leave court on the first day of his perjury trial.

Hiss did himself in by challenging Chambers to make his charges in public. On August 27, when Chambers appeared on "Meet the Press," Ed Follaird—a reporter of the Washington *Post*—pressed Chambers to do just that. Chambers categorically stated, "Hiss was a Communist and may still be." Three weeks passed without Hiss' backing up his threat to bring a lawsuit if Chambers made his charge publicly away from the privilege of a Congressional hearing. The Washington *Post* editorialized that Hiss, in effect, should "put up or shut up."

Hiss could ignore attacks by his enemies, but not from his friends. He sued Chambers for libel.

Hiss' lawyer took Chambers' deposition. He pressed Chambers over and over to produce some documentary evidence to back up his charge that Hiss was a Communist. Chambers declined to do so. (He told me later that at that point he was reluctant to reveal the involvement of Hiss and other members of the ring in espionage.) Hiss' lawyers then deposed Esther Chambers. They cross-examined her so ruthlessly that Chambers later told me that they made her cry.

Chambers was now convinced that Hiss and his lawyers were determined to destroy him and that he had no choice but to produce papers and microfilms clearly demonstrating that both Hiss and he had been involved in espionage. He went to New York and retrieved typewritten papers, some notes in Hiss' handwriting, and rolls of microfilm he had given his wife's nephew ten years before as "life insurance" in the event the Commun-



The media's obsession with style—an undistinguished-looking Chambers (above, left) versus a fashionable, intellectual Hiss (right, as a United Nations staffer)—helped Hiss "plead innocent by association," Nixon believes.

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ists harassed him after he left the party in 1938.

To the amazement and consternation of Hiss' attorneys, Chambers produced the typewritten papers and the handwritten notes at his deposition. Hiss' attorneys were flabbergasted, because they honestly believed that Hiss had been telling the truth in denying that he had ever known that Chambers was a Communist. The papers were turned over to a representative of the Justice Department, who swore everybody to silence with the risk of criminal prosecution for contempt of court if he talked publicly about the papers.

The evidence needed to convict Alger Hiss of perjury was found hidden in a hollow pumpkin in this patch at Whittaker Chambers' Maryland farm.

Two weeks later, I saw a United Press dispatch in a Washington newspaper indicating that the Justice Department was ready to drop the Hiss-Chambers case for lack of evidence. Bob Stripling and I drove up to the Chambers farm. We showed Chambers the dispatch. He looked out the window and shook his head without saying a word for at least a minute. Then he turned to us and said, "This is what I have been afraid of." He related that he had turned over documentary evidence at his deposition and that he could not tell us what was in the documents except to say that they were a real "bombshell."

I asked him if the assistant attorney general, Alex Campbell, had these documents in his possession, and if it were completely up to Campbell, if anything was done about them. Chambers replied, "No, I would not be that foolish. I have another bombshell in case they try to suppress this one." Without knowing what he had, I said, "You keep that bombshell. Don't give it to anyone except the committee." When we returned to Washington, I signed a subpoena *duces tecum* for all evidence that Chambers had. The next night Chambers led our investigators into his now famous pumpkin patch and gave them the rolls of microfilm he had hidden there.

The key point is that the pumpkin papers would never have come to light and Hiss would never have been convicted had it not been for the actions he, the Washington *Post*, and his lawyers took in his behalf. Again, it was a self-inflicted wound.

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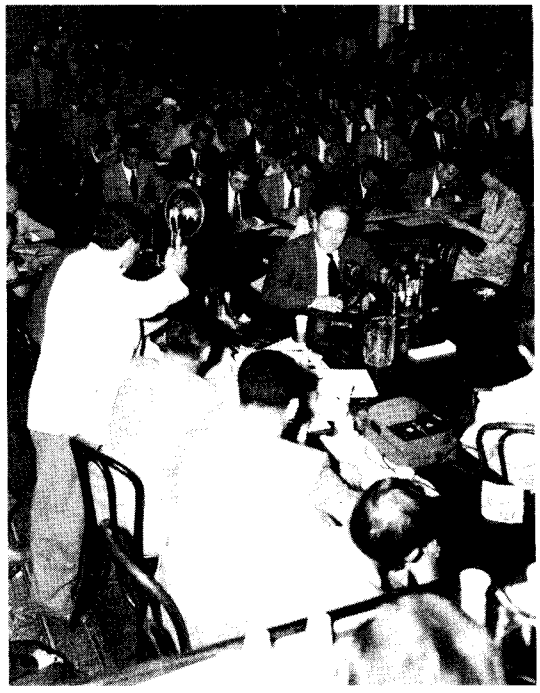
When he first testified on August 3, 1948, Chambers said he had told his wife that when he left the party in 1938, he thought he was leaving the winning side, but that he "would rather die on the losing side than to live under Communism."

I recently returned from an around-the-world trip that took me to many countries I had visited 32 years ago on a similar trip when I was vice president. On the first trip, many non-Communist educators, labor leaders, and members of the media honestly felt that the Communist model of the Soviet Union or China might be the best and the fastest way to economic progress for newly independent countries in the Third World.

That is not the case today. Why? Sixty-five years ago a starry-eyed American newspaper reporter, Lincoln Steffens, returned from the Soviet Union and wrote, "I have seen the future, and it works." Today, the world has seen that future, and it doesn't work. It doesn't work in Eastern Europe. It doesn't work in the Third World—Cuba, Nicaragua, Ethiopia, Angola, and Mozambique are economic disaster areas. Most significant, it doesn't work in the Soviet Union. The only economic success stories are in non-Communist countries. I refer not just to the more publicized economic miracles of Japan and Germany, but to such countries on the rim of Asia as Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, and Thailand—all poised for an economic takeoff.

The Communists have lost the ideological battle. We even see it today in espionage. Those Americans who have recently been charged with spying for the Soviet Union have almost without exception participated in such activities for money, and not because they believed in the Communist system. Hiss and the other members of the Hiss-Chambers espionage group did not do what they did for money. True believers who had lost faith in the American system, they felt that Communism was the wave of the future.



Hiss (third from left, second row behind Chambers, smiling) was found guilty of perjury and served more than three years of a five-year sentence.

• • •

The most moving moment of any hearing I have ever attended as a member of the House or Senate came at the end of a long, seven-hour day, August 25, 1948. It was the first televised Congressional hearing. (I regret that it was not the last.) Hiss had testified for almost five hours. Chambers had testified for more than two hours. As he neared the

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SPACED OUT

Because of garage sales, flea markets, and farm auctions, a man's castle is piled up with—"well, to be fair, let's call it junk."

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

We have a coat closet just off the patio door. By actual count, it contains 17 coats and 15½ coat hangers. One of the plastic hangers has lost a shoulder on the right side—or the left side, depending on which way you hook it over the rod. Fifteen of the coats belong to my dear wife; two are mine.

I have a spring-fall coat and a winter coat. My winter coat is eight years old. The buttons on my spring-fall coat are made of mica, the forerunner of plastic. The last time I wore it, an elderly gentleman said he hadn't seen buttons like that in 30 years. It would probably take a carbon-14 test to determine the age of the thing. Two of Lois' coats still carry the price tags.

Her coats occupy the 15 whole hangers. By running one sleeve of my spring-fall coat over the shoulder of the half hanger and wrapping the other sleeve around the hook, the coat will stay up for, oh, sometimes as long as five minutes. My winter coat I hang over the handle of the vacuum cleaner. This keeps most of it off the floor but leaves a hummock in the back that has people on the street looking at me as if they think my spinal column might have slipped its mooring and punched through my skin.

At spring housecleaning time, which came late this year, Lois said, "We've just got to get rid of some of these coats!"

I, in my naïveté, replied, "I'm all for that."

She immediately plunged in and, after a morning of pawing and sorting and mumbling, took my spring-fall coat to the rummage sale at the Freedom fire hall.

If the problem were confined to the coat closet, I wouldn't bring it up. But pick any area in the house. . . .Go ahead, pick an area—I'll wait. . . .

Our clothes closets? Good choice.

Here, I have good news and bad news. The good news is, we have separate closets. The bad news—they connect. From our original starting point of 50-50, her clothes now extend to a full three-quarters of the space; my remnants are scrunched up at the far end of what was once my half. President Reagan would have to take but one look at the scene to declare it a disaster area eligible for a low-interest loan (which we could use).

The financial outlay to support the habit of this clothesaholic I married is one thing. Another is the risk it presents to life, limb, and the top of the head. Open a closet door, and whammo!—clothes she hasn't worn since her baby fat returned spring out with a great sigh of relief. I barely emerge from this deluge before a stack of folding chairs begins unfolding on my shins. And as I bend over and try to figure out how to refold the blasted things, I find my head is invariably lined up just right to stop her overloaded shoetree from crashing to the floor.

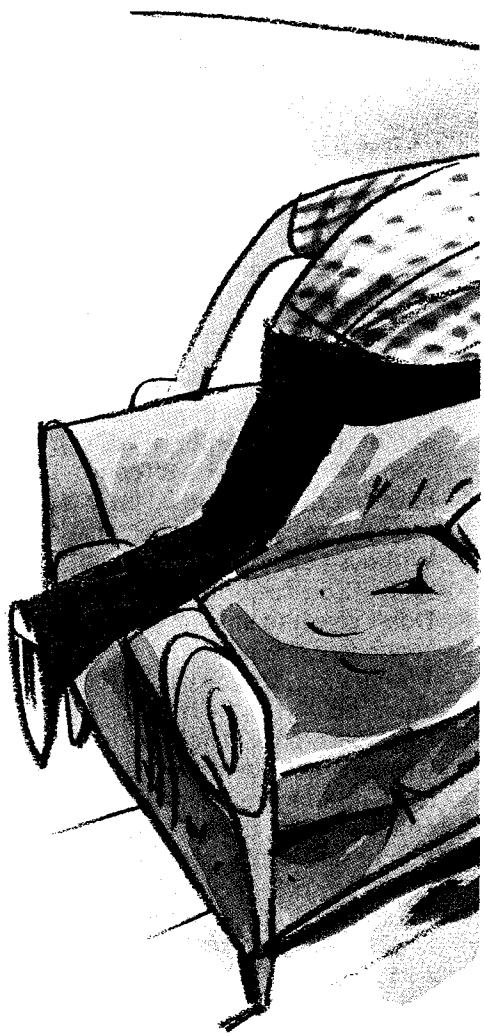
• • •

You could as well have picked any area in the house—the problem is the same. My dear wife, you see, is a collector of—well, to be fair, let's call it junk. You've probably heard of Ringwald's Law of Household Geometry: "Any horizontal surface is soon piled up." I don't know where Ringwald did his research, but any one of our rooms would have served as an ideal site. I propose (if Ringwald wouldn't mind) an amendment to his law: "Surfaces pile up in direct proportion to the number of flea markets, garage sales, and farm auctions within a 50-mile radius."

I have done my best to slow this transfer of someone else' castoffs to our own collection point: For a recent farm auction I made her promise she would keep her hands in her pockets during the bidding. She said she would only watch. So I put the wires back on the spark plugs and drove 27 miles over back roads in the rain so my little spectator could see the first heirloom go up for sale.

To her credit, she kept her word about keeping her hands in her pockets. She got the winning bid—on the croquet set with five balls and one mallet, the box of textbooks all in French, the 2 'x5 ' mirror molting its quicksilver, and the framed photo of someone named George waving from a fire tower on Big Bear Mountain on April 14, 1927—by winking at the auctioneer. And after I positioned myself in front of her, she added a dilapidated wren condo, a carton of udder salve she mistook for neutral shoe polish, and a cracked bust of Millard Fillmore—by throwing her leg in the air.

Not only do I have to load and unload this crud and usually add another rip to the car's upholstery, but



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hours later I find it usurping the space normally reserved for essentials. One incident comes to mind—perhaps because it occurred about an hour ago. In the orchard counting my crop of four Bartlett pears, I noticed that a convention of bagworms had convened on an upper limb. Dashing into the house, I grabbed the blowtorch from the top of the refrigerator and went out to adjourn the convention. Ten minutes later, I came back to find Millard Fillmore in the vacated place looking smugly down at me.

I know what you girls are thinking: "Why don't you store your big, fat blowtorch out in the shed where it belongs?" That shows how little you know about conditions in the shed, built only three years ago to shelter those items too awkward to maneuver through the kitchen door. I refer to such items as the Rototiller, the snow blower, some garden tools, my riding mower, her self-propelled mowers—stuff like that. Today, the shed looks like an uncataloged annex to the Smithsonian.

Take just her self-propelleds. . . please. While I've been nursing one riding mower for the past six years, she has gone through three self-propelleds. And they lie in wait in various stages of disrepair to break the leg of anyone trying to get his riding mower through the maze.

One of these junkers self-propelled itself over a stump in the barnyard after it got away from her coming downhill. The next one she banked off the security-light pole. While she checked for broken fingernails, the contraption proceeded to mow the stones down one track of the driveway. Although she still operates the third mower, a toothless sheep could gum the grass about as well, due to close encounters with the rock gardens (see below).

Throw the other two wrecks away? She won't hear of it. For me to have access to my mower, snow blower, etc., nothing would be left in the way but the six bales of straw she is going to mulch her strawberry patch with, already in the seed-catalog stage; a rubber tree that died in her arms one night after serving as a nail-sharpening post for the cat, but that she still fertilizes with what must be—judging from the cost—aardvark droppings; and the sofa, retired four years ago, whose availability has spread to every mice colony in sweet Owen County.

By comparison, getting to my garden tools is a breeze. All I have to do is walk the length of the sofa, step from one junk mower to the next, then climb to the top of the six bales of straw. From this vantage point I can usually spot the tool I'm after just inside the door, where she leaves everything instead of putting it on its proper wall bracket.

That's another thing. . .but it'll have to wait.

• • •

Three years ago Lois began drumming into my ears that our marriage would stand a better chance of survival if I would have the front porch enclosed.

No sooner said than done— give or take a year or two. I finally gave in for two reasons. Not only would giving in save wear and tear on my eardrums, but her plans called for 12 windows with a foot-wide ledge to run the full length beneath. In my innocence, I figured that after a hard day of nouning and verbing the ledge would be ideal for sitting with my feet propped up as I looked out over the valley and the lights of Freedom began to illumine the evening sky. The ledge would also be just the place for hedge trimmers, mole traps, Weed Eaters, pruning shears, birdseed, and other staples I use around the house. (*Around* the house, not *in* the house.)

Feel free to stop by anytime and take a look. If you can find a peephole big enough to spot a romantic firefly in the evening sky, you're doing better than I am. As for the ledge, the entire length is crammed with odds and ends, the odds running about 10 to 1 over the ends. Wherever this stuff doesn't snuff out the view, my wife has strategically placed macramé flora (some of which, if you'll forgive me, reaches clear to the floor-a).

After writing off this project as a bad investment, I approached Lois one morning in a suppliant position

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BONING UP ON CALCIUM

by Cory SerVaas, M.D., with DeLamar Gibbons, M.D., Sunghee K. Kim, Ph.D., R.D. and Elizabeth C. Choi, Ph.D., R.N.

We were discussing how we would illustrate our *Post* series on calcium and other minerals when our nurse, Helen Phillips, told us about her mother, who is 5½ inches shorter than she was on her wedding day.

Helen stands a willowy 5′9″, and after having three children, now ages 12 through 17, Helen has a waistline of 25 inches. Her mother, Helen Bledsoe, had looked like Helen on her wedding day; now, at age 78, she stands 5′3½″.

We hurried Helen's mother off to the hospital to have her bone density measured. The technicians placed a band around her lower arm to hold it in place and put a tiny bit of radiation through her ulna. With elegantly sensitive instruments, they can tell how much bone she has left, whether her bone is porous and hollow, or whether it still contains enough calcium for weight-bearing. They can compare her to others of her age, sex, and race who have been tested. (Race is a factor because whites have a far greater tendency to serious bone loss and consequent bone fractures than do blacks.)

Sure enough, Helen's mother was in the low range for women her age. She has never taken calcium supplements because, she says, "No one ever told us to, so we just didn't do it. It wasn't discussed in our day."

This started me thinking. All my adult life I had been filling out questionnaires with a height of 5′3″. Having reached grandmother status, had I shrunk too? Helen measured me on the doctor's scales in the *Post* fitness room. Stretching as much as possible, I couldn't reach more than 5′2″.

Come to think of it, I had noticed a change in my anatomy when I looked in the mirror lately. It is particularly noticeable when I wear a tight collar. Above the collar there is some excess flesh and skin that wrinkles. Now I think I know why. It's because my neck is too short after the cervical vertebrae have probably shrunk a bit. The vertebrae aren't quite tall enough to hold up my neck muscles and the skin covering them. The leftover skin and muscle fold.

Why do grandmothers need matron-size dresses even when they aren't overweight? Why are their waistlines seldom tiny? Because there just isn't as much space between the rib cage and the pelvis. The muscles and skin were taut before the lumbar and thoracic vertebrae shrunk. Backbones, which hold up the muscles and skin, can become much shorter, as Helen's mother was nice enough to demonstrate for us.

To avoid osteoporosis (the word comes down from the Greeks and means spongy bones), one needs to get an adequate amount of calcium in the diet and to do weight-bearing exercises every day. It helps to get outdoors daily, because the sun helps the formation of vitamin D in the skin, which is essential for the deposit of calcium in the bone. It's also important to avoid smoking and drinking.

When you consider that an excellent source of calcium, like plain Dannon yogurt, contains only 280 mg of calcium per cup, you begin to realize that it isn't easy to add up to 1,000 to 1,500 mgs daily. This is the amount that the calcium researchers we interviewed feel most of us should have.

Good media coverage has motivated many to use calcium supplements to avoid osteoporosis. But if that doesn't motivate one, an even more interesting possible benefit of calcium was recently suggested in a

Mother and daughter were once the same height. Over the past 25 years, Helen Bledsoe (right) has lost 5½ inches of her height due to calcium loss from her bones. The *Post*'s nurse, Helen Phillips, hopes to avoid shrinking with adequate calcium and exercise.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a three-part series on calcium, magnesium, and other minerals.

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study done by Dr. Martin Lipkin of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York. He found that taking calcium supplements of 1,250 mg a day caused significant changes in the lining of the colons of patients at high risk for colon cancer. Before taking the calcium, the surface cells of their colons were proliferating rapidly, an early precancerous sign.

After two to three months of calcium supplementation, the reproduction of the cells had slowed and the colon linings had begun to look similar to those of low-risk subjects.

A high-fat diet is associated with an increase in colon cancer. Dr. Harold Newmark published a theory in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute in 1984: "The level of supplemental dietary calcium to supply adequate calcium and thus reduce the potential toxicity of dietary fat was considered."

Calcium supplements should complement dietary sources. To maximize their effect they should not be taken at the same time as a vitamin supplement, because the vitamin pill may contain zinc, which can inhibit the absorption of calcium. A calcium supplement can best be taken one hour after eating. Don't take a whole day's dose all at one time—the body is not able to absorb a large amount of calcium all at once.

People who form calcium kidney stones should be cautious in taking calcium supplements. There may be good news for them, however. Dr. Charles Pak of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School reports that calcium citrate provides a good source of readily available calcium and the citrate will, for most persons, keep the calcium from precipitating out in the kidney as a stone. In his study at the University of Texas Health Science Center at Dallas on the new stone-preventing drug potassium citrate, Dr. Pak observed that certain persons absorbed more calcium while taking the potassium citrate. He tells us, "We became very much aware of the fact that citrates are a very important inhibitor of calcium-stone formation in the kidney. At the same time a great deal of interest was developing in the possibility that calcium supplements might prevent osteoporosis. We felt if that were the case, calcium citrate might be an ideal supplement for two reasons. One, it might conceivably increase optimum availability of calcium for absorption; and, two, it might raise citrate in the urine and thereby reduce the risk for calcium stones.

"In elderly persons the increased absorption is especially important because of their decreased ability to absorb calcium. The calcium citrate is more easily absorbed than calcium carbonate, the most widely used form of calcium supplements."

Dr. Pak states that bloating and gas are side effects from the combination of calcium carbonate and acid giving off carbon dioxide. The problem is less likely to occur in the elderly, because they have less acid than younger persons. The incidence of this side effect is variable—not all people suffer from it. He estimates that about 25 percent of people do. His patients who had been troubled by gas while on calcium carbonate have not had the problem when taking calcium citrate.

Dr. Pak got the idea to use calcium citrate to solve the problem of carbon-dioxide gas by watching an exhibit at the Franklin Institute Science Museum in Philadelphia. A glass bowl filled

On her wedding day in 1942, Helen Bledsoe was 5'9" and weighed 118 pounds. We can see in side view how Helen's spine has developed a "dowager's hump" as the vertebrae have softened and become compressed. Helen says a glass of milk was considered a "special treat" during her childhood years.

We had Helen Phillips' mother, Helen Bledsoe, tested at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis to see how much bone calcium she had lost. Using the Norland Bone Densitometer, a single photon absorption scanner, Mrs. Bledsoe's technician, Diane Elder, found that Helen's bone density was on the low end of the range for women in her age-group.

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with vinegar holds an egg. The eggshell contains calcium carbonate. When the acid in the vinegar reacts with the calcium carbonate, bubbles of carbon dioxide form on the outside of the egg and cause it to rise to the top. Children tap the egg. The bubbles are shaken from the egg, and the egg sinks to the bottom of the container. The experiment is repeated each time carbon dioxide is formed from the acid joining with calcium carbonate, and the egg rises to the surface again. While he watched, the idea came to him that getting rid of the carbon dioxide in the gut might relieve the bloating caused by calcium carbonate in some of his patients. Calcium citrate, the drug he developed at the University of Texas, is now available commercially with the trade name "Citracal."

Suplical, a vanilla-flavored, chewable calcium supplement, is easy to use between meals at any time because it can be taken without water. At 600 mg each, two squares of this supplement contain more calcium than a quart of milk and only 4 percent of the calories.

Calcium supplements are relatively inexpensive, and there are many kinds from which to choose: calcium carbonate, calcium citrate (Citracal), calcium lactate, calcium from ground oyster shells (Os-Cal), children's liquid calcium, and a children's chewy calcium. There is even a new high-calcium cereal called Dairy Crisp, by Pet Incorporated, made from yogurt (tricalcium phosphate). Not to be outdone by cereal manufacturers, the American Institute of Baking has found in a study: "The calcium in bread (both white and whole-wheat) appeared readily available and has a biological value only slightly less than calcium in milk."

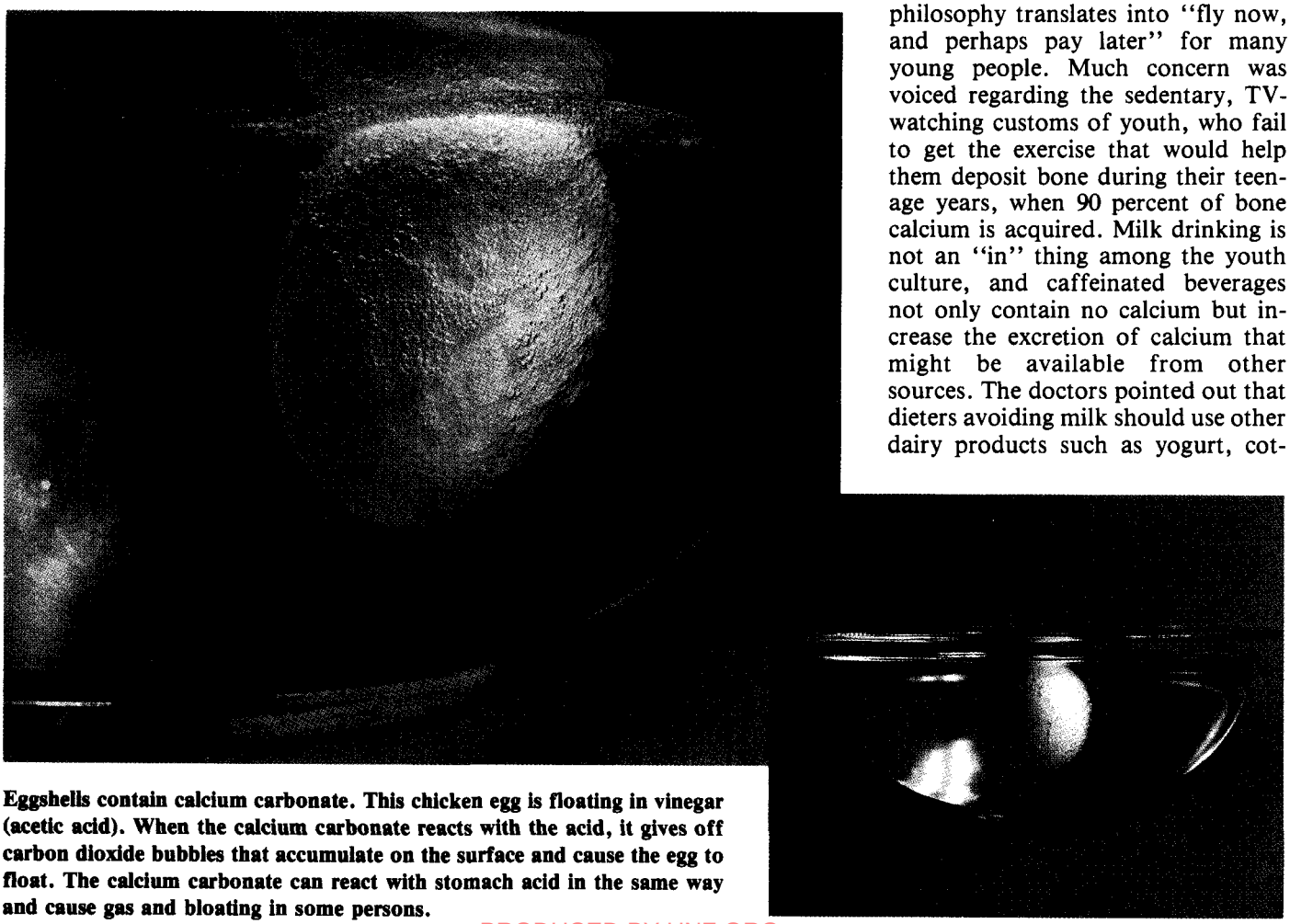
"We enrich our bread with iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Why not calcium, too?" they ask. The National Bakers Services, Inc., Hollywood, Florida, has done just that. Their Special Formula Hollywood Bread has three times more calcium than ordinary varieties.

To get the calcium where the teenagers are (or to bolster sagging sales), the Coca-Cola Company has opted to put 10 percent of the U.S. R.D.A. (Recommended Daily Allowance) for calcium in their cans of Tab.

The *Post* was recently invited to attend a symposium of leading authorities on the subject of osteoporosis and how to avoid it. A moderator for the meeting in Hawaii was Dr. William Peck, professor of medicine at the Washington University School of medicine and physician-in-chief of the Jewish Hospital of Saint Louis.

Dr. Peck observed: "There is a large amount of evidence to indicate that osteoporosis is in many individuals a preventable disease, and that's good news and bad news. The good news is that it is preventable. The bad news is that a lot of people—and I mean physicians as well as the lay public—don't know how to go about preventing it."

The female panelists expressed particular concern for the young women of America. They regard the present teen-age female population as the group at highest risk for developing osteoporosis in the future. Unfortunately, the "fly now, and pay later" philosophy translates into "fly now, and perhaps pay later" for many young people. Much concern was voiced regarding the sedentary, TV-watching customs of youth, who fail to get the exercise that would help them deposit bone during their teen-age years, when 90 percent of bone calcium is acquired. Milk drinking is not an "in" thing among the youth culture, and caffeinated beverages not only contain no calcium but increase the excretion of calcium that might be available from other sources. The doctors pointed out that dieters avoiding milk should use other dairy products such as yogurt, cot-



Eggshells contain calcium carbonate. This chicken egg is floating in vinegar (acetic acid). When the calcium carbonate reacts with the acid, it gives off carbon dioxide bubbles that accumulate on the surface and cause the egg to float. The calcium carbonate can react with stomach acid in the same way and cause gas and bloating in some persons.

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tage cheese, and 2 percent milk, all high in calcium and not high in calories.

Dr. Charles Chesnut, professor of medicine and radiology and director of the Osteoporosis Research Center at the University of Washington, concurred: "Lots of nutrition information that gets to our public is wrong. For example, just take the macrobiotic diet, and the number of people who are on it. If you are a strict vegetarian, you can be without milk products and be seriously deficient in calcium. I recall the professional basketball player Bill Walton, whose fractures didn't heal because of his diet. Even though he saw a large number of physicians, nobody took a nutritional history on him because he looked so healthy.

"I do have a very real concern about the teen-age pregnancy that we see so commonly in this country today. Here is a young woman who has not yet completed her bone mass and is still in her most formative years, adding pregnancy with an additional level of need for the baby. What does this do to her? I don't think we have enough information yet. But in the diets of these young women, as for all women in pregnancy, it is very important to increase their calcium intake."

Stressing the importance of exercise in maintaining bone mass, Dr. Everett L. Smith, director of the Biogerontology Laboratory at the University of Wisconsin Department of Preventive Medicine, reported: "There have been some animal studies in which monkeys were immobilized for as long as six months, and these monkeys were found to lose anywhere from 25 to 30 percent of their bone mass. It took them as many as 40 months to get that bone back. So, the research seems to indicate that you can lose bone mass, and it can be regained.

"Dr. Donaldson did a study of putting three young men at bed rest for a period of time. They were volunteers. They could volunteer to go to Korea or to go to bed for a while. They chose to go to bed for a period of 36 weeks. In the process of being in bed, they lost approximately one percent of their bone mass per week from their heel bones. At the end of the time, they were reambulated, and it was found that it took approximately 36 to 40 weeks to regain that bone—but they did regain it. We have also seen in the astronaut program that the astronauts will lose as much as 2 to 3 percent of the heel bone in space flights, the Skylab situations, and such. With loss of weight-bearing activities, you see a loss in bone mass.

"Regular physical activity prevents fractures. Those individuals that fall, especially in the older years, have a significant decline in flexibility and muscular strength. We have found with our research that we can increase muscular strength and flexibility with exercise. We did research on a population of 71-year-old women. We showed as much as a 21 percent general increase in flexibility of the body functions, and one of these areas that we found was the ankle. We saw a 48 percent increase in flexibility at the ankle. Now, when you translate that into prevention of falls, you will see that increased flexibility will help tremendously in some of the fall reductions. At the same time, we looked at muscular strength. The muscles that usually go first are the quadriceps muscles in the legs. In

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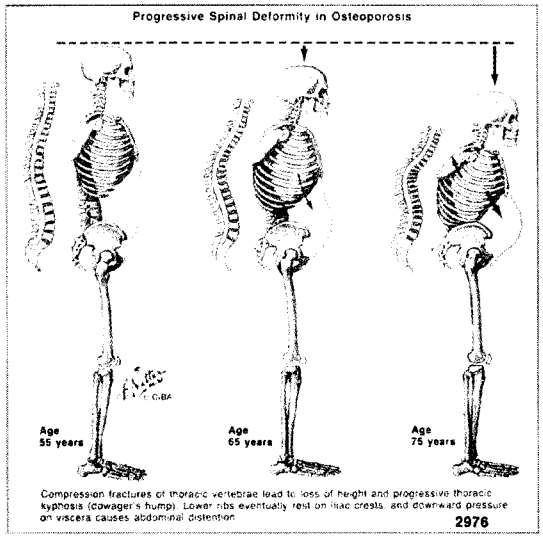
Progressive Spinal Deformity in Osteoporosis
Age 55 years
Age 65 years
Age 75 years
Compression fractures of thoracic vertebrae lead to loss of height and progressive thoracic kyphosis (dowager's hump). Lower ribs eventually rest on iliac crests, and downward pressure on viscera causes abdominal distention
2976

As the spine loses calcium, the vertebrae can actually develop small fractures, leading to compression and, often, back pain. As height is lost the lower ribs may eventually rest on the pelvic bones. The downward pressure of the ribs on the internal organs causes the protrusion of the abdomen.

The recent attention given to the need for calcium has resulted in a multitude of calcium products, from supplements to enriched bread. The most common form of calcium is calcium carbonate. Citracal (calcium citrate) is used for patients who form calcium kidney stones and those in whom calcium carbonate causes gas and bloating.

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ALL-AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

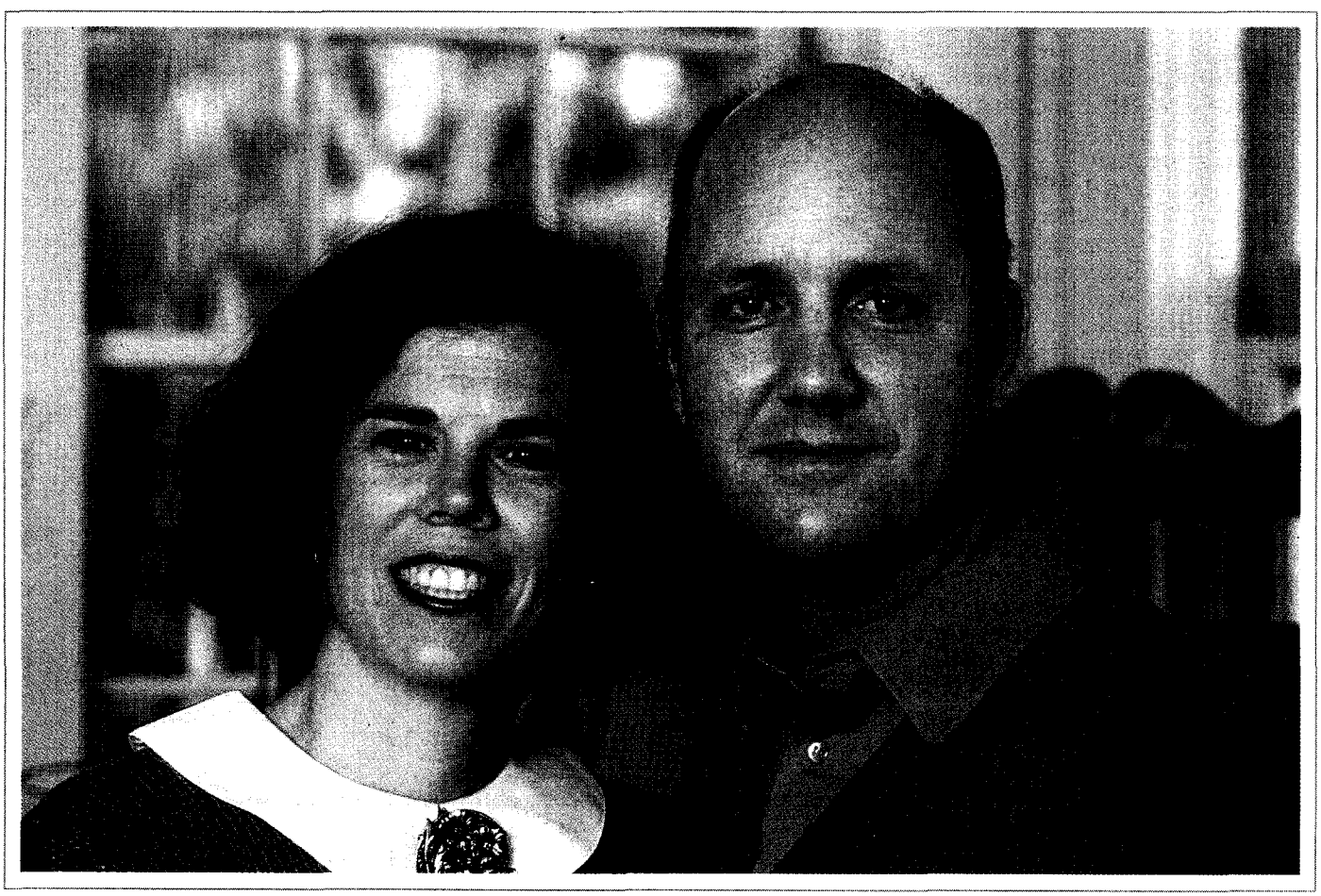
Football coach Art Williams, with his wife, Angela, founded an insurance phenomenon. They have found that a quality family lifestyle is the best policy.

by David Manuel

The clicking of the roulette wheel mingled with excited outbursts at the dice tables and the smooth riffle of blackjack decks as I went down into the pit. Behind me came the *crank-whir-clunk* of slot machines, where customers with a lost look in their eyes methodically fed their metallic tormentors and listened absently for the occasional rattle of returning coins. The casino's vast, well-lit pit area had no windows through which dawn's early light might whisper its shocking reality. The dice players might have been at these tables for hours.

It was five minutes to eight on Sunday morning, and I was on my way to a worship service in the ballroom of Las Vegas' biggest and glitziest hotel. As I approached the ballroom, the sounds of gambling were replaced by the familiar strains of "How Great Thou Art." Some 400 persons were already there, and as I took a seat in the back and joined in the singing, I tried to get a fix on the personality of this congregation. Some, in coats and ties, were Easterners, like me; some were older, some younger; some well-dressed and some simply dressed—middle-class folks from all backgrounds and walks of life. All had a fresh-scrubbed look about them, and they were unquestionably glad to be there.

Attendance was optional at this service, the first entry on the agenda of the A.L. Williams Company's national convention, and I smiled to recall how I happened to be there. I had never heard of A.L. Williams when the *Post* called and asked me if I would do an update on him. In 1977, Williams had founded an insurance company based on the then-radical philosophy of "buy term and invest the difference." It was apparently an



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idea whose time had come, for incredibly, in the year ending December 1985, the company had written insurance with a face value of more than $65 billion! Surely, this was a great American success story of the '80s, with new chapters being written almost daily.

I was interested. Several years before, a friend had suggested that I look into term insurance (buying life insurance annually, like car insurance), instead of the whole life I was carrying. I did, and I discovered that my whole-life policies were accruing cash value at an annual rate of 3.2 percent. That may have been reasonable back when I had first taken the policies out, but in the interim interest rates had soared. Certificates of deposit and government treasury bills, to say nothing of mutual funds, had begun yielding more than three times that amount.

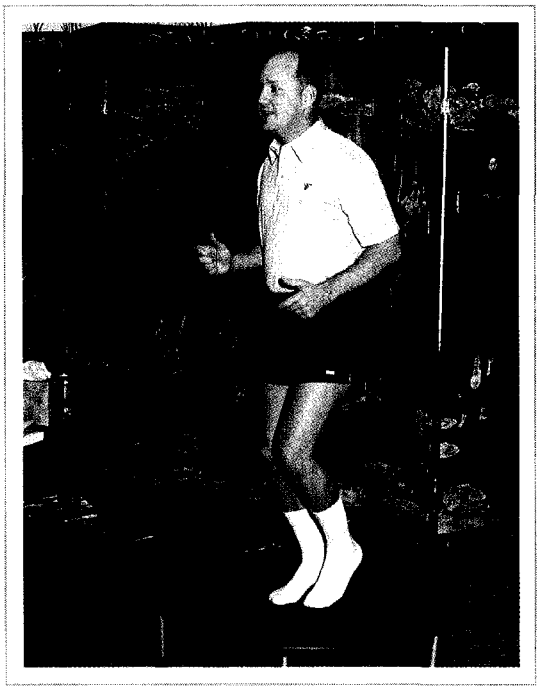
There were as yet, however, no such things as IRAs—the retirement accounts that defer taxes on those high-interest yields. So today, the idea of buying term, as long as one invests the difference between the cost of term and of whole life, makes even more sense to me, especially for young families with heavy financial responsibilities and little equity.

So there I was in Las Vegas, attending a Sunday-morning service that kicked off a four-day A.L. Williams Company conference for some 3,700 regional vice presidents. At least half the RVPs had brought their wives or husbands, for the company emphasizes family life. Why Las Vegas, then? Because there aren't many locations in the country with the capacity to handle so large a gathering. And because its RVPs pay their own way, the company alternates conference sites between the East and the Far West. Another plus: Provided one stays out of the casino area, food and lodging are surprisingly inexpensive.

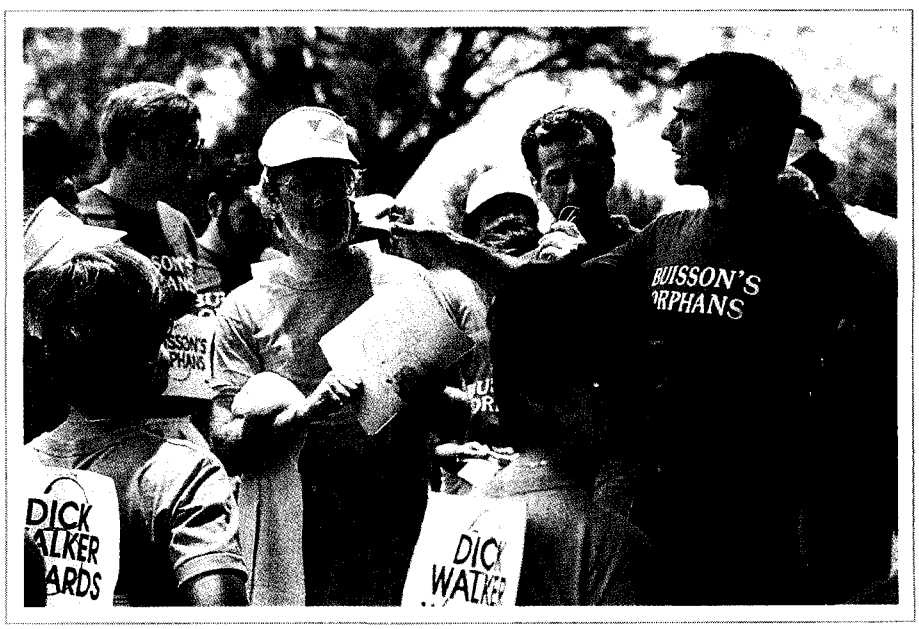
The main event of the day was an all-hands-on-deck rally that evening. The mountains to the west were silhouetted against a fiery red sky with dark swirls of clouds as I walked to the auditorium. I arrived just as the choir and orchestra (composed of A.L. Williams folks, as was the packed audience) were reaching the end of the first number—a stirring rendition of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." When it was done, the theater exploded with cheering and thunderous applause. That set the tone for the rest of the evening. When I emerged, I found myself wishing that America had a football game to play the next day—no matter who we faced, we'd win.

What we did have the next morning was another general meeting in the auditorium, this one strictly business. As I waited for it to begin, I reviewed what I had learned about the man who would be running it. A former Georgia high-school football coach, Art Williams began selling insurance in 1967 to supplement his coach's salary. Insurance had special meaning for him: His father, like Art a successful high-school football coach, had died suddenly of a heart attack while Art was still in college. Art's father had faithfully paid throughout his life into policies that he had presumed would take care of his family—but that in reality proved far from adequate.

Art struggled to help his mother support their family; later, as he called on friends and the parents of the boys he coached, he was determined to sell them enough coverage to prevent the same thing from happening to them. His solution: term insurance, combined with a solid investment program. In 1971, he moved his family to Atlanta and began selling insurance full-time, and six years later, with 85 people, he founded a company based on the principle of buying term, not whole life, and investing the difference. Today, more than 100,000 people represent



A former Georgia football coach, Williams feels strongly about health and nutrition and stays fit by jogging or walking on alternate days.



National sales directors Dick Walker (center) and Bob Buisson (right) prepare their teams for all-out war in the "Battle of the Regions"—a day of field events.

Art and Angela (left) support their company's marriage counseling service and emphasize a healthy family lifestyle for all.

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that company, and many of the senior personnel have become remarkably successful in their own right.

I had just met an outstanding example: 52-year-old Lloyd Tomer, who recently became one of the A.L. Williams Company's 27 national sales directors. For most of his life, Lloyd, who looks a bit like the actor Hal Holbrook, had been a pastor in Benton, Illinois. Benton was not a big town, but Lloyd had ministered there to an average congregation of more than 500. Then, in 1979, his wife died of cancer, and the grief-stricken pastor watched his flock wither away. By Easter 1980, he was out of a job and unable to get another church, no matter how hard he tried. In fact, he was discovering that at his age, it was exceedingly difficult to find any kind of steady employment.

Lloyd knew he had reached bottom. It was then that he heard of A.L. Williams. He took the training course, earned his license, and in less than five years had more than 5,000 representatives for whom he was responsible. Best of all, his two sons, Scott and Frank, were included among them.

"Art Williams encourages us to 'Live the Dream,' as he puts it," Lloyd said, beaming, "and last year my top 20 people averaged earning $100,000 apiece." He paused. "But you know, the best thing about this job is not the money. It's the opportunity it gives you to help people. I am helping more people now than I ever was able to help as a minister."

Down on the auditorium stage, a short, balding man in a yellow blazer appeared, and everyone around me stood up and began applauding. For the moment, though, the extraordinary demonstration of affection was not reciprocated. Art Williams was ripping mad. He had just heard that a few of his RVPs had left the rally the night before to smoke cigarettes in the foyer and that they had been rude to an usher. (Williams himself neither smokes nor drinks.)

"Are the doors shut?" he asked. "We're just family in here? Good. Because I have something to say to the family. Dadgummit!" he exploded. "You're representing the A.L. Williams Company! You want to smoke during our meeting? Get off the team! And if any one of you doesn't like the way I'm talking to you right now, don't let the door bang your butt on the way out!"

Williams' emphasis on fitness affects the entire company, as evidenced by the "fun run" held in Munich, West Germany, during a recent trip for top producers.

I could readily appreciate why he had once been named coach of the year. I looked around; his family understood. I began to understand why they had such respect for him, and why this gathering really did feel more like that of a family than of an executive corps. He had gotten it out of his system, and now he had some electrifying news: Effective immediately, the A.L. Williams Company was offering dramatic increases in coverage to all nonsmoking policyholders. He was, in short, putting his money where his mouth is.

Although crusading for his "buy term and invest the difference" philosophy occupies the major portion of his life, Art Williams is also committed to health and fitness. I visited him at his home in Atlanta a few weeks later. My own high-school football coach once told us that if we were going to win, we had to live, eat, drink, and sleep football. Well, Art Williams lives, eats, drinks, and sleeps the A.L. Williams insurance company. But if he is a bit fixated on the subject, he fortunately has a self-deprecating sense of humor to go with it, one that invariably makes the listener laugh. At the same time, there is no mistaking that he is a fighter in the "Rocky" mold—an underdog who simply refuses to be beaten.

"We believe we are doing something good for the families out there," he exclaimed. "We got a mission, and buddy, we've got one tough bunch of dudes [competing insurance companies] to defeat." I grinned and imagined a roaring crowd waiting outside in the stadium.

Coach Williams stays fit by either walking an hour or running an hour on alternate days, and at the end of my visit, he invited me to join him. I agreed, provided that it was a walking day; bumper-to-bumper deadlines had curtailed my own fitness program.

In a few minutes, he reappeared in shorts, sweat shirt, and running shoes, and I began to have misgivings about what I had gotten myself into. We set off, and within half a mile, I was sweating profusely. Art hardly seemed to be breathing deeply as he expressed his concern for where our country appears to be drifting. His solution: strengthened family ties and a reaffirmation of traditional American values.

We must have covered more than five miles in the space of an hour, and I tried not to show my relief as we finally turned into the driveway of the ante-bellum home he and his wife,

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Angela, have lovingly restored. Conscious of new blisters underfoot, I congratulated him on the personal example he sets for his people—and privately vowed to get myself back into shape.

Angela later told me she and Art feel strongly about health and nutrition. "We have made two trips to Pritikin clinics," she said, "one to the West Coast and one in Florida, and we learned a lot about nutrition and diet and exercise." But neither of them is on a diet, "although Art struggles with it," she said. This leads to meatless meals—lots of vegetables, grains, and fruit. "We leave out eggs and the fried stuff. He's very happy with potatoes, squash, beans, steamed cabbage, and corn bread—and no meat," Angela said. She even gave me copies of some of her favorite recipes. (See end of article.)

Angela was the real surprise of that visit. I was astonished at her grasp of the finer points of insurance. And as she related the history of their company—of the hard times they had come through and the seemingly impossible obstacles they had overcome with little more than faith and prayer going for them—I could see what a support she is to Art, a partner in the truest sense of the word.

Conventions give the Family and Marriages Resources staff an opportunity to hold workshops on a variety of topics.

That is Angela's specialty, and like her husband, she tries to pass it on. She travels with Art extensively, and everywhere they go, as he talks to the representatives, she meets with their spouses—Partners, she calls them. She fills in these wives (and husbands, for many reps are women) on what is going on in the company, what current challenges they face, and what new directions they will be taking. She wants them not only to "feel a part of the A.L. Williams family," but to better understand the stresses their spouses are under.

With quiet pride, she showed me her office and introduced me to her staff of five. From the beginning, Angela has endeavored to get out a monthly newsletter to Partners; it has become a major operation—the last mailing had topped 35,000. In addition, she receives several hundred personal letters a week and makes a point of answering each one with care.

A family-counseling service for employees and agents has been a major focus of Art and Angela Williams for the past year and a half. "They've put together one of the most unique programs in the industry," a company spokesperson told me. "And it has been a fantastic success." She explained that sales people on commission work crazy hours, which is not only stressful but a strain on any marriage. So the A.L. Williams Company has made a major commitment to "what we call our family-and-marriage program."

"Art and Angela personally fund the major cost of the program," she said. "We have full-time counselors for our people throughout the United States. We have a family-and-marriage counseling session for every meeting. At 8:00 a.m. at all of our conventions, we offer a one-hour family-and-marriage seminar." The program is optional, she said. The families are free to attend or not, "but you'd be surprised at the number who choose to do so," she added.

In addition, there is a number the Williams people can call anytime for counseling service. The staff puts them in touch with local counselors. "But the main focus of this counseling," the spokesperson added, "is on prevention."

My conclusion, after having met Art and Angela, is: If the A.L. Williams Company does succeed in selling $90 billion worth of life insurance, as projected for this year of 1986, it will not be Williams' only great accomplishment. In his company as well as in his own life, Art Williams practices what he preaches—that good health and good living go hand-in-hand with a healthy financial future.

The Tomers are advocates of A.L. Williams' family-life emphasis. Not only did Lloyd earn well into six figures last year, but his sons Scott and Frank are also successful in the business. (Left to right) Lloyd; Scott and his wife, Becky, with Josh and Sarah; Frank and his wife, Pam, with Clint.

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OUT OF AFRICA

The beauty and truth of this popular film about the author Isak Dinesen draws viewers back to see it again.

by John Podhoretz

The late Isak Dinesen's largely allegorical fiction, set in the haze of a mythological past and brimming with magical portent, suggests that its author barricaded herself from the world and chose to live only in the precincts of her imagination.

Nothing could be further from the truth. A member of the Danish upper classes, the Baroness Karen Blixen had traveled through worlds both literary and artistic before her wanderlust brought her to a marriage of convenience and a huge coffee plantation in Kenya. She farmed it with little success for 15 years, hosted the Prince of Wales, contracted a lifetime case of syphilis from her husband, got a divorce, fell in love with a classic British adventurer, returned to Denmark, and (under the pseudonym Isak Dinesen) became a famous writer.

In love with the great hunter Denys Finch-Hatton (Robert Redford), Baroness Karen Blixen (Meryl Streep) joins him on a safari and experiences the exhilarating danger of lion hunting.

Wracked with pain from the syphilis, she nonetheless kept writing and became the spiritual mother of an entire school of Danish intellectuals. She came to know virtually everyone of importance in the world. And when she died at the age of 77 in 1962, she was one of the world's most compelling, successful, and instantly recognizable figures.

She led one of the great lives of the 20th century, and that she chose to make relatively little of it in her own work makes her beautifully composed, somewhat bloodless prose something of a disappointment. For example, her memoir *Out of Africa* is certainly an amazing piece of work. But if you read *Out of Africa* after completing Judith Thurman's exemplary biography, *Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller,* you are bound to feel a bit short-changed, as though Dinesen had removed much of the drama from her experience in Kenya to focus instead on her seemingly random observations of life in the wild.

There has been much talk during the past two decades about a film based on *Out of Africa,* but this quintessentially literary work resisted any efforts to translate it to celluloid. Not until Thurman's book appeared in 1982 could narrative shape be given to the story. And Sydney Pollack's film version of *Out of Africa*, featuring Meryl Streep in yet another unforgettable performance, as Karen, does justice to this extraordinary woman in a way she was surprisingly incapable of herself.

This film is not biographical in the usual sense; much of it is fictionalized and many of the real-life characters populating *Out of Africa* are nowhere in evidence. But if the subject of Dinesen's *Out of Africa* was Africa itself, the subject of Pollack's *Out of Africa* is what the experience of living in Africa meant to Karen Blixen. And as such, it is always true to its subject and in some ways truer to her experience in Africa than she herself was in her book.

We see her first at a desk in Denmark after her return, as the famous opening sentence of the book comes to her: "I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills." With a subtlety typical of the film as a whole, Pollack and the screenwriter, Kurt Luedtke, make it clear that the memories we are about to share with her will in some ways lessen the sense of loss that resonates in Streep's voice (and on the printed page) as she recites that sentence.

What follows is a vivid, leisurely retelling of her experience, beginning with her impetuous proposal of marriage to Baron Bror Blixen, the brother of her first great love, and her arrival in Africa in 1913. The fatally charming Bror (played by the Austrian actor Klaus Maria Brandauer) and most of the other Europeans populating Kenya are not looking for a living or for money. They are searching for extremes, suffused with a kind of mad passion for danger and freedom.

Outside their homes in Kenya, lions run free and Masai warriors lie in wait. The birds Bror and Karen shot at during the sedate Danish hunting party at which she proposed to him are not the kind of game he wants. He hungers for the exhilarating danger of the safari.

Karen is also looking for freedom —freedom from her stifling Victorian family—but she is quite conventional as well. Her family has put up a great

Classical music from Denys' Gramophone wafts from the porch of Baroness Blixen's coffee plantation.

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Baron Bror Blixen (the Austrian actor Klaus Maria Brandauer) accepts Karen's impetuous proposal of marriage during a sedate Danish hunting party.

deal of money for the farm, and she intends to make a success of it. She is in for a rude awakening: Upon her arrival she discovers that Bror has decided to go for coffee instead of cattle and learns that coffee has never been successfully farmed at so high an altitude. "I don't want to live around cows," he tells her.

But the truth is that he doesn't want to live around a farm at all. The hunt is in Bror's blood, and he is ever taking off for a safari. Karen must go it alone, surrounded by the china, crystal, cuckoo clocks, and various homely appurtenances more appropriate for a European manse than a Kenyan coffee plantation.

But gradually the intoxications of the wild begin to affect Karen as well. When Bror is off in the British army, fighting the Germans on the African front in World War I, Karen is asked to send some provisions to him through the treacherous countryside. She decides to deliver them herself, aided only by a few native Kikuyu. The journey features Masai warriors, charging lions, and blistering heat. And when at last she arrives at the camp, all the soldiers gawking at the appearance of this woman, she has become a native of Africa.

On this journey she first comes into extended contact with the great hunter Denys Finch-Hatton (Robert Redford), and their love affair takes up most of the film's second half. Like Bror, Denys is a European transfixed by the freedom Africa offers—"We're just passing through," he says—and his very bohemian view of his relationship with Karen is agonizing to her. He comes and goes as he pleases, a resolutely unreliable partner.

Their deliriously romantic liaison is rather like Karen's entire relationship with Africa itself: It brings meaning and value to her life, but she can never be in possession of it. But she can experience its great beauty.

In the film's most transfixing scene, Denys takes her flying for the first time. In the book, she describes it thus:

> In the air you are taken into the full freedom of the three dimensions; after long ages of exile and dreams the homesick heart throws itself into the arms of space. . . .Every time that I have gone up in an aeroplane and looking down have realized that I was free of the ground, I have had the consciousness of a great new discovery. "I see," I have thought, "this was the idea. And now I understand everything."

The movie shows them flying over gorges and caverns and waterfalls, and above a great lake where hundreds of flamingos cover the surface. The transporting beauty of the sight causes Karen to give her hand to Denys. He takes it and squeezes it, and the moment is captured forever in time.

The glory of life, *Out of Africa* tells us, is in moments like these. And the glory of the movie itself is that it captures the magical quality of these moments: the luckless-at-love Karen advising a lively young woman about what love really is; Karen and Denys sitting at a makeshift table in the clearing of a campsite, eating a good dinner, drinking a bottle of fine wine, and falling in love; Karen acting Scheherazade and constructing elaborate stories for Denys and his fellow hunter, Berkeley Cole; Karen saying good-by to her faithful servant, Farah, after 15 years by asking him to call her by her first name.

Though Karen does suffer many hardships, though she comes to write a book pregnant with loss, these experiences will be with her always. And that message is at the core of the film version of *Out of Africa,* which has the courage to tell a story more faithful to the real-life experience of Isak Dinesen than Isak Dinesen's own version. ★

John Podhoretz, the managing editor for news at Insight *magazine, is a Washington-based film critic.*

The Baroness returned to her Danish homeland several times to visit and to receive medical treatment, but the lure of Africa kept drawing her back to a coffee plantation doomed to fail.

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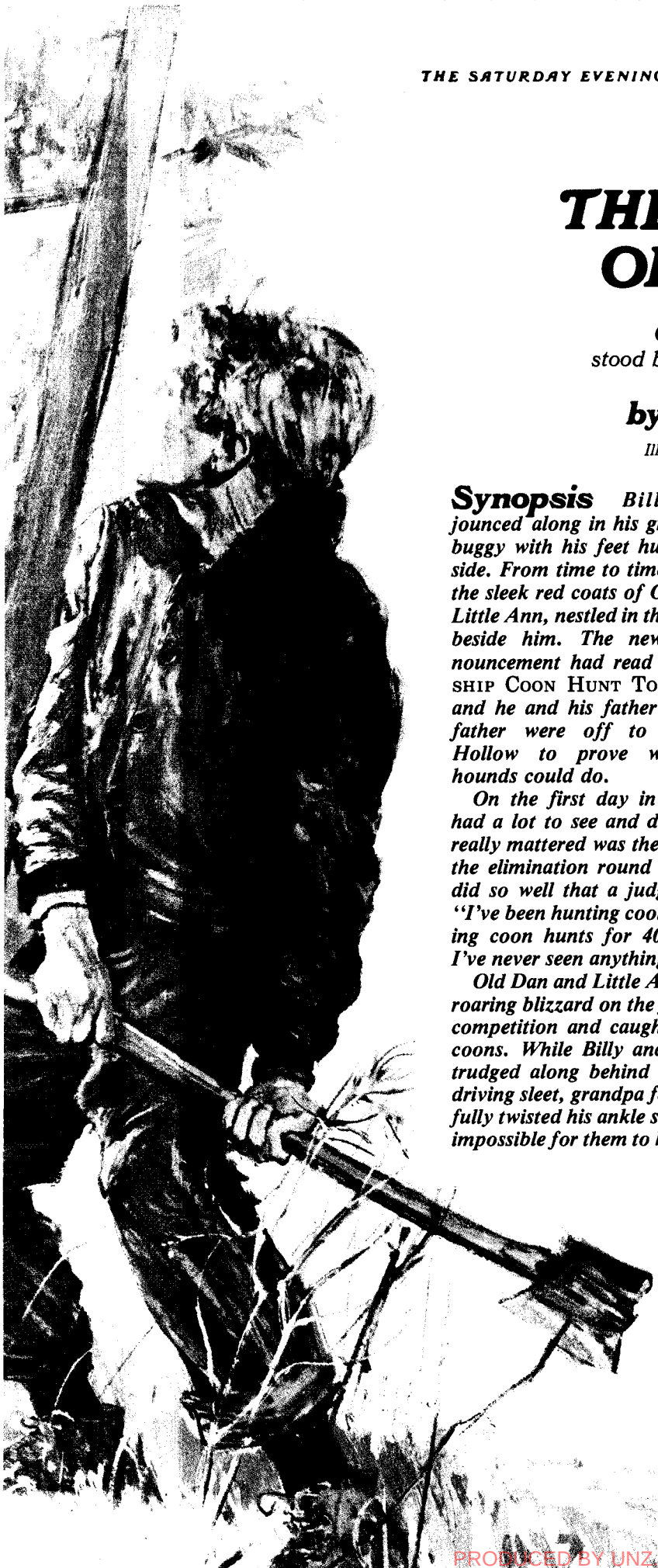

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

Only the valiant dogs stood between the boy and death.

by Wilson Rawls

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

Synopsis *Billy Colman jounced along in his grandfather's buggy with his feet hung over the side. From time to time he stroked the sleek red coats of Old Dan and Little Ann, nestled in the buggy box beside him. The newspaper announcement had read* CHAMPIONSHIP COON HUNT TO BE HELD, *and he and his father and grandfather were off to Black Fox Hollow to prove what Billy's hounds could do.*

On the first day in camp Billy had a lot to see and do, but what really mattered was the hunting. In the elimination round Billy's dogs did so well that a judge declared, "I've been hunting coons and judging coon hunts for 40 years, but I've never seen anything like that."

Old Dan and Little Ann battled a roaring blizzard on the final night's competition and caught three raccoons. While Billy and the others trudged along behind them in the driving sleet, grandpa fell and painfully twisted his ankle so that it was impossible for them to keep on with the hunt. They took refuge from the wind in a sheltered gully and settled down to await daylight.

Conclusion Just before dawn the storm, with one last angry roar, blew itself out. A frozen silence settled over the canebrake. Back in the thick timber of the river bottom, the sharp snapping of frozen limbs could be heard. The tall stalks of wild cane looked exhausted from the hellish night. They were drooping and bending from the weight of the frozen sleet.

I climbed out of the deep gully and listened for my dogs. I couldn't hear them. Just as I started back down the bank, I heard something. I listened. Again I heard the sound.

Papa was watching me. "Can you hear something else?"

"No, not the dogs," I said, "but I can hear something else."

"What does it sound like?" he asked.

"Like someone whooping," I said.

Papa and the judge hurried up the bank. We heard the sound again. It was coming from a different direction.

"The first time I heard it," I said, "it was over that way."

"It's the men from camp," the judge said. "They're searching for us."

We started whooping. The searchers answered. Their voices came from all directions. The first one to reach us was Mr. Kyle. He looked haggard and tired. He asked if everything was all right.

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"Yes, we're all right," papa said, "but the old man has a bad ankle. It looks like we'll have to carry him out."

"Your team broke loose and came back to camp about midnight," Mr. Kyle said. "This really spooked us. We were sure something bad had happened. Twenty-five of us have been searching since then."

Several men climbed down the bank and went over to grandpa. They looked at his ankle. One said, "I don't think it's broken, but it sure is a bad sprain."

"You're in luck," another one said. "We have one of the best doctors in the state in our camp, Dr. Charley Latham. He'll have you fixed up in no time."

Mr. Kyle asked where my dogs were. I told him that they were treed somewhere.

"What do you mean, 'treed somewhere'?" he asked.

Papa explained what had happened.

With a wide-eyed look on his face, he said, "Do you mean to tell me those hounds stayed with the tree in that blizzard?"

I nodded.

Looking at me, he said, "Son, I hope they have that coon treed, because you need that one to win the cup. Those two Walker hounds caught three before the storm came up."

The judge spoke up. "I'll always believe that those hounds knew that boy needed another coon to win," he said. "If you fellows had seen some of the things those dogs have done, you'd believe it too."

Mr. Kyle took over: "We have work to do. We've been standing here acting like a bunch of schoolkids. All this time that old man has been lying there suffering. A couple of you men cut two poles and make a stretcher."

While the men were getting the poles, papa heated the coonskins again and rewrapped grandpa's foot.

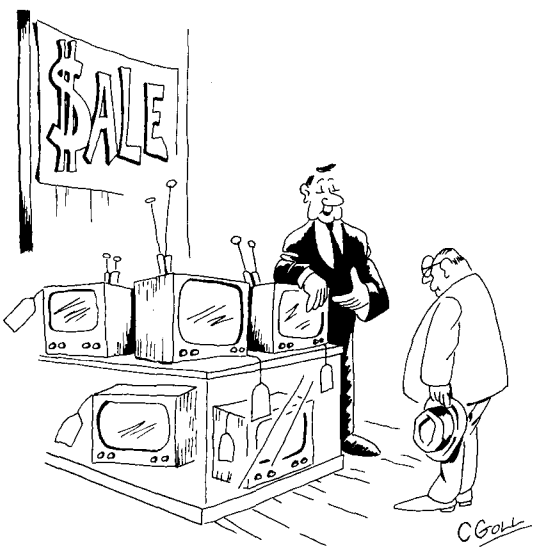
With belts and long leather laces from their boots the hunters made a stretcher. Very gently they put grandpa on it.

Again Mr. Kyle took command. "Part of us will start for camp with him," he said. "The others will go after the dogs."

"Here, take this gun," papa said to me. "I'll go with him."

Looking at me, Mr. Kyle said, "Come on, son. I want to see your hounds."

Mr. Benson led the way. "As soon as we get out of this cane," he said, "we may be able to hear them. They have the coon treed in a big black-gum tree. You're going to see a sight. Now, I mean a sight. They've walked a ring around that tree clear down through the ice and snow. You can see the bare ground. They're covered with ice, themselves."



"And these are our top-of-the-line models, guaranteed to last five years or 50,000 car-chase sequences—whichever comes first."

"Wonder why they did that?" someone asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Benson replied, "unless they ran in that circle to keep from freezing to death, or to keep the coon in the tree."

I figured I knew why my dogs were covered with ice. The coon had probably crossed the river, maybe several times. Old Dan and Little Ann would have followed him. Coming out of the river with their coats dripping wet, the freezing blast of the blizzard would have done the rest.

Nearing the tree, we stopped and stared. "Did you ever see anything like that?" Mr. Benson asked. "When I first saw them, I thought they were white wolves."

My dogs hadn't seen us when we came up. They were trotting round and round. Just as Mr. Benson had said, we could see the path that they had worn down through the ice and snow until the bare black earth was visible. Like two ghostly white shadows, around and around they trotted.

With a choking sob I ran for my dogs. On hearing our approach, they sat down and started bawling "treed." I noticed their voices didn't have that solid ring. Their ice-covered tails made a rattling sound as they switched this way and that on the icy ground.

A large fire was built. Standing my dogs close to the heat, the gentle hands of the hunters went to work. With handkerchiefs and scarves heated steaming-hot, little by little the ice was thawed from their bodies.

"If they had ever laid down," someone said, "they would've frozen to death."

"They knew it," another said. "That's why they kept running in that circle."

"What I can't understand is why they stayed with the tree," Mr. Benson said. "I've seen hounds stay with a tree for a while, but not in a blizzard."

"Men," said Mr. Kyle, "the loving heart of a dog is something that man has never fully understood. Take these two little hounds. They knew this boy wanted it. They were willing to give their lives for something their master wanted."

After these words were spoken, a thoughtful silence settled over the men. The mood was broken by the deep growling voice I had heard back in the gully.

"It's a shame that people all over the world can't have that kind of love in their hearts," he said. "There would be no wars, slaughter, or murder; no greed or selfishness. It would be the kind of world that God wants us to have—a wonderful world."

After all the ice was thawed from my dogs and their coats were dried out, I could see they were all right. I was happy again and felt good all over.

One of the hunters said, "Do you think those hounds are thawed out enough to fight a coon?"

"Sure, just run him out of that tree," I said.

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At the crack of a gun the coon ran far out on a big limb and stopped. Again the hunter sprinkled him with bird shot. This time he jumped. Hitting the ground, he crouched down. Old Dan made a lunge. This gave Little Ann a chance. Darting in, her jaws closed on the back of the coon's neck. I knew the fight was over.

• • •

Arriving back at camp, I saw that all the tents had been taken down but ours. A hunter said, "Everyone is in a hurry to get out before another blizzard sets in."

The hunter who had come by our tent and collected the jackpot money came up to me. Handing me the box, he said, "Here you are, son. There's more than $300 in this box. It's all yours."

Turning to the crowd, he said, "Fellows, I can always say this. On this hunt I've seen two of the finest little coon hounds I ever hope to see."

There was a roar of approval.

Looking down, I saw the box was almost full of money. I was shaking all over. I tried to say "Thanks," but it was only a whisper. Turning, I handed the box to my father. As his rough old hands closed around it, I saw a strange look come over his face. He turned and looked at my dogs.

"Here it is!" someone shouted.

The crowd parted and the head judge walked through. I saw the gleaming metal of the gold cup in his hand. After a short speech, he handed it to me and said, "Son, this makes me very proud. It's a great honor to present this championship cup to you."

I don't know where the two silly old tears came from. They just squeezed their way out. I felt them as they rolled down my cheeks. One dropped on the smooth surface of the cup and splattered. I wiped it away with my sleeve. Turning to my dogs, I knelt down and showed the cup to them. Little Ann licked it. Old Dan sniffed one time and then turned away.

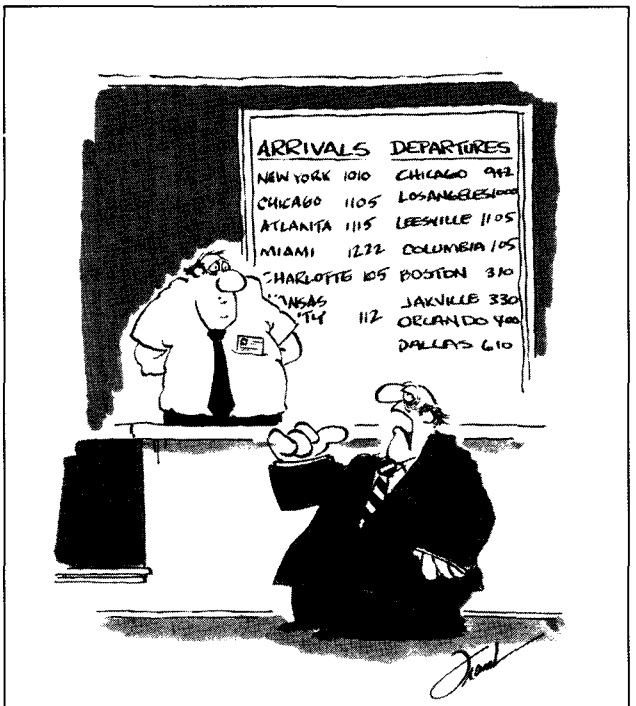
Grandpa said, "Now that that's settled, I'm ready to go to town."

I went over and kissed grandpa good-by. He pinched my cheek and whispered, "We taught these city slickers that they can't come up here and beat our dogs."

I smiled. Grandpa was carried out and made comfortable in the back seat of Dr. Latham's car. I stood and watched as it wheezed and bounced its way out of sight.

"While I'm harnessing the team," papa said, "you take the tent down and pack our gear."

On the back seat of the buggy I made a bed out of our bedclothes. Down on the floorboards I fixed a nice place for my dogs. All through the night the creaking wheels of our buggy moved on. Several times I woke up. My father had wrapped a tarp around himself. Reaching down, I could feel my dogs. They were warm and comfortable.



"My luggage went where it was supposed to, but where the heck am I?"

Early the next morning we stopped for breakfast. While papa tended the team, I turned my dogs loose and let them stretch.

Feeling big and important, I said, "I don't like the looks of this weather. We'd better be scooting for home."

Papa laughed. "Sure you're not in a hurry to get home to show off the gold cup?" he said.

A smile was my only answer. And so we left for home.

Two hundred yards this side of our home the road made a turn around a low foothill shutting off our house from view.

Papa said, "You're going to see a scramble as soon as we round that bend."

It was more of a stampede than a scramble. The little one came out first, and all but tore the screen door from its hinges. The older girls passed her just beyond the gate.

Mamma came out on the porch. She was just as excited as the girls were. She held out her arms. I ran to her. She hugged me and kissed me.

"It's good to have you home again," she said.

As mamma took the beautiful cup, she looked at me. The awed expression on my mother's face was wonderful to see.

"Who would have thought anything so wonderful could have happened to us? I'm so proud; so very proud," she said.

She walked over to papa. After kissing him, she said, "I just can't believe everything that has happened. I'm so glad you went along. Did you enjoy yourself?"

With a smile on his face, papa almost shouted, "Enjoy myself? Why, I never had such a time in my life."

On entering the house papa said, "Oh, I almost forgot." He handed the box of money to mamma.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Oh, it's just a little gift from Old Dan and Little Ann," papa said.

Mamma opened the box. I saw the color drain from her face. Her hands started trembling. Turning her back to us, she walked over and set it on the mantel. A peaceful silence settled over the room. I could hear the clock ticking away. The fire in the fireplace crackled and popped.

Turning from the mantel, mamma looked straight at us. Her lips were tightly pressed together to keep them from quivering. Walking slowly to papa, she buried her face in his chest. I heard her say, "Thank God, my prayers have been answered."

That night, as I was preparing for bed, a light flashed and peeked through the pane. It was mamma. Carrying my lantern and two large plates heaped high with food, she was heading for the doghouse. Setting the

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light down on the ground in front of it, she called to my dogs. While they were eating, mamma did something I couldn't understand. She knelt down on her knees in prayer.

After they had eaten their food, mamma started petting them. I could hear her voice, but couldn't make out her words. Whatever she was saying must have pleased them. Little Ann wiggled and twisted. Even Old Dan wagged his long red tail, which was very unusual.

Papa came out. I saw him put his arm around mamma. Side by side they stood for several minutes looking at my dogs. When they turned to enter the house, I saw mamma dab at her eyes with her apron.

• • •

Although the winning of the cups and the money was a big event in my life, it didn't change my hunting any. I was out after the ringtails every night.

I had been hunting the river bottom hard for about three weeks. On that night I decided to go back to the Cyclone Timber country. I had barely reached the hunting ground when my dogs struck a trail. Old Dan opened up first. They struck the trail on a ridge and then dropped down into a deep canyon, up the other side, and broke out into some flats. I could tell from their steady bawling that the scent was hot. Three times they treed the animal.

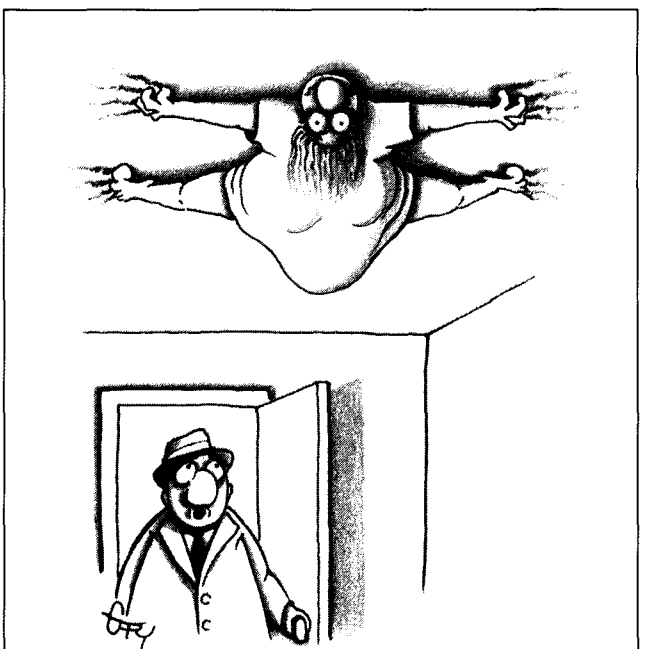
Every time I came close to the tree the animal would jump, and the race would be on. After a while I knew it wasn't a coon. I decided it was a bobcat.

The fourth time they treed they were on top of a mountain. After the long chase I figured the animal was winded and would stay in the tree. In a trot I started to them. As I neared the tree, Little Ann came to me, reared up, and whined. By her actions I knew something was wrong. I stopped. In the moonlight I could see Old Dan sitting on his haunches, staring up at the tree and bawling.

The tree had lots of dead leaves on it. I knew it was a large white oak, because it is one of the last trees in the mountains to lose its leaves.

Old Dan kept bawling. Then he did something he had never done before. For seconds his deep voice was still, and silence settled over the mountains. His lips were curled back, and he snarled as he stared into the dark foliage of the tree. His teeth gleamed white in the moonlight. The hair on his neck and along his back stood on end. A low, deep rumbling growl rolled from his throat.

I was scared, and I called to him. I wanted to get away from there. Again I called, but it was no use. He wouldn't leave the tree, for in his veins flowed the breeded blood of a hunting hound. In his fighting heart there was no fear.



"Rough day, hon?"

I set the lantern down and tightened my grip on the handle of the ax. Slowly I started walking toward him. Then I saw them—two burning yellow eyes—staring at me from the shadowy foliage of the tree. I stopped, petrified with fear.

The deep baying of Old Dan stopped, and again the silence closed in. I stared back at the unblinking eyes. I could make out the bulk of a large animal, crouched on a huge branch that was close to the trunk of the big tree. Then it moved. I saw it clearly as it passed between the moon and me. I knew what it was. It was the devil cat of the Ozarks, the mountain lion.

The silence was shattered by one long, loud bawl from Old Dan. I'd never heard my dog bawl like that. It was different. His voice rang out over the mountains, loud and clear. The vibration of the deep tones rolled in the silence of the frosty night, on and on, out over the flats, down in the canyons and died away in the rimrocks, like the cry of a lost soul. Old Dan had voiced his challenge to the devil cat.

There was a low cough and a deep growl from the lion. I saw him crouch. I knew what was coming. My hands felt hot and sweaty on the smooth ash handle of the ax. With a blood-curdling scream he sprang from the tree with claws outspread and long, yellow fangs bared.

Old Dan didn't wait. Rearing up on his hind legs, he met the lion in the air. The heavy weight bowled him over and over. He wound up in a fallen treetop. The colliding of the two bodies threw the lion off balance. Little Ann darted in. Her aim was true. I heard the snap of her steel-trap jaws as they closed on his throat.

I went berserk and charged into the fight. There in the flinty hills of the Ozarks I fought for the lives of my dogs. I fought with the only weapon I had, the sharp cutting blade of an ax. Screaming like a madman, with tears running down my face, I hacked and chopped at the big, snarling mountain cat.

I had cut the big cat several times. Blood showed red on the blades of the ax, but as yet I had not got in the fatal lick. I knew it had to be soon, for my dogs were no match against the razor-sharp claws and the long, yellow fangs.

The big cat now had Old Dan by the throat. At the pitiful bawl of Old Dan, Little Ann—throwing caution to the wind—ran in and sank her teeth in the lion's tough neck.

With her claws digging into the mountain soil, she braced herself and started pulling. The muscles in her small legs knotted and quivered. She was trying hard to pull the devil cat's fangs from the throat of Old Dan.

In the rays of a bright Ozark moon, I could see clearly. For an instant I

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saw the broad back of the big cat. I saw the knotty bulge of steel-bound muscle, the pistonlike jerk of the deadly hind claws, trying for the downward stroke that could disembowel a dog.

Raising the ax high over my head, I brought it down with all the strength in my body. My aim was true. Behind the shoulders, in the broad, muscular back, the heavy blade sank with a sickening sound. The keen edge cleaved through the tough skin, on down through bone and gristle until the spine was severed.

As the heavy body struck the ground, something exploded in my head. I knew no more. When I came to, I was sitting down. It was silent and still. A bird, disturbed by the fight, started chirping far up on the side of the mountain. A small winter breeze rustled some dead leaves in the deep canyon. A cold, crawling chill crept over my body.

I looked over at the lion. My dogs were still glued to his lifeless body. In his dying convulsions the ax had become dislodged from the wound. It lay there in the moonlight, covered with blood.

I got to my feet and went over to my dogs. I knew I had to inspect them to see how badly they were hurt. It wasn't too hard to get Little Ann to loosen her hold. I examined her body. She was cut in several places, but nothing fatal. The only bad wound she had was in her shoulder. It was nine inches long and down to the clean, white bone. She started licking it immediately.

It was different with Old Dan. Try as I might, he wouldn't turn loose. I took hold of his hind legs and tried to pull him loose. It was no use. He knew that the hold he had was a deadly one, and he wasn't going to let go until the body turned cold and stiff.

With my ax handle, I pried apart his locked jaws. Holding onto his collar, I led him off to one side. I couldn't turn him loose, for I knew if I did he would go back to the lion.

With one hand I started examining him. I ran my fingers through the short, red hair. I could feel the quivering muscles and the hot, sweaty skin. He was a bloody mess. His long, velvety ears were shredded. His entire body was a mass of deep, raw, red wounds. His friendly old face was

continued on page 102

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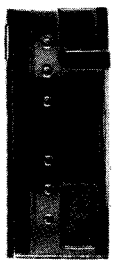

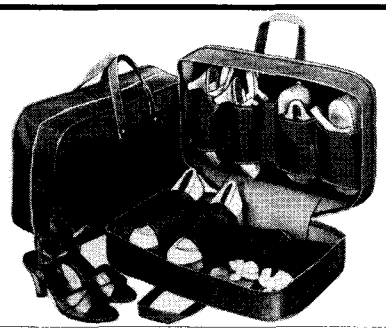

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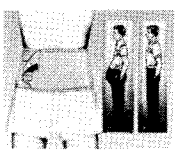

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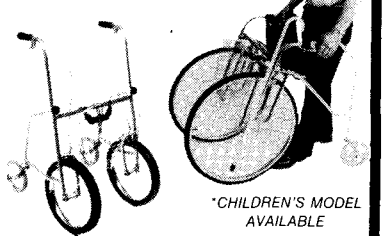

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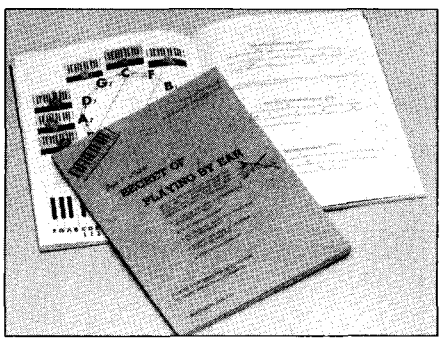

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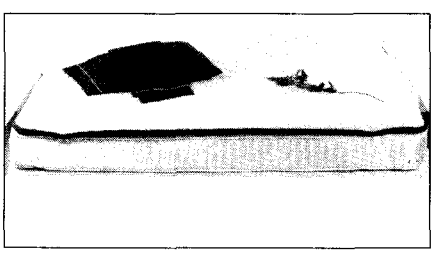

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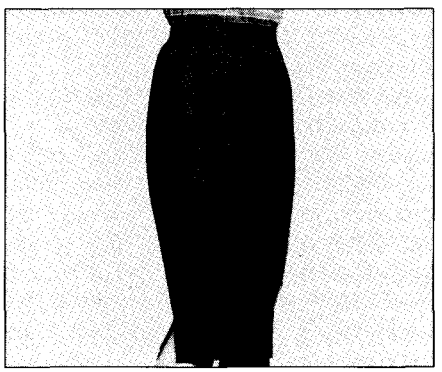

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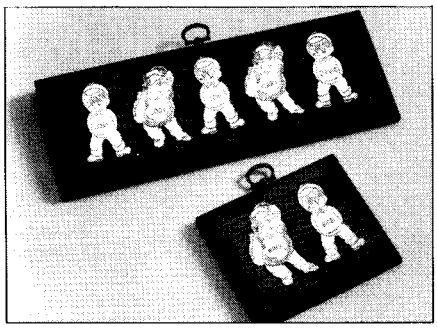

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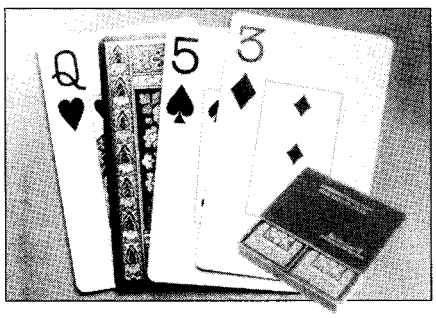

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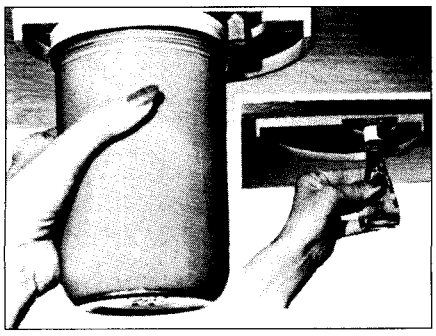

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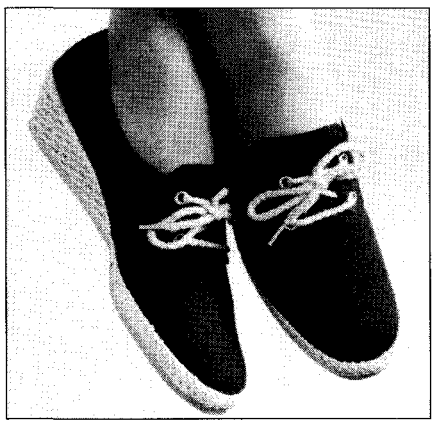

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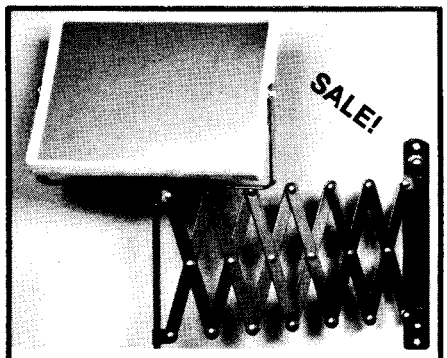

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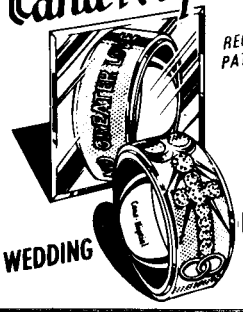

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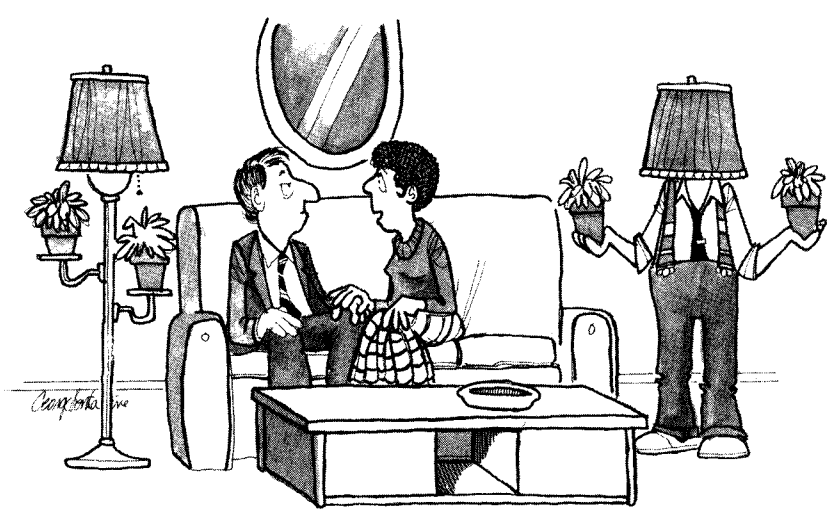

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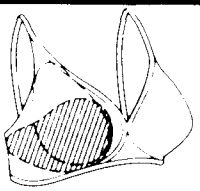

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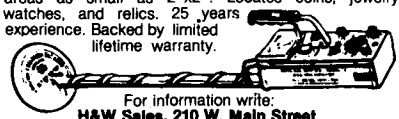

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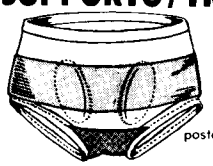

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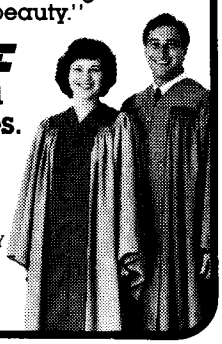

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Spaced Out

continued from page 57

(she didn't know it was the result of having dug out an elm-tree stump the day before) and said, "If you don't mind [an approach I highly recommend], I'd like to put up a couple of shelves in the kitchen."

"Great idea!" she responded, with an enthusiasm I misinterpreted completely. Otherwise I wouldn't have spent seven long evenings, to say nothing of blood, sweat, and assorted blisters, measuring, sawing, remeasuring, resawing, and installing two shelves that still came two inches short of filling the space between wall and cupboards.

What had kept my blood flowing, my sweat dripping, and my blisters accumulating was the happy thought of no more walking 50 feet through the rain to get the pipe wrench from the shed after using a wire coat hanger (from one of her coats) to unplug the sink. The shelves would also hold the plastic bucket I always put under the pipe connection after using the wrench. I would keep the drill there for drilling a hole in the floor under the sink should she get tired of mopping up after the bucket overflows.

On the shelves I would keep Brutus' Frisbee. . .and the little red lantern I bought at Morgan's auction that I haven't yet found a globe for. . .and the ball of binder twine I use to bind my *Time, Newsweek,* and *U.S. News & World Report* magazines.

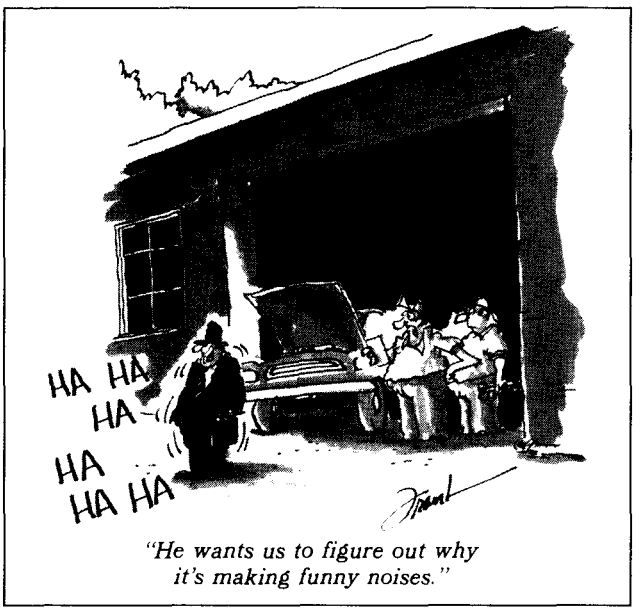
And it worked out just the way I'd planned—from Saturday afternoon clear through Monday. Tuesday night I came home to find my treasures blocking the door to the shed.

"How come my treasures from the shelves are blocking the door to the shed?" I demanded, leaving my coat on in case I had to drive back to Spencer for dinner.

"Because those awful things belong out there," she replied. "I left the stuff out because I thought you'd want to arrange it yourself. Kitchen shelves are for kitchen items."

Still in my coat—a wise decision—I went in to check the kitchen items now occupying the shelves. I found an electric can opener lying on its back ("It doesn't work any more standing up"), a cup rack designed to save space resting on a 14-inch ceramic plate, and a 12-cup coffee urn last used on Thanksgiving Day 1979. The rest of that shelf was taken up by pots of dangling ivy and the all-important canister set. One canister contained a single marshmallow, and another housed the manual for the sewing machine we gave to our daughter Shari three years ago.

Shelf No. 2, from what little I could see of shelf No. 2 through the ivy hanging from shelf No. 1, contained the miniature rake and shovel I had given her as a peace offering the time I watered the flowers in her rock garden with water left over from a concrete-patching job on the patio. (I remember we had quite a difference of opinion over whether cemented flowers were any worse than those plastic jobs she usually finds in the bottom of the boxes she gets for a 50¢ bid at auctions.) I also spotted the walkie-talkie set I gave her and gave up on because you-know-who talkied more than she walkied.



"He wants us to figure out why it's making funny noises."

Other kitchen items included three bottles of cat mange cure, a bottle of cat ear-mite medicine, a box of dry cat food, and three cans of cat food her finicky cat wouldn't touch when she lived here, which was three months ago.

"She could come back at any time," Lois explained, in answer to my raised eyebrow.

"So could Amelia Earhart," I pointed out. I ate dinner at the OV Restaurant in Spencer.

As mentioned, we have what is called a root cellar. It is called a root cellar because there a gardener is supposed to store his crop of roots—carrots, peanuts, rutabagas, onions, stuff like that—for the winter. If it were meant to be a place to store boxes of flea market coats that can't be squeezed into the closet, it would have been called a coat cellar, I keep pointing out. And my roots wouldn't have to be stored under the bed, where they begin to sprout two weeks later, I also mention.

Our yard is the last straw. And I do mean straw. Where other people have grass, we have a no man's land of mole tunnels, mole high-rises, and dog excavations made trying to dig them out. This is the law of nature. But where grass does somehow manage to grow, we immediately have rock gardens —well named, I might add. In other yards flowers relieve the monotony of these slag heaps. Not here. If it weren't for the ability of weeds to push up through the billiard-ball clay that passes for topsoil on our hilltop estate, all my dear wife's landscaping would come to naught.

Speaking of which: Six years ago the reforestation people of our Hoosier state advertised their baby pine seedlings for sale, not by a reasonable dozen, or even a halfway-sensible 25, but by a ridiculous 100. And guess who jumped on the offer to the tune of 200? Right.

To her astonishment, they survived. Today, those babies are 20 feet high and interlaced. They make it necessary for me to climb the fence and walk through Abrell's pasture to get from the house to the garden. Only an act of God will keep the limbs from entering our house in another two years. The roots have already strangled our kitchen drain. As for any chance of daylight coming through the living-room picture window that cost $166 to install, forget it. I might as well have painted the thing black in one swell foop.

I'd better not go on. It's not good for a man of my years to get worked up to the point that his pulse can be picked up on the Richter scale.

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NEW COVER-UPS FOR OLD FLOORS

The old put-downs—too much work, too much time, too much money—no longer apply to today's do-it-yourself kitchen flooring.

by Jack Hayes

One Saturday, not long ago, Marybeth Kidd of Atlanta, Georgia, took matters into her own hands. She had grown tired of living with pockmarked linoleum on her kitchen floor and impatient with her husband's excuses that installing a new floor would take "too much work, too much time, and too much money." So while her husband was away on an afternoon fishing trip, she drove to a do-it-yourself store, bought 100 pieces of tile, and got her daughter's boyfriend to stick them down. Her total outlay was $80—including the $10 installation tip. Job time, start to finish: only two hours.

"I'm sure I could have installed it myself," Marybeth says. For that matter, at a slightly higher cost—say $120—she could have bought no-wax sheet vinyl. Or throwing frugality to the wind, she could have spent $200 and topped her lowly linoleum with elegant-looking, prefinished wood parquet.

Today, you can install the newest solid-sheet vinyl directly over a badly scarred floor without presurfacing. Or starting after breakfast on a Saturday, you can lay a handsome oak parquet floor in time for dinner. Or like Mrs. Kidd, you can stick down 100 square feet of tile for about the price of a good pair of shoes.

Whether you feel up to redoing your own kitchen floor, or whether you'd rather have it done professionally, the old excuses—too much

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work, time, and money—just won't shine any longer. They're as faded and scarred as grandmother's ancient oilcloth. They need to be peeled up and thrown away, or maybe just covered up, like a lot of today's tired-looking kitchen floors.

Maybe your floor is one of them, says Stephen Bebis, the decorative-building-materials merchandiser at Home Depot, a national do-it-yourself retail chain. The kitchen gets traffic and dirt, probably more than any other room. The kitchen—a place for meals, card games, and family powwows—is a room where family members pot their plants, drop ice cubes, and housebreak their puppies. The kitchen floor must be tough—and it deserves to look good.

Do-it-yourself technology has become so refined that consumers have all but taken over the floor-tile market. Consequently, 98 to 99 percent of the vinyl tile sold at Home Depot comes with "peel and stick" backing, Bebis says. Even the 12"x12" prefinished wood-flooring squares come with self-adhesive backing. Vinyl-tile prices start at about 50¢ a square foot and go to $1.50. Wooden-tile prices range between $2.00 and $3.00 a foot.

Sheet flooring, once the exclusive domain of professional installers, is now an important do-it-yourself product. Sheet products today have enough "resilience" to withstand the severe bending and twisting that come with first-time kitchen jobs. Furthermore, the practice of "nonadhesive" installation, in which solid sheet vinyl is stapled or glued around the room's perimeter rather than bonded completely to the floor below, allows new floors to be put down directly over existing floors.

Not until the introduction of the Trim 'N Fit concept, however, could consumers forget their single biggest fear regarding sheet-flooring self-installation: making a mistake. With Trim 'N Fit, the do-it-yourselfer makes a paper template of the kitchen floor. The template is then traced onto the sheet vinyl. So error-free is the concept that its originator, Armstrong, offers a fail-safe guarantee to replace flooring ruined because of a cutting mistake. At a $9-a-yard (roughly $100 for a 9'x12' or 100-square-foot room) base price for no-wax sheet vinyl, it amounts to a considerable guarantee (the least expensive sheet vinyl retails on sale at nearly $3 a yard). For those who need professional assistance, the minimum installation charge for sheet vinyl is normally about $75.

Wood floors are the costliest to install professionally. For our 100-square-foot example, prices start at about $100 for simple parquet-like tiles, move to about $125 for 3/8-inch laminated tile products, and reach as high as $175 for solid 3/4-inch strip flooring. A typical laminated wood floor will cost an additional $4 a square foot for the material. A solid-oak strip floor will cost more than $6 a square foot for material alone.

A good professional installer will first examine the existing floor and perhaps recommend that it be either boarded or sanded to better accept the vinyl tile or sheet vinyl if the floor is to be cemented rather than "perimeter" fastened. "Boarding" amounts to laying down tempered hardboard or 3/8-inch plywood to create the smooth subsurface necessary for "total" adhesive installations. Using our 9'x12' or approximate 100-square-foot format, a boarding job will cost between $250 and $300 including materials, depending on whether hardboard or plywood is used. Sanding is *not* recommended for smooth existing floors, because the older vinyl products often include asbestos as a composite in the face of the backing.

Ceramic tile, from marble to Mexican clay, is becoming a popular kitchen-flooring material.

The process requires first cementing the tile with a concrete type of adhesive. To make the job easier, let the adhesive set overnight and then do the grouting the next day. Quarry tile, which costs about 75¢ a square foot, is the least expensive way to go. The combination of grout and cement costs another $15 and brings the price of a 9'x12' ceramic kitchen to about $90 at the minimum. ✖

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Easy-to-install linoleum with a fail-safe, do-it-yourself guarantee (left) is a shining example of the revolution underfoot in kitchen flooring.

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Ecuador
A Peak Experience

The jungle, the mountains, and the ocean. . .these are the three kingdoms of Ecuador.

by Paul SerVaas

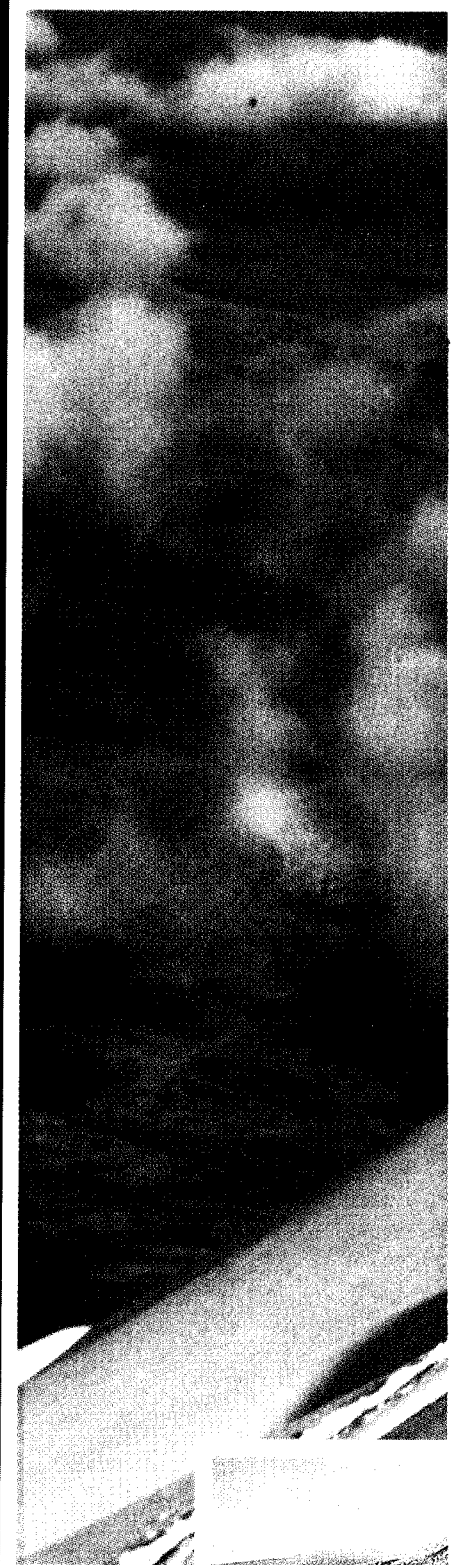
What a great country! Fly due south of Miami for four hours, and you won't believe your eyes: You will have arrived in Ecuador.

From history I learned that the conquistadors also found it worthwhile to visit this beautiful land. But I had an idea they only wanted the gold. Well, I was wrong. The Colonial-Spanish wanted to stay in Ecuador so bad they were willing to pay anything to Imperial-Madrid to do so.

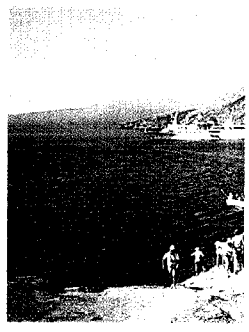
First and foremost about Ecuador is that it has all its seasons at once. If you want to change from tropical beach to snow-capped mountain, no problem. Ecuador has both—within hiking distance of each other. Whether traveling by rail, bus, car, or on foot, travel in this exquisite land is best done, not with an eye on mile or month, but on the elevation; all boy scouts should be sent there to learn contour-map reading. I seriously recommend bringing a climber's portable altimeter. (If it's 9,000 feet out, it must be spring.)

One place where it is definitely winter is the "Refuge." It lies three-quarters of the way up the side of the Cotopaxi volcano. The Refuge is 15,800 feet up and you drive there. Yes, your car will still work at that height. But *you* won't, unless you acclimate first. The park police give Breathalyzer tests to errant drivers. Those who still have enough breath left to fill the bag, pass.

The Refuge, an A-frame with all



(Left) Descendants of the Incas still farm their ancestral lands. Try to visit these villages during market day.



(Right) Prepare yourself at a window seat as the express pulls past some of South America's highest mountains. (Far right) Sleep-aboard yachts ferry voyagers between the Galápagos Islands.

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the amenities of an army barracks, is located higher than any Alp. Actually, if you don't count Alaska, that hut is higher than anything we have in the States. To stay there takes 72¢ and a willingness to put up with mountain climbers. One German group recently carried skis to the top (19,350 feet) and skied back down.

Après-ski activities are found nearby at the La Ciénaga Estate. After 300 years as a working estate, it is now open to the public as a hotel. You'll be staying in someone's house—only this house has a bar, a restaurant, gardens, a lake, stables, a store, and even its own Catholic church. The landscaping, the architecture, and the surrounding panorama there are stunning. Then there's the equatorial sunlight. Its magical quality can make a great photographer out of the rankest amateur.

You likely will begin your Ecuadorian experience in the capital city, Quito. Nine thousand feet up and home to a million people, Quito is as prosperous as its skyscrapers indicate. (And for these, Ecuador can thank its chief export, oil.)

From Quito, a traveler has three choices. He can stay in the central highlands, or Volcano Alley, as it's called. He can go south or west, down toward the coast. Or he can

(Above) From these mounts at night, you see cities far below, a hundred miles apart, glowing.

Cuenca (left) is named after a Spanish town. This church at La Ciénaga (above) is next to the estate mansion.

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go down and east, into the jungle headwaters of the Amazon.

The coast boasts the great port city of Guayaquil and several beach resorts, including good ones at Salinas and Esmeraldas. From Guayaquil, the more adventurous may fly to the Galápagos Islands, where prehistoric animals still thrive. Nothing is prehistoric about the sleep-aboard yachts for hire at these islands—they are most modern. Darwin visited these islands in 1835, and the world has not been the same since.

On the opposite end of Volcano Alley from Quito, lies Cuenca, the loveliest town in all Ecuador. Four rivers flow through the cup-shaped basin holding the city. These rivers create verdant banks that contrast wonderfully with the surrounding hills.

Perhaps the greatest charm of Cuenca is its outstanding architecture. Adobe houses with flower boxes and iron-scrolled balconies line the cobblestone streets. Markets full of Indians and their wares are set against spectacular, silvery-domed cathedrals. Cuenca is a must!

For the truly adventurous, there is the Amazon basin. Perhaps the best way to view it is by booking passage on the "Flotel Orellana," a riverboat hotel not unlike our old Mississippi steamers. The river this boat plies is not the Amazon but a tributary, the Rio Napo. The boat, which leaves Coca every Friday and Monday, is staffed with naturalists to answer your questions. Jungles, even at the equator, are surprisingly dark so bring plenty of high-speed film. You'll want it for the 400 species of exotic birds you'll find living there.

Sadly, much of the Expreso Metropolitan train line is currently under repair. The ride between Quito and Guayaquil is one of the world's highest and most breath-taking. The train is presently operating only between Quito and Riobamba. This ride will still take you past Ecuador's highest mountains. Until the tracks are repaired, however, the only way to witness the change in plant life as you plunge from mountain to coast is to drive, or to be driven. Be driven.

Ecuador is the cheapest South American country to travel in. So splurge, especially at the dinner table. If you don't have a taste for seafood, develop one. If you're already a seafood lover, ignore this article. Just go!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH PENGUINS

When the largest pack of penguins ever to come to the Midwest arrived at Sea World of Ohio last spring, they received a rather chilly welcome—exactly what penguins like, said Stan Searles, the marine-life park's vice president and general curator. The 110 black-and-white birds, which hail from such inhospitable spots as the South Orkneys, the Falklands, and Antarctica, were made to feel at home in a huge, refrigerated habitat where it "snows" 5,000 pounds of icy substrate every morning and where the thermostat is set permanently in the 20s. These conditions are balmy by penguin standards, for in their natural state the birds must endure temperatures as low as -80° F. and winds of 120 mph.

"We keep the air temperature at 28 degrees and don't let it go above 32," Searles said over the din from a crowd of penguin watchers. The birds can tolerate temperatures in the 40s, but they may become overheated if they are too active.

Searles is a godfather to many of the birds. He and other specialists went far afield to collect them as eggs from nests on a blustery island off the coast of Chile. The birds were hatched and raised in San Diego and then delivered to Sea World of Ohio at Aurora, to inhabit the second largest penguin aviary in North America.

Searles has carefully monitored the penguins' progress. Their environment is so very delicate, he said, that even the water in their pool (where the birds spend much of their time) must be filtered every 26 minutes and special lighting used to simulate the Antarctic seasons. Proper lighting will lead to mating, and Searles said the prospects for future penguin progeny in Ohio are favorable.

While the birds are busy learning about love in a cold climate, the park people have been concentrating on penguin publicity. There are penguin T-shirts, stuffed penguin toys, and roving penguin "people" eager to shake flippers with guests.

Last spring, Cleveland Ballet dancers dressed in penguin costumes performed a chilly dance routine with Sea World's killer whales, while the audience shivered in unseasonably cold weather—all in the interests of a higher penguin public profile.

The penguins are privileged animals, Searles said. Unlike Sea World's other creatures—the trained

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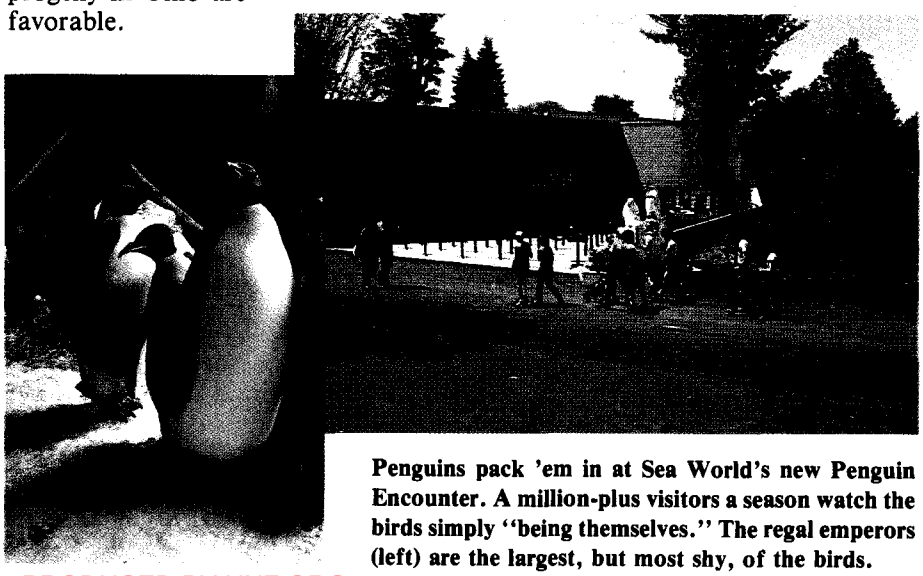

Penguins pack 'em in at Sea World's new Penguin Encounter. A million-plus visitors a season watch the birds simply "being themselves." The regal emperors (left) are the largest, but most shy, of the birds.

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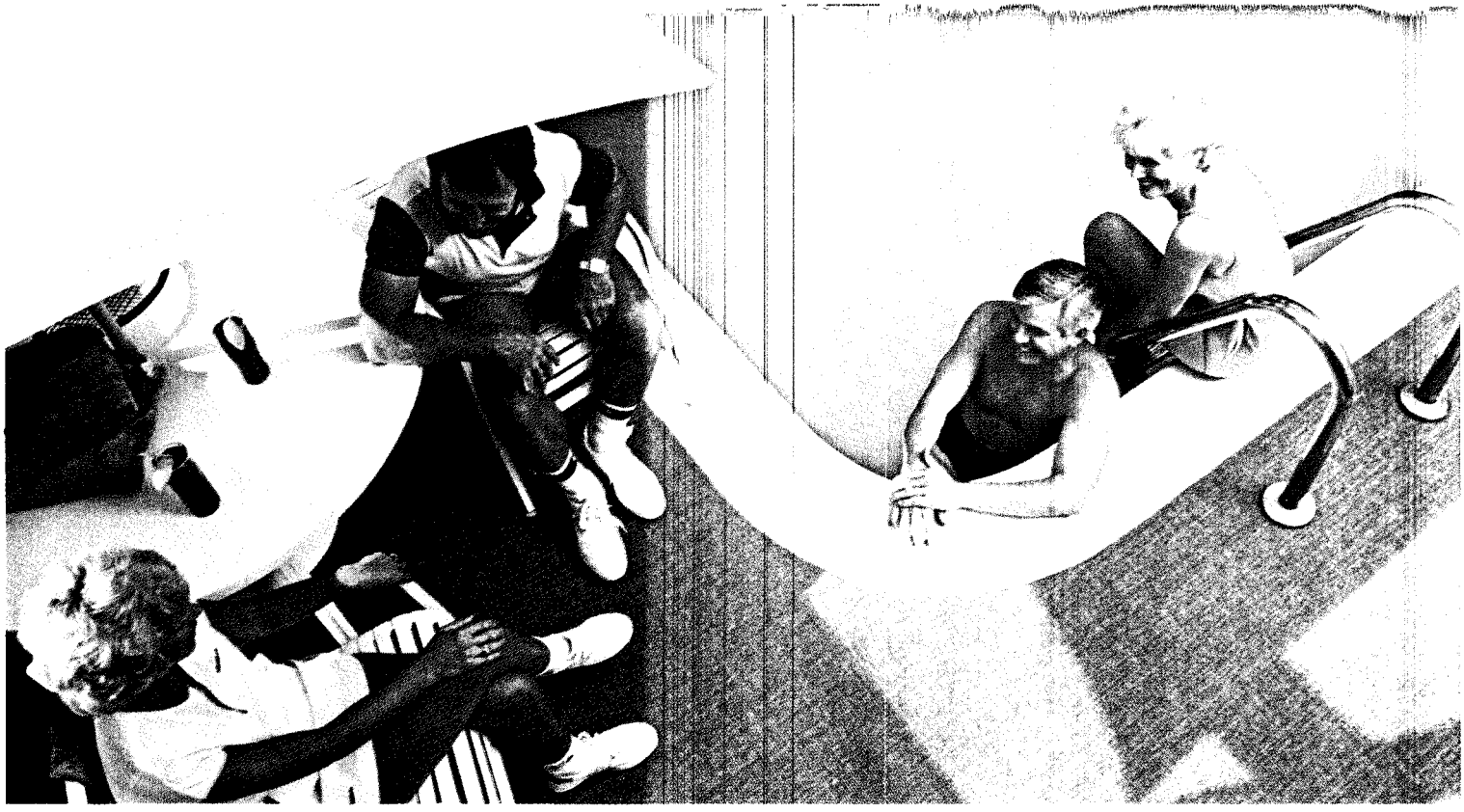

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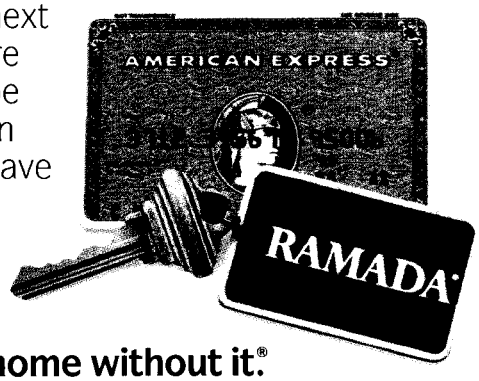

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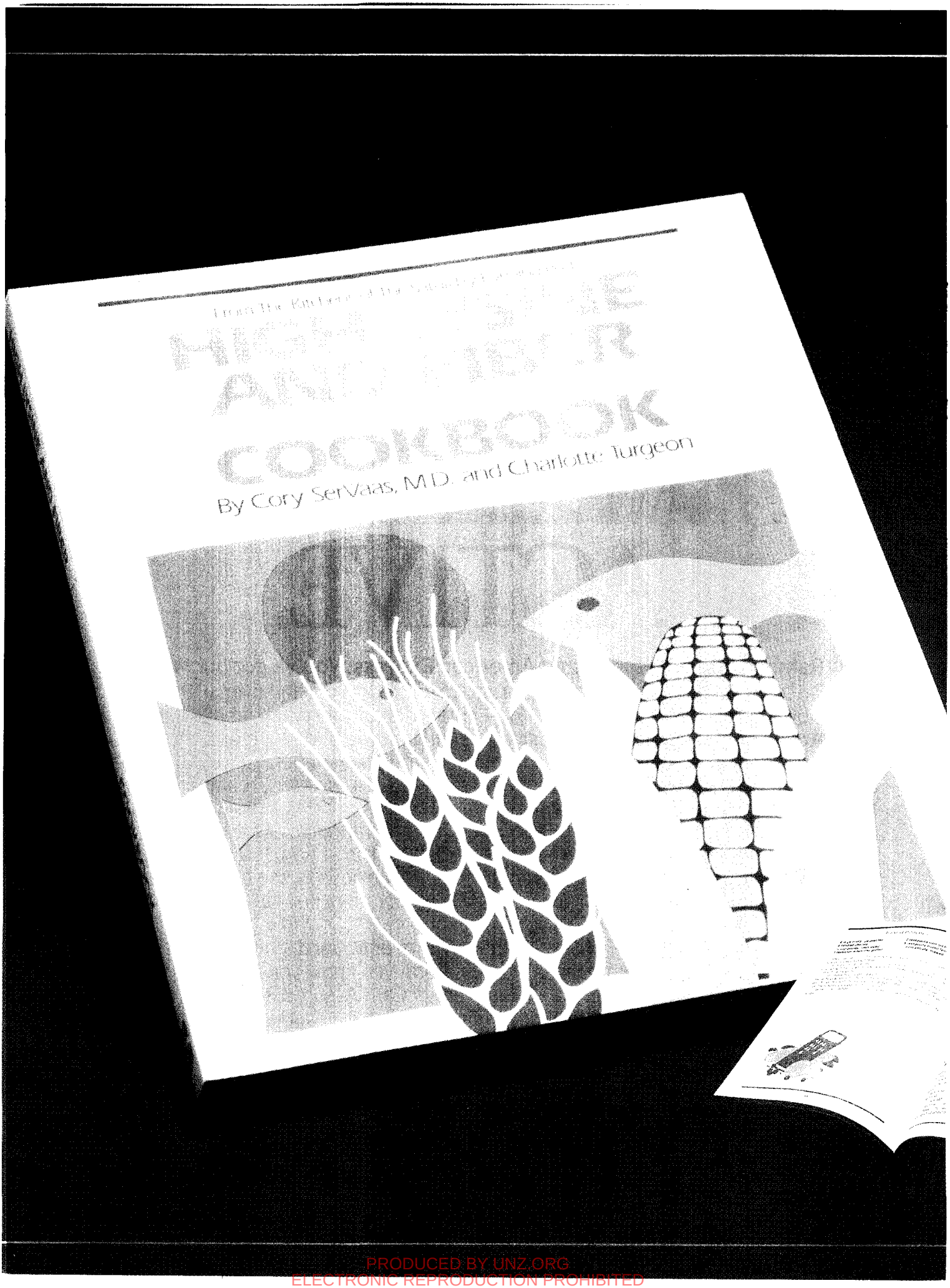

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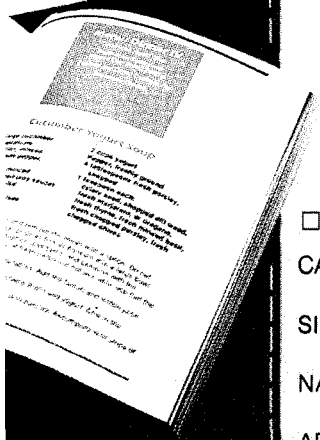

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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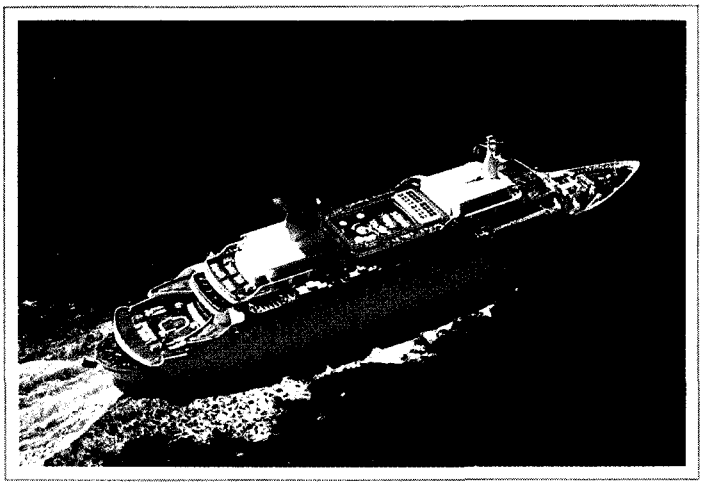
SHIPSHAPE RECIPES FROM "THE LOVE BOAT"

For those who went overboard on winter fare, the slender crew of TV's "Love Boat" offer recipes and tips for summer shape-up.

by Patrick Perry

It happens every spring. We leave the sleepy winter months behind, only to peek down and discover a visible reminder of our long seclusion—the winter waist.

In search of "slim" suggestions, we booked passage aboard the *Love Boat* to ask the amiable crew members how they manage to shed unwelcome weight and stay so shipshape. Members of the health-conscious cast were happy to offer their favorite low-calorie recipes and exercise tips to help us landlubbers trim down and tone up for summer.



Staffed by a weight-conscious crew, the ship sails off on its weekly cruise along the channels of ABC's television network.

Bernie Kopell

"My wife, Yolanda, and I really enjoy cooking and entertaining," says Bernie Kopell, the *Love Boat*'s shipboard doctor. For him, the benefits of a healthful diet aren't just a line. Dinner guests at the Kopell household always leave a little wiser. "I actually use the occasion to educate people on the importance of nutrition, by serving them healthy, absolutely delicious meals," Kopell says. Often, the menu includes beans. "Beans were the food of the past and are the food of the future," he says. "They contain virtually no fat, are high in fiber, and offer tremendous side benefits to our bodies." Along with his nutritious diet, he faithfully works out with weights and hits the tennis court as often as his busy schedule will permit. Kopell's nutritional conviction is evident in the Bernie's Beans recipe.

Bernie's Beans

3 cups beans, any variety (i.e., pinto, kidney, lentil)
3 onions, minced
2 cups brown rice
1 package Hain Chili Mix
1 package (1 lb.) frozen corn
2 or 3 cloves garlic, minced

Soak beans in water overnight (unless using lentils). With fresh water just covering beans, bring to boil for 10 minutes. Empty water from first boil; refill pot until water is ½ inch above beans and reboil. Reduce heat; simmer, about 2 hours. If necessary, add ¼ to ½ cup additional water to prevent beans from burning or sticking to bottom of pot. Set water aside.

In large pot, sauté onions; add brown rice, beans, and 5 cups previously boiled water. Cover; cook 25 minutes. Add chili mix, corn, and minced garlic; cook additional 20 minutes.

Optional: Cut up vegetables (carrots, zucchini, broccoli, etc.). Place on bottom of casserole with bean mixture on top; heat and serve. Top off with yogurt (low fat), sunflower seeds, soy sauce to taste, and sesame oil.

Ted Lange

As Isaac Washington, the *Love Boat*'s good-natured bartender, Ted

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Lange hears his share of woes. As for a personal fitness program, there's no floundering for this star. "I rely on a daily morning fitness program, using Nautilus equipment," Lange says, "and complement the workout with aerobic training by running on a treadmill." The recipe, well-known in the Lange household, is called "Wednesday" because it was in the featured fare every Wednesday for supper. The vegetable dish, Ted's own recipe, has now begun popping up on Tuesday and Friday nights. When his children ask him, "What's for supper?" Lange says, "Wednesday!"

Wednesday

Sauté some mushrooms, garlic, onions (or scallions), and both a green and a red bell pepper in a little corn oil. Do not season *at all*. Serve over brown rice. (Asparagus or similar vegetable can be added to recipe, but Lange prefers it as is.)

Jill Whelan

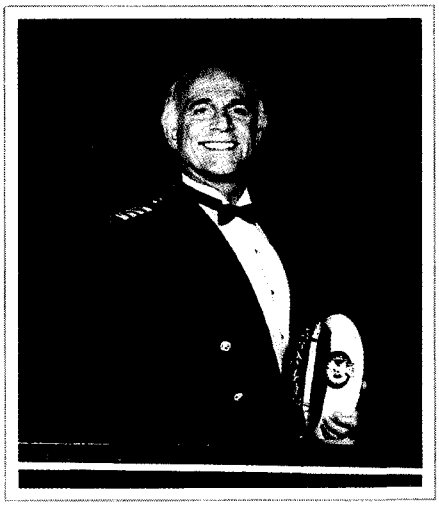
"I simply love to cook," says Whelan, who plays Captain Stubing's vivacious daughter, Vicki, on the series. "I spend a lot of time in my kitchen, creating something a little new and different." Fellow cast members unanimously agree that her vittles get top billing. Chicken and Broccoli Italiano is one of Whelan's delicious originals—lean chicken breasts on a bed of broccoli, topped with a spicy tomato-and-cheese sauce. The dish makes dieting easy.

Chicken and Broccoli Italiano

4 chicken breasts, skinned and sprinkled lightly with garlic and onion powder
2 packages frozen broccoli spears or large bunch fresh broccoli, steamed
1 can (21 oz.) tomato sauce with tomato bits
4 ounces thinly sliced mozzarella cheese (made with skim or low-fat milk, 1 oz. each)
2 tablespoons freshly grated Parmesan cheese (low in sodium)

If chicken has bones: Season chicken breasts, wrap tightly in foil, and bake 1¼ hours in 350° F. oven. Cool chicken 10-15 minutes and gently remove bones. Place cooked broccoli in baking dish and cover with chicken. Pour sauce over each portion, cover each with one mozzarella slice, and sprinkle with Parmesan; bake additional 20 minutes or until sauce is hot and cheese has melted. Serve immediately.

If chicken is boned: Season chicken breasts. Place cooked broccoli and chicken in baking dish, pour sauce on top, and bake 40 minutes in 350° F. oven. Add 1 mozzarella slice and sprinkle with Parmesan. Cook 20 additional minutes or until sauce is hot and cheese has melted. Serve immediately.



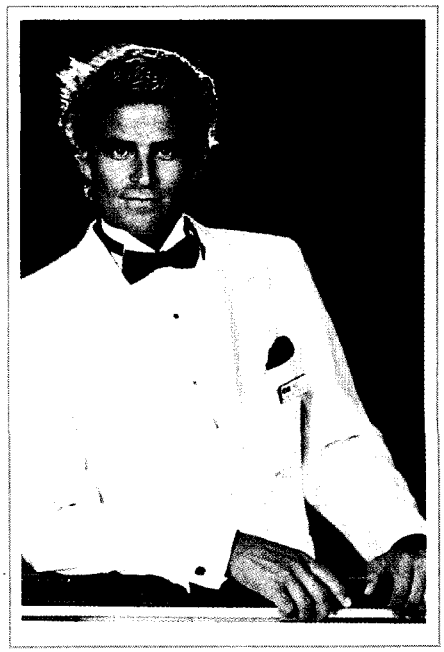
Gavin MacLeod

Captain Stubing is always in charge. Both on the screen and off, MacLeod believes in maintaining control, including keeping tabs on his weight. "Occasionally, I fast [sic] on distilled water and soup," the skipper says. "I wean myself off the fast by beginning with steamed vegetables and gradually working myself back into my regular diet." His regular diet leans toward fish and chicken instead of beef. Although he's a talented weekend cook in his own right, MacLeod's TV daughter slipped this flavorful Stuffed Fillet of Sole into his recipe book. Not only are these rolled, stuffed fillets low in calories, but they also make an elegant entrée for mealtime guests.

Stuffed Fillet of Sole

2 cups thinly sliced fresh mushrooms
1 onion, minced
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Half-cup water
8 sole fillets
White pepper
Paprika (optional)
Salt substitute, to taste
⅓ cup sherry
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
Paprika or parsley flakes for garnish

Cook mushrooms, onion, and parsley in water until soft. Sprinkle both sides of sole with white pepper, paprika, and salt substitute. Spoon cooked mixture equally onto each fillet. Fold one end of each fillet to form a roll and fasten with toothpicks. Place in baking dish, sprinkle sherry over each portion, and top with grated cheese. Use paprika or parsley flakes for garnish. Let fish sit 1 hour before baking to enhance flavor. Bake in 375° F. oven for 30 minutes.



Ted McGinley

Ted McGinley, a bachelor, could probably stay in shape by sidestepping the overzealous female fans who chase after him. The handsome young newcomer to the *Love Boat*

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portrays Ashley Covington Evans, alias Ace, the ship's photographer. Although McGinley would like to entertain more often, he says, "I don't have enough plates." Offscreen, he is a real "jock" who jogs six miles a day, works out on the Nautilus machines that fill the second bedroom in his apartment, and swims "whenever I can find the time." His chicken-and-rice medley, topped with Paul Newman's creative contribution, even tastes light, and it's a snap to prepare.

Single-Guy's Celebration

2 boneless chicken breasts, without skin
White-wine marinade
Lemon pepper
2 bunches broccoli
Newman's Own salad dressing
2 servings rice

Marinate chicken breasts briefly in white wine. Sprinkle lemon pepper over chicken, then grill. Steam broccoli for 4 minutes; pour salad dressing over top. Place chicken on rice. Top with margarine.

Penguins

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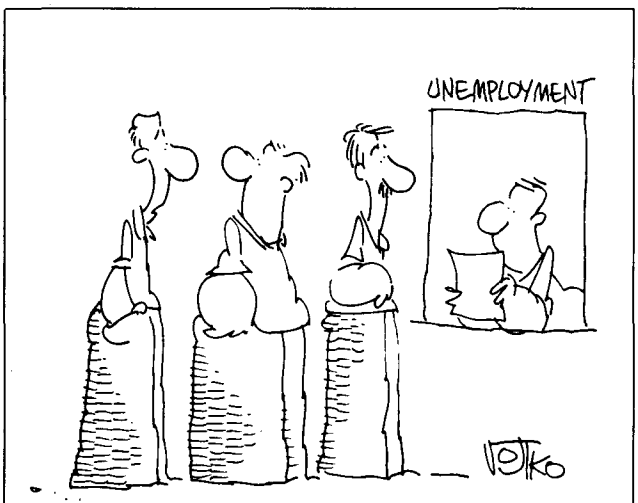
whales, the seals, the otters, and the porpoises—the birds don't have to "work" for their room and board. (Three meals of fish a day plus air conditioning run about $250,000 a year.) "They are so cute in their normal behavior we just leave them alone," he said. "There's really nothing we could train them to do."

Through sheer personal charisma, the penguins are pulling in the public. More than 1.3 million guests have ridden the people mover along the 60-foot picture window that looks into their icy home; one-fourth of the guests have come back for a second look. They see 6 of the 17 known penguin species, all from the Southern hemisphere—from aristocratic-looking but shy emperors that grow to 3½ feet and weigh nearly 90 pounds, to clownish macaroni and rockhopper penguins whose long, orange crests look like eyebrows grown wild.

The few humans allowed to enter the large refrigerator and to visit the birds in person find them docile, if not overly friendly. People signal "feeding time" to the hand-fed birds. They also mean "sport" to some of the more fun-loving penguins that have taken to riding on the attendants' heads as they clean the pool—all of which entertains the crowds outside.

But the birds are not there just for show. They are also the subjects of experimentation. Moving a room-size chunk of a polar region to a little town in Ohio may be like bringing the mountain to Muhammad, but Searles said, "It is the only way to ensure that penguins will not become extinct.



"You can ask your boss to stop bugging you, but never ask him to 'lay off'!"

It's difficult to study these birds in the Antarctic," he continued. "Half the year the weather is terrible, and the other half, the penguins are out to sea." Now, with the birds right under their noses, aviculturists hope to add to their meager knowledge of the world's most hardy and likable birds. Even penguin life spans remain a question mark. "Most scientists will tell you that emperors live to be in their 30s or 40s," Searles said, "but that may be short." Although it may take awhile, Sea World plans to find out.

For those who plan to visit the penguins, Searles has a suggestion. "The important thing is to spend some time in here," he said. "If you walk into the exhibit, get on the people mover, and then walk out; you'll enjoy it and learn some things. But if you spend 20 or 25 minutes watching and studying the birds, after a while you'll lose track of time."

However, don't miss the starting times for other new Sea World attractions, such as "The Great American High-Dive Team," with its "sizzling" human-torch divers. Those guys might not be around as long as the penguins, whom you can always come back and see again.

Medicare

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policies from commercial insurers.

A.A.R.P. members are eligible for four separate medigap plans with varying amounts of coverage and premiums ranging from $11 to $69 a month. Sold by Prudential insurance, the plans are highly rated by Consumers Union.

Should you opt for a medigap policy, a few precautions:

Look for a lifetime guarantee of renewability—and not policies that can be dropped at the company's option.

Group coverage may not be cheaper or better. Check it out.

One comprehensive policy suffices. And switching policies could leave a temporary gap in your coverage. Preexisting-condition clauses would have you wait as long as six months for coverage, even if you had no knowledge of the problem. Other policies may exclude preexisting conditions altogether. Such a provision, usually on a rider, requires your signature, so check carefully before you sign.

HMOs (health-maintenance organizations) offer another method of protection. Many people are signing up for one of these prepaid plans in lieu of supplemental insurance. These plans cover much more but tend to be more expensive than comprehensive insurance policies. To join, a person under Medicare must be enrolled in parts A and B.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield has 77 HMOs with 2.5 million members in 40 states. Monthly fees average slightly more than $30. Kaiser Permanente, active in prepaid medicine for nearly 50 years, now maintains HMOs in 15 states. They charge $29 to $45 a month. (A few HMOs in Florida and in California take Medicare enrollees free.)

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There are advantages to a good HMO besides cost savings: A group of general-practice physicians and specialists can render a second opinion on the spot; there's no searching for a "participating" doctor; offices, labs, diagnostic equipment, and patients' records are housed together; and patients, avoiding the red tape of claim forms, are reimbursed on the spot. A.A.R.P., which urges its members to consider HMOs, publishes a booklet about them entitled "More Health for Your Dollar."

Not that HMOs are without drawbacks. Among them, doctors on the staff or under contract may be unfamiliar with treating the elderly. The location may not be convenient. There may be long waits for routine appointments (but not for emergency treatment). Some customers have complained of great difficulty in enrolling or disenrolling.

Whatever the plan you choose for filling the Medicare gap, may it be years before you ever have to use it—if ever.

Cheese

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ed. Place dough in greased 2-quart bowl; turn dough to grease top. Cover with plastic wrap. Let rise in warm place 1-1½ hours or until almost double in bulk. Punch down dough. Grease 8"x12" microwave baking sheet and sprinkle with toasted wheat germ. Divide dough into 3 pieces and shape into ropes. Twist ropes of dough to form braid. Place on baking sheet and sprinkle with additional wheat germ. Cover with plastic wrap and let rise in warm place 1-1¼ hours or until almost double in bulk. Remove (Medium-50 percent) 9-10 minutes or until surface springs back when touched lightly; rotate dish once or twice.

Hiss Case

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end of his testimony, I asked Chambers, "Can you search your memory now to see what motive you can have for accusing Mr. Hiss of being a Communist at the present time?"

Chambers responded, "What motive I can have?"

I said, "Yes, is there any grudge you may have against Mr. Alger Hiss over anything he has done to you?"

Chambers replied, "The story has spread that in testifying against Mr. Hiss, I am working out some old grudge or motives of revenge or hatred. I do not hate Mr. Hiss. We were close friends, but we are caught in a tragedy of history. Mr. Hiss represents the concealed enemy against which we are all fighting and I am fighting. I have testified against him with remorse and pity, but in a moment of history in which this nation now stands, so help me God, I cannot do otherwise."

Chambers is dead. Alger Hiss still lives. But history will record that Chambers was on the right side—and all of us can help make sure he was also on the winning side.

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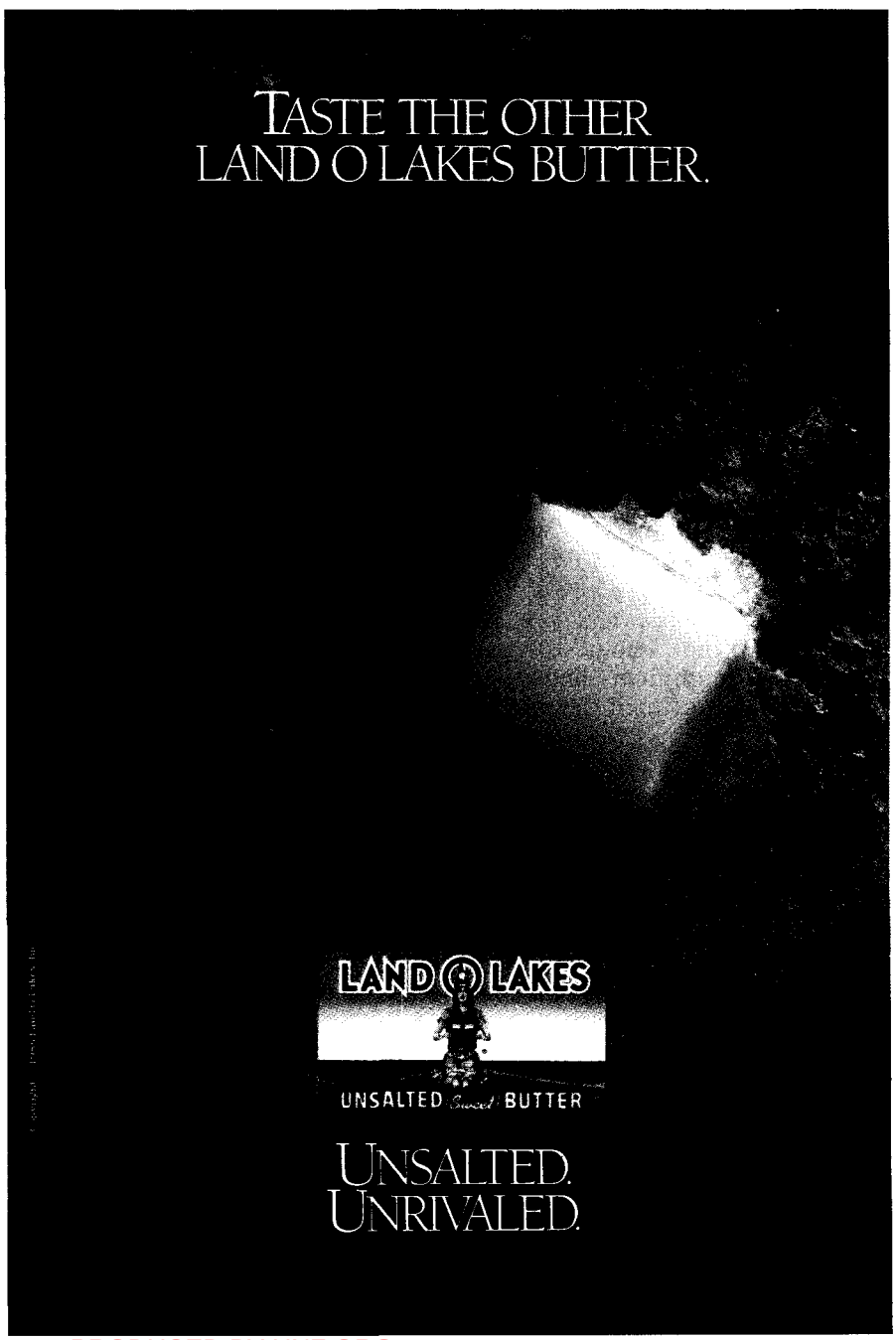

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Williams

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Angela Williams' Recipes

Chili

(Makes 10 1-cup servings)

1 pound dried pinto beans
6 cups water
½ stalk celery without leaves, diced
1 onion, finely diced
1 small carrot, finely diced
2 garlic buds, minced
½ cup vegetable or defatted chicken stock
4 tomatoes, diced
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
½ cup frozen corn
½ cup frozen lima beans
2 green Ortega chilies, seeded, rinsed, and finely chopped
2½ teaspoons crushed oregano (crush between palms)
2½ teaspoons cliff powder
2½ teaspoons cumin
2 cups (½ pound) mushrooms, sliced and quartered

Cook pinto beans in water, covered, for about 2 hours. Add water as necessary. Dice celery, onion, and carrot finely and cook, with garlic, in stock until tender. Add diced tomatoes and cook 15 minutes. Add the tomato sauce and cook additional 10 minutes. Add frozen vegetables, canned chilies, and seasonings, and cook 1 hour. Add beans and mushrooms and cook about 15 minutes or until the mushrooms are done.

One cup contains approximately 1½ complex-carbohydrate exchanges, ½ vegetable exchange, and 118 calories.

Variation: Add ground or chopped beef to chili (up to 3½ ounces per serving). Each ounce adds 1 protein exchange and 55 calories.

Pasta Salmon Salad

1 package whole-wheat pasta pasta
1 cup fresh or frozen peas
1 cup quartered artichokes, canned in water
½ cup sliced cucumber
½ cup diced medium red bell pepper
½ cup diced medium green bell pepper
½ cup sliced scallions
½ cup fresh dill or 1 teaspoon dried dill
1 cup blanched bite-size broccoli
1 can salmon fillet

Mix all ingredients.

Dressing

1 cup Pritikin Italian dressing
Juice of 3 lemons
½ cup white-wine vinegar
1 clove garlic

Note: Vegetables may be doubled; still use the same amount of fish.

English Pea Salad

1 large package frozen English peas
1 small onion, diced
1 stalk celery, diced (leaves and all)

"Nobody here made a hysterical call to the exterminator. Go home and mind your own business."

2 teaspoons Kraft salad dressing
Lettuce leaves

Cook, drain, and chill English peas. Mix all ingredients. Serve chilled over lettuce leaves.

Kathy O'Rourke

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seven-year-old crying because she's a "property," because she doesn't belong to herself, because she is loved by millions, and not actually loved by anyone?

Since the age of 3½, Kathy has lived the life of a kid eternally kept after school. The martinet of an aunt has always treated the kid like a diamond in the deposit vault. Aunt Harriet got her hands on a good investment and chained it to her. Hearing Kathy tell about life with auntie, I could hear the chains rattle.

The aunt was a frustrated actress. She hated her sister, Kathy's mother, because the child's mother, as you know, did have a fairly successful stage career. Also, she wouldn't let her elder sister meddle in her life. So, when the child's father and mother were killed in that train accident, the aunt grabbed the child. It was a sweet revenge. All this, naturally, I didn't get from Kathy. I got it, later that week, from Joanie, the script girl.

After that, Kathy was really alone. She was more alone than she'd ever been before. She had been given just enough love to know what it meant, and then had it taken away from her.

Kathy told me a lot that dark night in the car behind the grocery store. It would take a book, a bitter book, to do justice to it all. Auntie dictates to whom Kathy is to be nice, and in what quantities. So much attention for Mr. So-and-So. He's important. Be cute for this person; be distant, but polite, to that one.

"I don't like to kiss her," Kathy said, her tears coming back. "I don't like to kiss my aunt, Mr. Johnson. I don't like her."

You could see that she thought this was a mortal sin. Also falling in the category of sins was not learning her lines rapidly enough, not sticking to the letter of her schedule, and rebelling when expected to attend parties. That kid was really sinful, Irv.

I guess she summed it all up in one line that night. "Mr. Johnson," she said, "I guess there's just no place for me to be happy."

At that moment, Irv, I felt like shoving my fist through the windshield. I felt that way because it seemed so unbeatable. Where in the world could I find a lantern that would throw some light on a place where there would be happiness for this seven-year-old? But you know how we big people are—we also deal in fantasy now and again. What I said to her was fantastic:

"Don't you worry, honey," I said. "From now on, everything is going to be all right."

She straightened her back slightly and looked at me as though I could make it happen. All I had to do was think of a way that it could.

(continued next issue)

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Trillion Worlds

continued from page 40

swarm of gnats: comparatively few of the gnats are scattered or destroyed; the swarm continues almost undisturbed. (The star would drill a hole through the Oort Cloud about 1,000 Astronomical Units [AUs] across that would gradually be repaired.) And comets deep within the Oort Cloud are not ejected by stellar perturbations at all; residing closer to the Sun, they are more tightly bound to it by gravity, and cannot readily be shaken loose by a passing star, unless it comes very near the Sun.

In addition to nearby stars, today we also know that large clouds of interstellar molecules exist in our part of the galaxy, and the solar system should plow through a few of them every billion years. Each time this happens, there will be an additional gravitational stirring within the circumsolar cometary halo, and a further flurry of comets will be sent into the inner solar system. Oort deduced a vast reservoir of comets in deep freeze and mint condition. How vast? An 18th-century German astronomer, Johann Heinrich Lambert, argued that the space around the Sun was probably filled with as many comets as could be squeezed in without frequent collision, and from this deduced that there were "at least 500 millions of comets" in the solar system. With the present size of the Oort Cloud and with the present rate of gravitational perturbation from passing stars, astronomers deduce at least a trillion cometary nuclei. The number of comets in the Oort Cloud is thus larger than the number of stars in the Milky Way galaxy. However, this estimate is almost certainly too modest. A still larger number of comets seems likely. Recent evidence supports the idea that the Oort Cloud stretches from its periphery nearly 100,000 AUs from the Sun continuously inward, reaching almost to the orbit of Pluto.

Such comets are too far out for encounters with the planets to change their orbits, and too close in for the usual passing stars or interstellar clouds to perturb them. But once in a geological age, a star will come much closer to the Sun, actually passing within the boundaries of the Oort Cloud. If there is an inner Oort Cloud, a very close stellar encounter can produce a major disruption, scattering a billion comets at once, and showering the inner solar system with comets at a rate of about one an hour for a million years. If we allow for the inner Oort Cloud, we find that the total number of comets orbiting the Sun may be 100 trillion. This is roughly the same as the number of stars in a hundred thousand galaxies like ours. The comets constitute a small universe.

These numbers, even the mere trillion comets in the outer cloud, are so staggering that they invite disbelief. "The chief difficulty about this hypothesis," wrote a highly respected American astronomer known for his openness to new ideas, "is that it demands the existence of an enormous number of comets of large perihelion distance." Well, exactly.

What is the scale of the classical Oort Cloud? One hundred thousand AUs is a little less than two light-years, roughly halfway between the Sun and the nearest star. If we were standing on the comet, we would be so far from the Sun that we would see it as it was almost two years ago. The typical period for a comet in the Oort Cloud to circle the Sun is a few million years. Since the age of the solar system is about 4.6 billion years, a typical such comet has made a thousand revolutions of the Sun. A year

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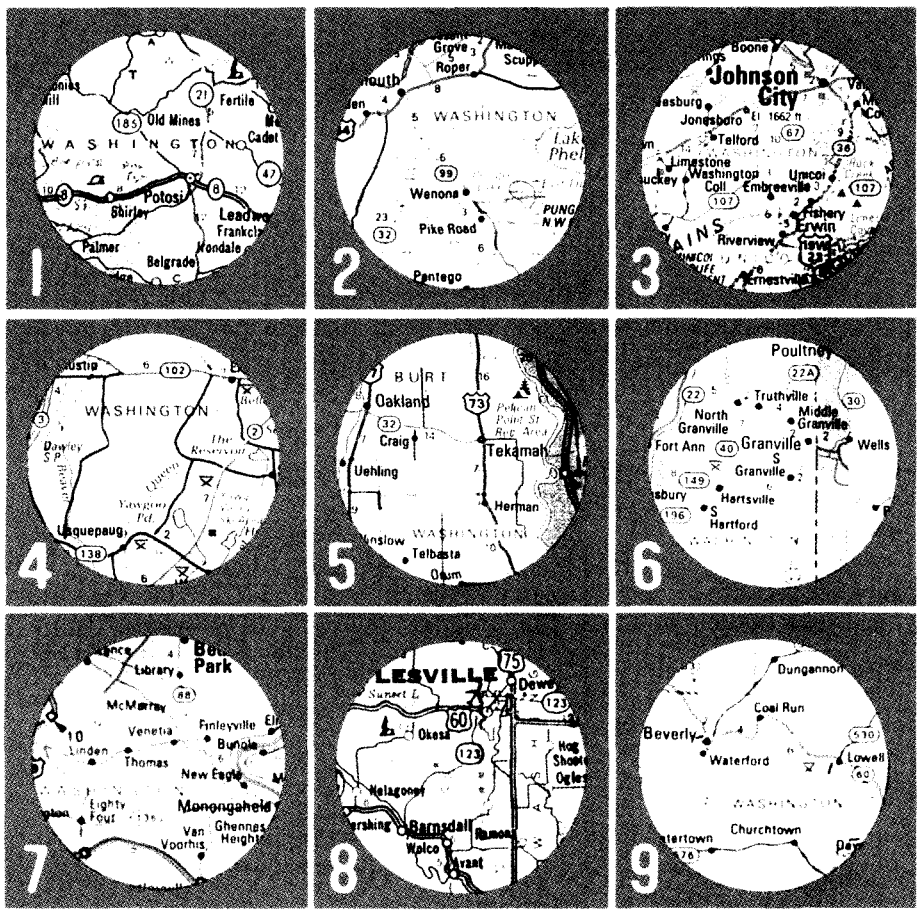

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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west, or central in the designated locale. Or this month, find the connection all nine spots have with our first president.

(Answers on page 110)

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Free time is something you'll have plenty of at a Continuing Care Retirement Community. Time to do the things you've never had time for before you retired. In Covenant Villages meals are served daily in comfortable dining rooms. The evening meal is included in the monthly fee so the need to prepare all your own meals and shop for them is ended. Housekeeping and maintenance chores are also eliminated, freeing up a great deal of time for you to use as you want . . . for golf, fishing or even extended travel and sightseeing or visiting loved ones.

Because health care is available whenever you need it.

Emergency care and continuing care are, for many, the major reasons for selecting a Continuing Care Retirement Community when they retire. At Covenant Villages emergency devices are placed in each apartment so that help can be summoned immediately in the event of sudden illness or accident. In addition, many other safeguards have been instituted to assure each resident of fast response to any emergency. Our program of "Continuing Health Care" means that health and nursing care are available when you need it.

They're not just for the elderly, anymore.

The time to think about living in a Continuing Care Retirement Community is now, while you still have your health. Many Continuing Care Retirement Communities can not admit you if you're not able to care for yourself.

It can bring you new friends and end loneliness.

At a Covenant Village Continuing Care Retirement Community you share your retirement with others who have your interests, faith and heritage in a beautiful environment of meaningful Christian Fellowship. Numerous activities are planned throughout the day offering opportunities for passing pleasurable hours and meeting new friends.

It offers new freedom if you don't drive.

At Covenant Villages, shopping is never a problem for those who can't drive or no longer own their own cars. Scheduled trips in our own buses or private cars are available to take you to banks, doctors, dentists, churches, community events, department stores, supermarkets or any one of a dozen different destinations.

It will be your home.

When you retire to a Continuing Care Retirement Community you live privately in your own apartment, with a strong sense of security at all times, surrounded with your own furnishings, your own favorite possessions, without the burdensome problems of maintenance and housekeeping chores.

Covenant Villages — Nearly 100 years of experience stands behind them.

In 1886 the Evangelical Covenant Church opened its first caring community in Chicago. Today nearly 100 years later, Covenant Village Continuing Care Retirement Communities have spread throughout the United States and have grown to include 12 completely self-contained communities serving over 3,000 retirees with Christian fellowship and care. Not-for-profit Covenant Villages are located in or near Chicago, IL, Ft. Lauderdale, FL, Hartford, CT, Minneapolis, MN, Seattle, WA, Turlock, San Diego and Santa Barbara, CA and are owned and operated by the Board of Benevolence of the Evangelical Covenant Church. Call us collect to talk about your retirement plans or mail the coupon for information on the area of your choice.

"It's a beautiful way to retire."

Covenant Retirement Communities are owned and operated by the Board of Benevolence of The Evangelical Covenant Church.

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100 YEARS

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOMES FOR THE AGING, WASH., DC

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on the comet is a million times longer than a year on the Earth, and there the words of the Psalmist are literally correct: "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night" (365 days/year x 1,000 years = 365,000:1, crudely 1,000,000:1).

With a trillion or more comets in the Oort Cloud, you might think that comets are closer together there than anywhere else in the solar system—perhaps huddling together, far from the Sun, like one of Doré's illustrations of the souls of the dead. But th number of comets is more than ba anced by the immensity of the spac they occupy, and the typical distanc from one comet to another out there about 20 AUs, roughly the same as th distance from the Earth to the plane Uranus. The greatest concentration c comets in the solar system happens, seems, to be in the very innermos parts, where by lucky chance we hap pen to live. The three or four long period comets that each year are pass ing through together with all the short period comets constitute, so far as w know, the greatest density of comet anywhere between here and the neares star system, Alpha Centauri.

The *Voyager 2* spacecraft wa launched in 1977 on an unusual high energy trajectory so that it woulc reach the planet Uranus in 1986 anc Neptune in 1989. If our presen spacecraft could get out to the Oort Cloud, it would take us a decade or more to fly from comet to comet. But we cannot soon get to the Oort Cloud. The *Voyager* spacecraft—the fastest ever launched by the human species—took nine years to go from Earth to Uranus; it will take them 10,000 years to reach the main comet repository. The comets themselves take a few million years to fall from the solar-system frontiers to the vicinity of the Earth. The Oort Cloud is very far away.

Altogether, how much do a trillion comets weigh? If every one of them is about a kilometer across, then the total mass of all the comets in the outer Oort Cloud is about the same as the present mass of the Earth. Put another way, if you took the Earth and divided it up into little kilometer-sized chunks, you would have in numbers and size (but not in composition) some approximation of the current population of the outer Oort Cloud. If, as seems likely, the typical comet is a little bigger, or if you include the inner Oort Cloud, then the total mass of the cloud will be considerably more.

A typical comet in the Oort Cloud has existed for billions of years at a temperature only a few degrees above absolute zero. There are no collisions, no heating of the comet, no outgassing. It is very quiet in the Oort Cloud. There is a flux of galactic cosmic rays that slowly intrudes in-

continued on following page

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by April 15, 1986. *Editor's note:* We jumped the gun in our March issue, skipping the winner of our November 1985 Picture Contest. Here it is. Sorry about that.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Kathy Moore, Chesapeake, Virginia, for the winning entry in our November 1985 caption contest.

My master was sick with the flu.
The doctor knew just what to do.
With needle held high,
He looked in my eye
And decided an aspirin would do.

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to the top meter or two of the comet. Each cosmic ray leaves a trail of broken chemical bonds behind it. As the fragments slowly reassemble themselves in the frigid and solid surface, new molecules are generated. If there is initial methane or carbon-monoxide ice, the net result over the age of the solar system will be the generation of a considerable abundance of complex organic molecules, but only in the outer shell of the comet. If you took a very slow stop-motion film of the cometary surface (one frame every million years, say), the ices would gradually become darker and redder due to the complex organic molecules being synthesized. Suppose the comet is then nudged into the inner solar system. During a single perihelion passage, all of the processed ices would be vaporized to space—the work of a billion years undone in a month. The underlying ices revealed after the blowoff of the top meter will be close to their pristine form—pure white ice, if that is how the comet formed—or with a reddish primordial taint from the organic molecules of the interstellar medium that went into the comet in the first place. In any case, under the thin surface layer worked by cosmic rays is material virtually untouched since the beginning of the solar system.

Why is the outer boundary of the Oort Cloud a hundred thousand astronomical units away? Does the population of comets in the Oort Cloud fall off slowly thereafter, perhaps bumping into the Oort Cloud of some other star? We might imagine the two cometary halos interdigitating, interpenetrating—the individual comets mingling, but widely separated—while remaining loyal to the stars around which they were born. Eventually, they pass on. But we now know that the Oort Cloud cannot extend very far beyond a hundred thousand AUs. A Soviet astrophysicist, G.A. Chebotarev, has shown that the massive center of the Milky Way galaxy, 30,000 light-years from the Earth and Sun, is adequate to loosen the feeble gravitational grip of the Sun on any comet more distant than about 200,000 AUs. A small part of the mass of the center of the galaxy is probably provided by a black hole that resides there. Without the black hole, the Oort Cloud would be slightly bigger.

Thus the Oort Cloud connects familiar events in this backwater of the inner solar system not only with the nearby stars but also with the center of the galaxy, so far away that, through the telescope, we see it as it was 30,000 years ago. The comets that rush into our part of the solar system are from a skittish population made excitable by the passage of stars and nebulae. If the solar system were isolated from the rest of the galaxy, we would never know that comets exist—because then the passing stars and interstellar clouds would be unavailable to shake the Oort Cloud occasionally and send some comets fluttering into the inner solar system.

"It's a suspenseful drama about a tycoon's relentless effort to get his novel published, ending with his buy-out of the publishing company and his firing of the editor."

And the number of comets that arrive down here (as well as the external boundaries of the Oort Cloud from which they come) may be determined in small measure by a black hole at the galactic center—an object undreamed of only a few decades ago. The comets are unexpectedly and profoundly connected with the Milky Way, a conclusion appropriate enough for Jan Oort, who perhaps more than any other person in the 20th century has revolutionized our knowledge of the galaxy.

The scope of Oort's idea is remarkable. To account for the handful of new comets that appear in our skies each year, a vast mind-numbing multitude of invisible comets living far beyond the orbit of Pluto is postulated. The idea explains what we know about comets in an elegant way that no other theory even approaches. The trillions of comets are now widely accepted by astronomers all over the world and called, properly, the Oort Cloud. Many scientific papers are written each year about the Oort Cloud, its properties, its origin, its evolution. Yet there is not yet a shred of direct observational evidence for its existence. We are not yet able to poke around in the Oort Cloud. No spacecraft has voyaged to count the comets there. It will be awhile before any do. There is one recent measurement that might conceivably be relevant, the discovery of distant wispy aggregations of matter by the *Infrared Astronomy Satellite*; the contention that this is the structure of the Oort Cloud is, however, wildly controversial.

But with the refinement of our scientific instruments, and the development of space missions to go far beyond Pluto, our chances of observing Oort Cloud comets will improve. There will be some day in the future of our species—provided we are not so foolish as to destroy ourselves first—when we will directly measure the population of the Oort Cloud, designate and characterize each of the large comets there, plot their orbits into the future, and perhaps make plans for their utilization. We do not know how long it will be until some representation of the Oort Cloud will be accumulated from real data. We wish the astronomers of that distant epoch well, and in our mind's eye share with them the joy that they will surely take in those great discoveries to come.

• • •

Editor's Note: In last month's issue, we published the chapter "A Mote of Dust" from *Comet*, by Carl Sagan and Ann Druyan. In the editing, several paragraphs were omitted and are printed here at the request of the authors.

• • •

Comets may act as the creators, the preservers, and the destroyers of life

continued on following page

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"High Blood Pressure Lowered Naturally"

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Do you know the possible side effects of prescription drugs like these? Read this article for the answers.

(Atlanta, GA) —

FC&A, a nearby Peachtree City, Georgia publisher, announced today the release of a new $3.99 research report for the general public, ***High Blood Pressure Lowered Naturally!***

It reveals a startling new discovery at a world famous medical center: the reversal of high blood pressure without prescription drugs! A discovery unknown to most people.

What Your Doctor Doesn't Tell You

A recent U.S. government survey revealed that most doctors don't tell their patients about the possible side effects of drugs they prescribe. Tell your doctor if you have any possible side effects given in this research report for high blood pressure drugs.

The Good Effects of Lowering High Blood Pressure

You or those you love may take prescription drugs to lower blood pressure, relieve pain, reduce fluid build up, regulate heartbeat or prevent strokes and heart attacks.

Dangerous Side Effects Of High Blood Pressure Drugs

Unfortunately, high blood pressure drugs can cause miserable side effects like headaches, poor appetite, upset stomach, dry mouth, diarrhea, stuffy nose, dizziness, tingling or numbness in the hands or feet.

Now Blood Pressure Can Be Lowered Without Drugs

Recently, a university study has proven that most cases of high blood pressure can be lowered without drugs. 85.3% of patients with high blood pressure were able to quit taking drugs.

Amazingly, their blood pressure remained lower than when they were on drugs. Cholesterol levels also dropped 26%. The doctor in charge said of this program, "You lose your tiredness. You feel much more active. You have a general feeling of well being."

How Did They Do It?

How did the hundreds of people in this study free themselves from the miserable side effects of drugs — drugs they thought they would have to take for the rest of their lives? Why are medical doctors saying that the findings are "very exciting" and that many patients have "a new lease on life."

—These questions are all answered in a new research report, ***High Blood Pressure Lowered Naturally!***

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Facts about lowering blood pressure without drugs are listed in 10 easy-to-understand sections. You'll learn about the latest research in nutrition. How the presence or absence of 4 minerals and 4 other nutrients in your food and water can dramatically change your blood pressure. How poisons in the environment can make blood pressure skyrocket! How relaxation training can help. Why blood pressure medicine is overprescribed.

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on Earth. A surviving dinosaur might have reason to mistrust them, but humans might more appropriately consider the comets in a favorable light—as bringers of the stuff of life to Earth, as ocean-builders, as the agency that removed the competition and made possible the success of our mammalian ancestors, as possible future outposts of our species, and as providers of a timely reminder about large explosions and the climate of the Earth.

A comet is also a visitor from the frigid interstellar night that constitutes by far the greatest part of the known universe. And a comet is, further, a great clock, ticking out decades or geological ages once each perihelion passage, reminding us of the beauty and harmony of the Newtonian universe, and of the daunting insignificance of our place in space and time. If, by chance, the period of a bright comet happens to be the same as a human lifetime, we invest it with a more personal significance. It reminds us of our mortality.

• • •

And why would anyone go to such lengths, when there are perfectly adequate means of communication at hand? Because, after the imminent arms race in anti-satellite weaponry gets going, communications satellites would be among the early casualties in a nuclear war. Meteor Burst Communications has been developed so that a nuclear war can be fought. The comets have been enlisted. For the first time since they were thought to be warnings sent by an angry God, comets have practical value. But they have not been singled out. The entire world-wide enterprise of human knowledge is being drawn upon for similar services, and something approaching half the scientists on Earth now work for the various national military establishments.

Hounds of Youth

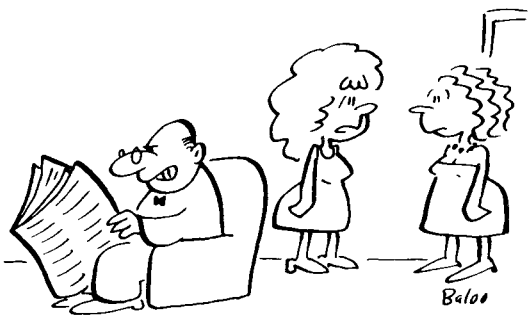
continued from page 73

pitiful to see. A razor-sharp claw had ripped down on an angle across his right eye.

What I saw was almost more than I could stand. Far back in the soft belly, the slashing, razor-sharp claws of the lion had cut deep. In my inspections I had overlooked the wound. The walking and trotting motion of his body had started a heavy flow of blood.

He whimpered as I laid my hand on his head. A warm, red tongue flicked out at it. With tears in my eyes I started talking to him. "Hang on, boy," I said. "Everything will be all right. I'll take care of you."

With trembling hands I packed the wound. Knowing that I couldn't carry him and the ax and lantern, I stuck the ax deep in the side of a white-oak tree. I blew out the lantern and hung the handle over the other blade. I wrapped my dog in my old sheepskin coat and hurried for home.



"Ralph was fine for a while there, and then 'Doonesbury' came back."

Arriving home, I awakened my mother and father. Together we doctored my dogs. Special care was given to Old Dan. The deep wound was sewed up and bandaged with a clean white cloth. We sat down and waited.

Our wait wasn't long. Slowly the heaving sides relaxed and the friendly gray eyes closed. My dog was gone. I picked him up, took him out on the porch, and laid him down. I went back inside and sat by the fireplace, lost in sorrow.

Long after my mother and father had retired I sat by the fire. The hurt was so deep. I couldn't think. It had engulfed my very soul. The crackling of the fire and the tick tock, tick tock, tick tock of the grandfather clock seemed to blend in with the deep sorrow. I got up to look again at the body of my dog. Stepping out on the porch, I saw a pitiful sight. Little Ann was snuggled up ever so close to the lifeless body of Old Dan. It was too much. I couldn't stand it. I wanted to run.

I ran down through the barn lot, on down into the fields, on and on to the riverbank. There in the gray shadows of a breaking dawn I cried the grief out of my heart.

From rough pine slabs I made a box for my dog. Upon the hillside, at the foot of a beautiful red-oak tree, I dug his grave. There, where the wild blue violets and the beautiful green ferns would grow in the spring, I laid him away.

I had a purpose in burying my dog up there on the hillside. It was a beautiful spot. From there one could see the country for miles—the long white crooked line of the river and the tall thick timber of the bottom, the sycamore, birch, and box elder. I thought, perhaps, that on moonlit nights Old Dan would be able to hear the deep voices of the hounds as they rolled out of the river bottom on the frosty air.

After the last shovel of dirt was patted in place, I sat down and let my mind drift back through the years. I thought of the old can I used for a bank, and the first time I saw my pups in the box at the depot. I thought of the $50, the nickels and dimes, and the fishermen and blackberry patches.

I looked at his grave and, with tears in my eyes, I voiced these words, "You were worth it, old friend, and a thousand times over." In my heart I knew that there in the grave lay a man's best friend.

Two days later, when I came in from the bottom where my father and I were clearing land, my mother said, "Billy, you had better look after your dog. She won't eat."

I started looking for her. I went to the barn, the corncrib, and looked under the porch. I called her name. It was no use. I was about to give up, and then I saw her. She had wiggled her way far back under the thorny limbs of a blackberry bush in the corner of the garden. I walked to her and tried to coax her out. She wouldn't budge. I got down on my knees and crawled back to her. As I did, she raised her head and looked at me.

continued on following page

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As part of a nationwide advertising campaign, a New York firm will give away one million (1,000,000) of its most expensive hunting knives—the best-selling MALIN-15™ SURVIVAL KNIFE—for the astonishing publicity price of only $4 each to the first one million persons who write to the company address (below) before Midnight, May 31, 1986.

This *original* publicity ad must accompany your request. Copies or photostats are *not* acceptable.

These knives are not copies. These are *genuine* MALIN M-15™ SURVIVAL KNIVES—the same famous survival knives nationally advertised in leading media throughout America. They are the most popular (and most expensive) hunting/fishing/camping knives of their kind ever sold by this multi-million-dollar firm.

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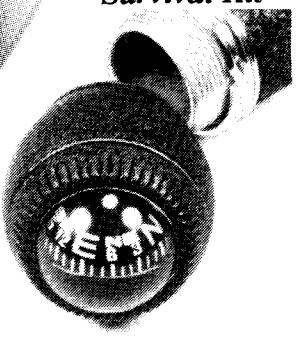

These Famous Nationally Advertised MALIN M-15 SURVIVAL KNIVES will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. There is a limit of two (2) per address at this price, but if your request is made early enough (before May 25) you may order up to five. Each knife is covered by the company's unconditional one-year money-back guarantee.

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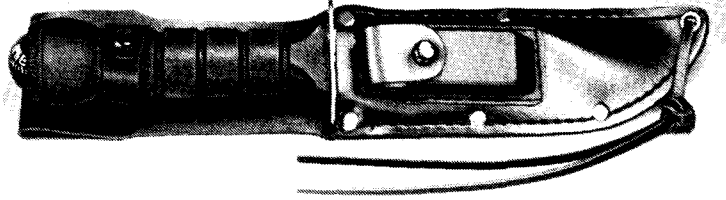

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Her eyes told the story. They weren't the soft, gray eyes I had looked into so many times. They were dull and cloudy. There was no fire, no life. I couldn't understand.

I carried her back to the house. I offered her food and water. She wouldn't touch it. I noticed how lifeless she was. I thought perhaps she had a wound I had overlooked. I felt and probed with my fingers. I could find nothing.

My father came and looked at her. He shook his head and said, "Billy, it's no use. The life has gone out of her. She has no will to live."

That evening, when I came in from the fields, she was gone. I hurried to my mother. Mamma told me she had seen her go up the hollow from the house, so weak she could hardly stand. Mamma had watched her until she had disappeared in the timber.

I hurried up the hollow, calling her name. I called and called. I went up to the head of it, still calling her name, and praying she would come to me. I climbed out onto the flats—looking, searching, and calling. It was no use. My dog was gone.

I had a thought, a ray of hope. I just knew I'd find her at the grave of Old Dan. I hurried there.

I found her lying on her stomach, her hind legs stretched out straight and her front feet folded back under her chest. She had laid her head on his grave. I saw the trail where she had dragged herself through the leaves. The way she lay there, I thought she was alive. I called her name. She made no movement. With the last ounce of strength in her body, she had dragged herself to the grave of Old Dan.

Kneeling down, I touched her. She was cold and lifeless. I couldn't cry. The hurt was too deep. I was numb all over. I felt as cold and lifeless as the body of my little dog.

Sitting down, I laid her head in my lap. Looking up to the heavens, I tried to see far beyond the vision of man, into the wonderful world of our God Almighty. In a choking voice I asked this question: "Why? Why must I hurt so? What have I done wrong? You gave them to me. Why did You take them away?"

I walked back to the house.

"Go on in to the supper table," papa said. "I have something to say to you."

We went in and sat down. Mamma set our supper on the table. I could hear papa in the front room. I wondered what it was he wanted to talk to us about. When he came in, he had a small shoe box in his hand. A hallowed quietness settled over the room. Mamma came over and sat down. She had a sweet little smile on her face.

"Coming soon, I hear, will be a half-and-half blend of the New and the Classic, for those who still can't make up their minds."

Walking to the head of the table, papa laid the box down. Still standing, he took the lid off, reached inside and started lifting out bundles of money. He stacked them in a neat little pile. I could see that the box must have been almost full.

Raising his head, he looked at me. "Billy, do you remember when you said a prayer and asked God to give you two hound pups?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"That prayer was answered, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but if He gave them to me, why did He take them away?"

Papa said, "Billy, God works in strange ways. You see, your mother has been praying too. She was asking help so she could take you and your sisters out of these hills and into town where you could get an education. Both prayers have been answered. He gave you the pups to make you happy. Through your pups, your mother's prayer was answered. She is happy too."

Laying his hand on the money, he said, "This is the money earned by Old Dan and Little Ann. We now have enough to move to town."

I told papa I could see what he meant, but I still couldn't understand why they were taken from me.

He said, "Your mother and I had already decided not to separate you from your dogs. We knew how much you loved them. We were going to leave you here with grandpa, but the good Lord didn't want that to happen. He doesn't like to see families broken up. That's why He called them back. He gave them to us as a gift. They had a job to do–the fulfillment of two prayers. When the job was done, He called them back."

Mamma said, "Someday you will all be married. You'll probably be scattered, living in different parts of the country, but I want you to always remember the gift that God gave us, Old Dan and Little Ann."

Papa said, "Now let us bow our heads and give thanks for our food and for all the wonderful things God has done for us."

The next day I made another box, smaller than the first one. I buried Little Ann by the side of Old Dan. I also buried a part of me along with my dog. As I stood and looked at the graves, I said, "You came together, you hunted together, and you're buried together. I'll always love you, and I'll never forget you."

I'm sure God made a heaven for all good dogs, and I know my dogs are there. I know He made rivers, mountains, tall timber, cornfields, and old rail fences. And in that heaven, on moonlight nights, the beautiful voices of my dogs can be heard along the banks of a blue river, over the mountains, fields, and valleys and on and on through the heavenly night. ✱

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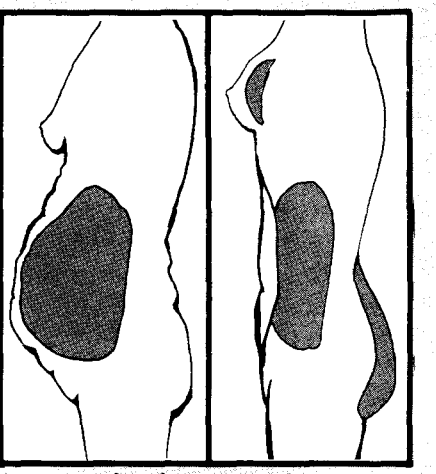

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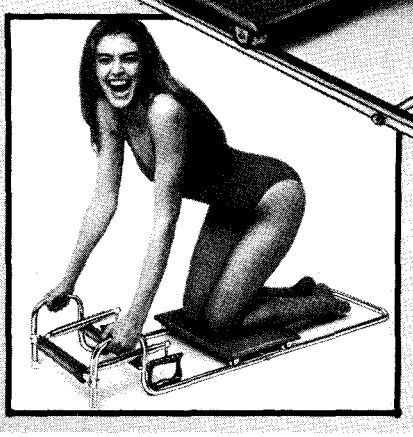

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"Hee is a better Physician that keepes diseases off us, than he that cures them being on us. Prevention is so much better than healing, because it saves the labour of being sick."—Thomas Adams (1612-1653)

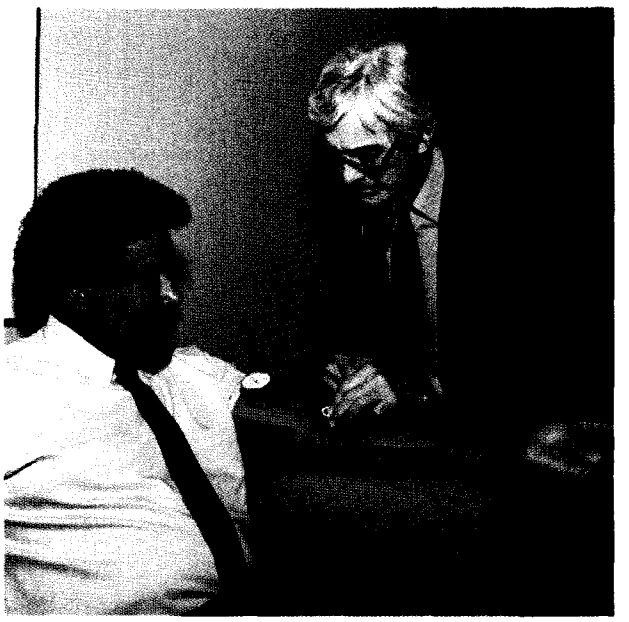
Kids Can Take Blood Pressure

A child-size blood-pressure cuff might be a key to identifying children who will grow up to become victims of heart attacks, strokes, or kidney failure at an early age. These all are the serious consequences of high blood pressure. The Post Society would like to encourage the screening of all schoolchildren for hypertension. We would also like to see children learn how to take blood pressure in their health classes in school.

In Bogalusa, Louisiana, thousands of schoolchildren in a large heart study are having their blood pressures taken regularly. Dr. Gerald Berenson, who heads the project, believes that hypertension begins in infancy.

The American Heart Association, which funds the Bogalusa study, estimates that 2.7 million children and 55 million adults in the United States have high blood pressure. Blacks in general have a higher incidence of hypertension than whites, suffering nearly twice that of their white counterparts. Young, black males often have an especially severe form of hypertension, making it particularly important for black children to learn about taking blood pressures. They in turn could screen their parents and grandparents for the silent killer.

Blood-pressure cuffs, stethoscopes, and instructions on videocassettes or audiocassettes could be checked out at schools, churches, or public libraries.



(Top) It started out as a routine practice session. John DeLorean would help teach inner-city youngsters to screen their parents for the silent killer, hypertension. (Bottom) His very first attempt became a serious matter as he correctly read the Rev. John Carter's blood pressure at 170 over 140. A medical emergency! Like many in his neighborhood, Rev. Carter had not seen a doctor for 15 years.

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We were making this point recently to the Reverend John Carter and John DeLorean, who is on the board of trustees of the Rev. Carter's ministry. To our surprise, the Rev. Carter's wife, Linda, told us she hadn't been able to get her husband to a doctor in the past 15 years.

John DeLorean, an engineer, took no time at all to learn how to take an accurate blood pressure on Rev. Carter. The alarming result was 170/140. He was a medical emergency! Untreated, this pressure could have a prognosis as devastating as a cancer diagnosis, except for one big difference. Doctors know how to treat high blood pressure and how to help prevent it. Rev. Carter is now taking his medicine along with diet control and exercise.

Rev. Carter's ministry operates a shelter in San Diego for homeless and troubled children. We hope he will teach all these children to take blood pressure. John DeLorean has volunteered to help Rev. Carter teach the youngsters.

Oat-Bran Booster

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am a diabetic and often have my blood glucose up in the high 300 and over 400 range. Since I have eaten oat bran "mush" in the last month, my glucose is usually in the 100 to 200 range. I give oat bran most of the credit and feel "fine." I am 78 years old. I do thank the *Post* for giving this information.

Mary Jo Carter
Linden, Texas

Something to Crow About

Thank you for your letter of October 17, affirming my project with high-lysine corn and broiler chickens. It has taken me awhile to locate the chickens, but at last, my project is off and running!

Dr. Edwin Mertz wrote me on October 28 with full instructions on the number of chicks, diet, corn suppliers, etc. I have obtained 40 one-day-old chicks (which are in our basement in a box) from a local hatchery. I plan to divide the chicks at the end of two weeks into three groups of ten chicks. I will feed them the rations Dr. Mertz has outlined: normal whole-grain corn, high-lysine whole-grain corn, and corn meal. Mr. Kenneth Crow in Milford, Illinois, will supply the high-lysine corn.

I am very excited about this project. I have learned so much about poultry in just this short time. The director of the hatchery at Zephyr, North Carolina, has suggested that my family and I come back at a later date and tour the hatchery, which hatches over 22,000 chicks a day. We plan to do so. And I met a biochemist-agronomist and a nutritionist at the hatchery. So two new vocations have been opened to me already.

Thank you once again for your help and support. I hope this project is a "prizewinner"!

John M. Sharp III
Mocksville, North Carolina

Hot over the Wire

I read Mr. Duble's letter regarding his foot problem in the Jan./Feb. '86 issue. I have had the same problem, and my doctor prescribed Vitamin B_{12}, 500 micrograms once a day—the brand I use is Nature's Plus. Then I massage my feet each night before going to bed with Aspercreme (manufactured by Thompson Medical Co.). It was several weeks before I could feel the effects of the vitamins; however, I sleep now without any pain or burning in my feet.

Warren Williams
Sullivan, Missouri

She Didn't Choke

Please send me a sample of SuperChar as mentioned on the "700 Club." Also, could I receive a copy of the information on helping a choking victim?

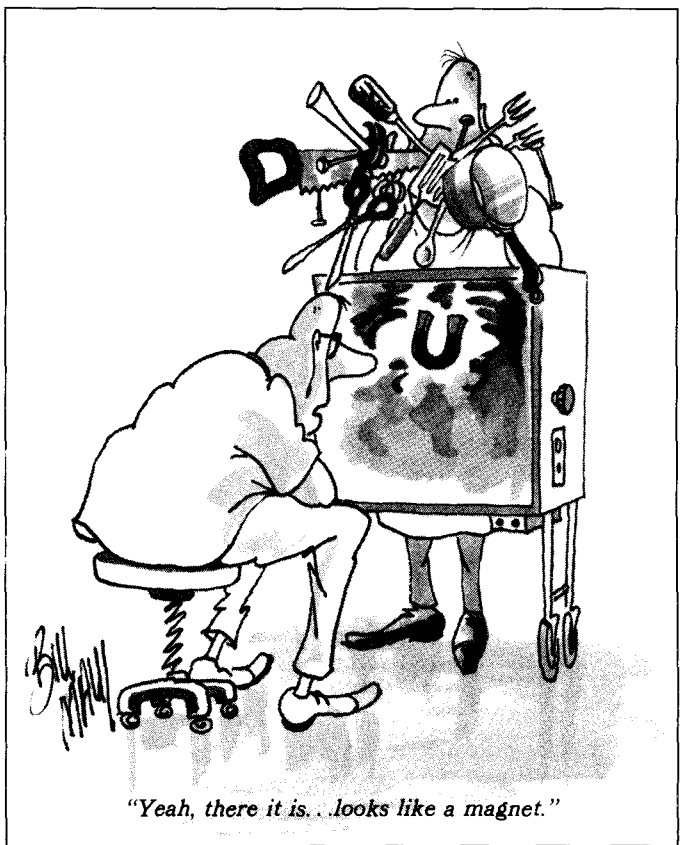
I would like to share with you what happened the morning you showed the Heimlich method for helping choking victims. I watched very carefully. Little did I know that afternoon in a restaurant I would need it to save a four-year-old girl who was choking. I felt much in control and not afraid, as the mother was, because of being informed.

Michele Perry
Socorro, New Mexico

Low-Protein Diet for Kidney Patients

My husband, a dialysis patient, was especially interested in your comments in the March '86 issue in regard to low protein in the kidney-patient diet. During the years that polycystic kidney disease was causing his kidneys to fail, he was for some time a patient at Mayo Clinic and then later at a veterans hospital. Nothing was ever said about a low-protein diet at either place, but as I read him the article tonight he recounted experiences years ago on his farm. He said that over 50 years ago (he is 66 now) his family knew that workhorses had trouble with urination if fed legume hay—that they had to eat grass hay. They ate corn, oats, etc. but could not tolerate high protein as could hogs, chickens, milk cows, etc. He just recently saw the connection in his own life.

Lea Harper
West Plains, Missouri



"Yeah, there it is. . . looks like a magnet."

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High on Lysine

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

After hearing your discussion about lysine on the "700 Club" recently, I couldn't refrain from writing.

In the summer of 1983, for six weeks, I had the ugliest, largest, and most painful cold sore I'd ever had. I seem to have a predisposition to that virus that causes oral herpes.

Fortunately, shortly after that bout, I read in *The Saturday Evening Post* about lysine and what it can do for oral herpes.

I bought a 500 mg bottle of L-lysine and take one tablet every morning. When I feel that little virus trying to break through on my lip, I take three tablets a day, and that little critter just pouts and goes away.

A friend of mine had shingles last summer. I promptly took her my unfinished bottle of L-lysine and encouraged her to try them. She was under a doctor's care with medication, but healing was not too evident.

She called her doctor, who said, "Take it, it won't hurt you." After several weeks her shingles were gone.

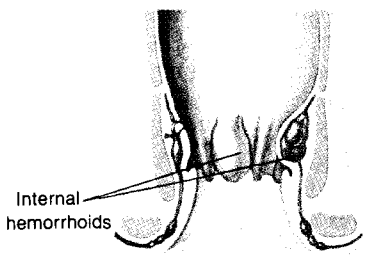
My son is a pharmacist, and I've told him, as people come into his store with cold sores, to tell them about L-lysine. He's now an advocate of that precious amino acid.

I look forward each month to your wonderful magazine.

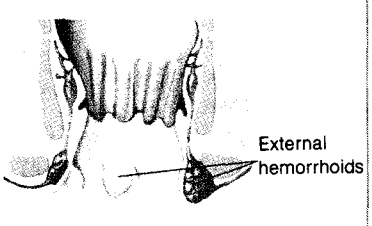
Ethel Seymour

Hemorrhoids and Other Homosexual Side Effects

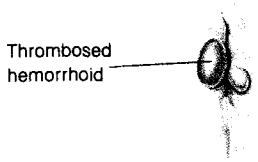
Who gets hemorrhoids? People who live in countries where refined diets are consumed. (Red meat contains "zero" fiber.) Constipated people get hemorrhoids. And homosexual males have a far greater incidence of hemorrhoids than non-homosexual males.



Internal hemorrhoids are delicate. Without nerve endings, they can be damaged unknowingly.



External hemorrhoids are easily detectable, small, soft, tan or gray swellings that usually give no pain.



Thrombosed hemorrhoids can suddenly become painful when a blood clot stretches the sensitive anal skin.

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The millions of government dollars being spent on a media blitz to teach the homosexual community about so-called "safe sex" must be leaving a lot of youngsters with the wrong impression. There is no such thing as *safe* homosexual anal sex. We believe young males who might be proselytized into the gay community should be taught explicit facts about their anatomy before it is too late. Torn hemorrhoidal tissue cannot be prevented with "barrier methods" used to prevent sperm transfer and AIDS.

Doctors are taught to be nonjudgmental about homosexual patients they treat, but they should also consider their responsibility to educate. Impressionable adolescents need to know the medical facts about the hazards of this "alternative life style."

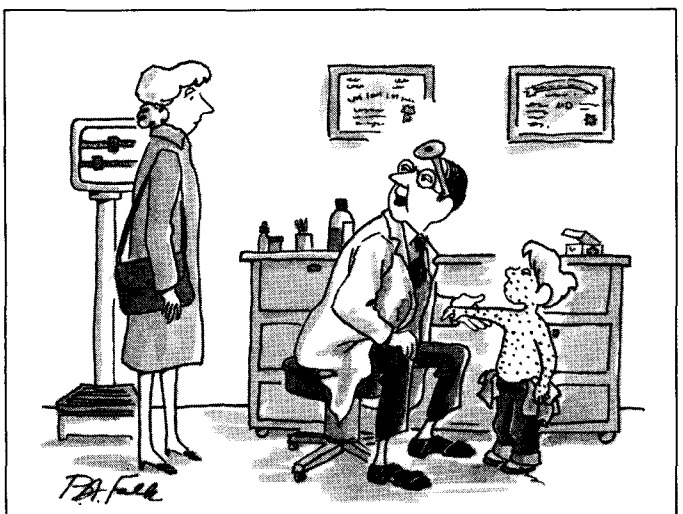
The medical community has long known that homosexual males have a far greater incidence of hepatitis, gonorrhea, cancer of the anal area, and syphilis of the pharynx. Homosexuals accounted for nearly one-half of all syphilis cases reported to the Centers for Disease Control last year. And these males suffer from a severe infectious diarrhea known as the "gay bowel syndrome."

Dr. Woodrow Myers had firsthand experience with gay patients as a critical-care physician at the San Francisco General Hospital Medical Center. He told us: "There is no safe homosexual anal sex. There are a number of medical complications of anal intercourse that can lead, even with treatment, to serious disability or death. Gonorrhea and syphilis, the typical venereal diseases, pale in comparison to amebiasis, infectious hepatitis, and AIDS, a 100 percent fatal disease.

"In addition to hemorrhoids, some gay males experience other mechanical complications from anal intercourse. These result from the use of human fists, inanimate objects, or the motion of a vibrator inserted into the rectum. Such practices can result in hemorrhoids, tears of the anal canal, or punctures of the colon which require surgical repair. These are serious problems that can be associated with anal sexual practices, all of which can and should be avoided," Dr. Myers said.

Babies are born with their internal hemorrhoids intact. These are a necessary part of our normal anatomy. They aid in the closure of the G.I. tract much as the lips can form a seal at the beginning of the G.I. tract.

Thrombosed hemorrhoids resulting from a blood clot



"Nothing serious. Monday-morning red crayon rash. Just wash it off, send him back to school, and don't give him any allowance for two weeks."

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cause intense pain, and treatments for hemorrhoids aren't very pleasant. The surgery is most painful. Other treatments include infrared photocoagulation, rubber-band ligation, and cryosurgery, in which the hemorrhoids are frozen with liquid nitrogen. We hope you will never need any of these.

Prevent Hemorrhoids with Diet

The populations of countries where a high-fiber diet is consumed have an extremely low incidence of hemorrhoids. The importance of fiber has been known as far back as ancient Greece. Hippocrates said, "To the human body it makes a great difference whether the bread be fine or coarse; of wheat with or without the hull."

You may lessen your risk of developing hemorrhoids by adding more bran and whole grains to your diet.

Doctors like to recommend Metamucil or Fiberall to patients they term noncompliant. These patients, they fear, will not be able to change their lifelong eating habits to include enough fiber in their diets. To be safe, Metamucil or Fiberall made of ground psyllium seed fiber is prescribed for them.

Metamucil and Fiberall come in sugar-free packages, and Metamucil also comes in orange and strawberry flavors. This natural fiber absorbs several times its weight in liquid and doesn't contain chemical stimulants.

If you travel, Metamucil and Fiberall are easy to find in drug stores and supermarkets everywhere. So, if you forget to pack your bran pouch, all is not lost. I travel a lot, so in addition to a bran pouch, I pack a plastic container of wheat berries. I cook wheat berries and keep a jar of them in the refrigerator at all times. On trips I add them to room-service soups, vegetables, and rice and sprinkle them on salads. At home, they make a great breakfast cereal with a chewy texture that goes well with skim milk and a favorite fruit. I have a grinder in my kitchen, but I like to boil these whole berries just as you would use dried beans or hulless barley.

To make it easy for you to try, we've bagged these whole-wheat berries and would like to send you a sample. They are a delicious way to fiber up. To receive the wheat berries, write to Berries, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. Please enclose a tax-deductible donation of any amount to cover our costs.

Diet to Quiet the Bowels

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Thank you so much for the irritable-bowel research diet and the time you took to write me. I started the diet right away and can already tell that it is helping by the consistency of my stools. I'm so thankful for the information on fructose, because I had eliminated my homemade whole-wheat bread (made with honey) and peanut butter thinking I'd developed an allergy to my favorite lunchtime sandwich.

Believe me, I have been through a very frustrating time and believe God has now answered my prayers and the prayers of others through this diet.

May He continue to bless your labors and cause you to bring forth fruit one hundred-fold.

Susan Scheiman
Hampton, Virginia

We're so glad the diet has helped you. Others wishing information about the colitis research may obtain it by writing to: Colitis Club, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

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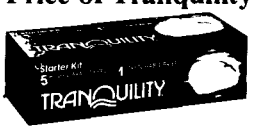

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Greatest Enemy

continued from page 34

uals are desperately afraid, lonely, and out of control—taking drugs.

An all-out assault on this scourge is required. I believe it must start in the family and in the church. We have been wrecking families and emasculating the church. That must stop. In addition, this assault on drugs will require concentrated effort by all segments of society, including the government, for our solutions. The framers of the Constitution would have required federal intervention in the drug crisis, if for no other than national-security reasons. In other words, because of the threat to our national well-being, the federal government must be willing to take even stronger measures than it has to date to stop drug traffic into and within the United States.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has warned drug pushers in Britain: "We are after you. The pursuit will be relentless." Then she adds, "We shall make [your] life not worth living."

Our attitude should be the same. This country has fought organized crime with vigor, especially in drug trafficking, but it must strengthen the attack. The total federal expenditure to fight drug abuse and traffic in 1985 was $1.5 billion. That may not be enough.

But remember—parents, pastors, educators, physicians—law enforcement is not enough. This is war.

Cosby

continued from page 45

Cosby said recently. However, such answers tend to encompass a gamut of parental tactics from love to "outright bribery in the form of cold cash" to moving speeches on racial pride.

And when even that doesn't work? Then Cosby falls back on a bit of sage but sneaky wisdom. It was told him years ago by his own father when they were playing in the yard and the teenage Cosby discovered he was quicker than his dad. "I was feeling all cocky, and he just looked me in the eye and said, 'You gotta sleep sometime,' " Cosby says, laughing. "My son is 6'4", and I'm not far from letting him know that he can get as big as he wants to, but he has to sleep sometime."

Sometimes Cosby rubs people the wrong way, but he always makes a point that demands consideration. Like a father, he reprimands and instructs. He knows all too well that sometimes the more he exhorts his children to go in one direction, the more likely they are to move in the opposite direction. He knows that people aren't perfect. Bill Cosby isn't perfect either. However, he is teaching us a lot about life, love, and laughter.

"You need more moral fiber in your diet!"

Calcium

continued from page 61

the older population, through regular walking activities or chair exercises in which the person can walk in place while sitting in a chair, you can increase that muscle mass and help prevent falls. I think it is very important that we are not talking about weight training or marathons—we are talking about increasing the muscle tone that the person has. That increased muscle tone will also add to the strength factor in the bone present.

"It is important to realize that heredity can be enhanced by proper nutritional intake and mechanical stress and strain. If you have poor nutrition, poor mechanical stress, and strain on the bone, you will lose bone. It is guaranteed. In the bone bank, it is important to have the amount of bone as large as possible going into the age of 35. The tendency now is to encourage people to maintain good exercise, vigorous activities that are weight-bearing in nature and to maintain an excellent dietary intake."

Dorothy M. Barbo, M.D., an associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, asks, "How do we determine which women are at high risk? Who are the ones that are going to develop osteoporosis, those that we ought to be looking at more carefully? Among the women that I see, there is no question that it is the fair-skinned Northern Europeans, including the Irish, Scottish, Scandinavians, Germans, Dutch, Polish, the people from northern Russia, and the very fair-skinned Orientals who are at greatest risk.

"The size of our bones in length is defined genetically for us, but there is no question that we continue to add minerals into our bones. Now this means that in the young years, when we are adding to our 'bone bank,' and have that ability, we really ought to be doing something about it. Teen-agers are not aware of that need. I think this is a message we need to get to physicians and to the public. We need to put into our bone bank the maximum deposit that we will draw on largely for the rest of our lives, when our need is greater than we can supply.

"Teen-agers who have stopped drinking milk and take excesses of salt, protein, caffeine, and phosphorus, which just increase calcium excretion, are lost. Then there are our friends who are the compulsive dieters—always on another fad diet. Their nutrition is lousy. I don't know any other way to describe it.

"Whenever people go on diets, the first things they take out are milk and milk products to get rid of calories.

continued on following page

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Missouri
2. North Carolina
3. Tennessee
4. Rhode Island
5. Nebraska
6. New York
7. Pennsylvania
8. Oklahoma
9. Ohio

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"Lifestyle is another important thing. How active? When I was growing up, to be a lady was to be sedentary, to sew. Fortunately, I didn't abide by those so-called rules. I loved sports and did a lot of good things for my skeleton. We ought to encourage young women to be active in sports: weight-bearing activity, muscle work, which helps create a positive calcium balance. If you put someone to bed, be it a child, a teen-ager or an adult, and especially the older person, there is no question what happens to their calcium. They have a big loss."

Comments from other symposium speakers will be included in future articles.

In the meantime, even if your local medical facility isn't equipped to screen for bone loss, there is something very easy that you can do at home. Look at the wall where you last recorded family heights if you are in the habit of doing this. (When our family has a gathering of the clan, we often compare cousins' heights as they shoot upwards between reunions by making marks with initials on the wall.) If you have such marks, look at the wall and remeasure all the adults to see if anyone is losing ground. Then leave a mark on the wall where you can easily compare height periodically.

All family members need to be sure that they are getting adequate calcium to prevent or reverse bone loss.

"I have trouble making eye contact."

Fishing Lesson

continued from page 51

else' car and it is not your transmission that is going to get torn out on a big rock. Even Finley seemed to be enjoying himself. Then we came to the road that leads up to the headwaters of the Big Muddy.

"Hang a left there," I told Finley.

"A left where? All I see is that rock slide coming down off the mountain."

"That's it, buddy," I said.

We arrived at the Big Muddy without incident, and aside from the fact that Finley went about for some time afterward with his hands shaped as though they were still gripping a steering wheel, we were all in fine fettle and high spirits. Finley even commented that he didn't know how he had managed to get through 43 years of life without fishing, he was having so much fun.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Retch told him. "Just wait till you actually start fishing."

"I can hardly contain myself," Finley said.

Retch and I helped Finley rig up his tackle, and then we all cut down through the brush toward the Big Muddy. It was rough going, and the mosquitoes came at us like mess call at a fat farm. I led the way and did the best I could to point out the obstacles to the other two, but apparently I stepped right over one beaver hole without noticing it. Suddenly I heard a strange sound and turned around to see what it was. I was shocked. There was Finley's head resting on the ground, its eyes still blinking in disbelief! It was about as horrible a thing as I've ever seen. Then the head spoke to me.

"You gluteus maximus," it said. "Why didn't you tell me about this hole?"

"I didn't see it, head," I replied. "It looks pretty deep though—we better warn Retch about it."

"Ha!" Finley said. "Whose shoulders do you think I'm standing on?"

That was about the only real catastrophe to befall us. The rest of the day was pretty much your routine fishing trip. Oh, Finley did lose his sack lunch and made quite a fuss about that, but it was nothing, really. As far as we could figure out, the lunch apparently washed out of the pocket in the back of his fishing vest. There was a pretty strong current at the place where he was trying to swim to the north bank of the Big Muddy, and that was probably when his lunch washed away. Actually, I had thought there were good odds that Finley would make it all the way across that high log over the river, even if he was running. But before Retch and I could shake hands on our bet, he ran right off into space and dropped like a shot into the river. Of course, I hadn't taken into account that he was holding up his pants with one hand and had all those yellowjackets swarming around him. I had told Finley that yellowjackets sometimes hole up in old brush piles and don't like to be disturbed, but he didn't listen. I won't go into how he was disturbing them or why he was holding up his pants with one hand, because it isn't especially interesting. Anyway, to hear Finley tell it, you would think he was the only fisherman to have such an experience. You would think Retch and I had personally put those yellowjackets under that brush pile.

"Look, Finley," I told him, "it's no big deal. Fishermen lose their lunches all the time."

I dug a sandwich out of my own fishing vest and gave it to him, and patted him on the shoulder. "Looks like peanut butter and jelly," he said.

I didn't have the heart to tell him it was supposed to be just peanut butter, even though I could have put those salmon eggs to good use.

A difficult thing about introducing a guy to the sport of fishing is determining whether it has taken hold of him. As we were driving back into town, I decided to ask him.

"I'm of two minds about it," he replied. "One bad and one good."

"What's the bad?"

"I won't be able to get out of bed for a week."

"What's the good?"

"Next time we're taking *his* car."

"Whose car?" Retch said.

"Yours, armpit, that's whose," he said.

I could see Finley was hooked. Already he had picked up one of the most important techniques.

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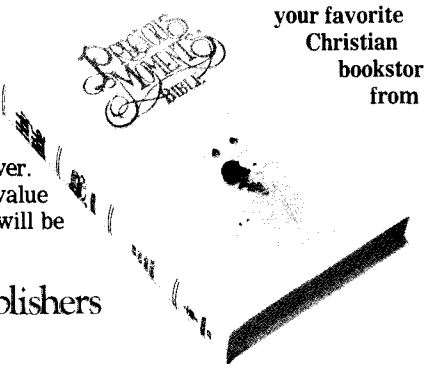

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